

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

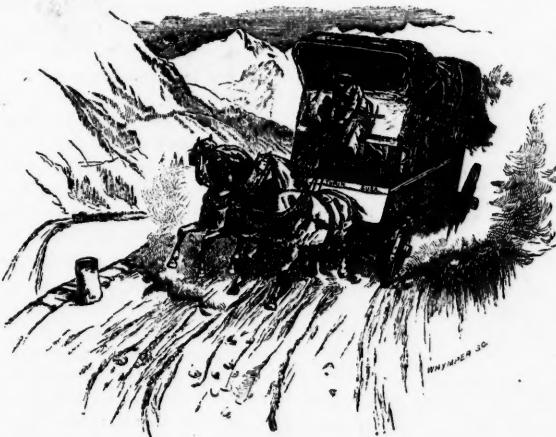
OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

OCTOBER, 1871.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.



CROSSING MONT CENIS (1861).

CHAPTER III.

THE MONT CENIS—THE FELL RAILWAY.

GUIDE-BOOKS say that the pass of the Mont Cenis is dull. It is long, certainly, but it has a fair proportion of picturesque points, and it is not easy to see how it can be dull to those who have eyes. In the days when it was a rude mountain track, crossed by trains of mules, and when it was better known to smugglers than to tourists, it may have been dull; but when Napoleon's road changed the rough path into one

of the finest highways in Europe, mounting in grand curves and by uniform grades, and rendered the trot possible throughout its entire distance, the Mont Cenis became one of the most interesting passes in the Alps. The diligence service which was established was excellent, and there was little or nothing to be gained by traveling in a more expensive manner. The horses were changed as rapidly as on the best lines in the best period of coaching in England, and the diligences themselves were as comfortable as a "milord"

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could desire. The most exciting portion of the route was undoubtedly that between Lanslebourg and Susa. When the zigzags began teams of mules were hooked on, and the driver and his helpers marched by their side with long whips, which they handled skillfully. Passengers dismounted and stretched their legs by cutting the curves. The pace was slow but steady, and scarcely a halt was made during the rise of two thousand feet. Crack! crack! went the whips as the corners of the zigzags were turned. Great commotion among the mules! They scrambled and went round with a rush, tossing their heads and making music with their bells. The summit was gained, the mule

were detached and trotted back merrily, while we, with fresh horses, were dragged at the gallop over the plain to the other side. The little postilion seated on the leader

smacked his whip lustily as he swept round the corners cut through the rock, and threw his head back as the echoes returned, expectant of smiles and of future centimes.

The air was keen and often chilly, but the summit was soon passed, and one quickly descended to warmth again. Once more there was a change. The horses, reduced in number to three, or perhaps two, were the sturdiest and most sure of foot, and they raced down with the precision of old staggers. Woe to the diligence if they stumbled! So thought the conductor, who screwed down the brakes as the corners were approached. The horses, held well in hand, leant inward as the top-heavy vehicle, so suddenly checked, heeled almost over; but in another moment the brake was released, and again they swept down, urged onward by the whip, "hoi" and "ha" of the driver.

All this is changed. The Victor Emmanuel railway superseded a considerable portion of Napoleon's road, and the "Fell" railway the rest, while the



great tunnel of the Alps will soon bring about another change.

The Fell railway, which has been open about eighteen months, is a line that well deserves attention. Thirty-eight years ago, Mr. Charles Vignolles, the eminent engineer, and Mr. Ericsson, patented the idea which is now an accomplished fact on the Mont Cenis. Nothing was done with it until Mr. Fell, the projector of the railway which bears his name, took it up, and to him much credit is due for bringing an admirable principle into operation.

The Fell railway follows the great Cenis road very closely, and diverges from it only to avoid villages or houses, or, as at the summit of the pass on the Italian side, to ease the gradients. The line runs from St. Michel to Susa. The distance between these two places is, as the crow flies, almost exactly equivalent to the distance from London to Chat-ham (30 miles), but by reason of the numerous curves and détours the length of the line is nearly brought up to the distance of London from Brighton (47 miles). From St. Michel to the summit of the pass it rises 4460 feet, or 900 feet more than the highest point of Snowdon is above the level of the sea; and from the summit of the pass to Susa, a distance less than that from London to Kew, it descends no less than 5211 feet!

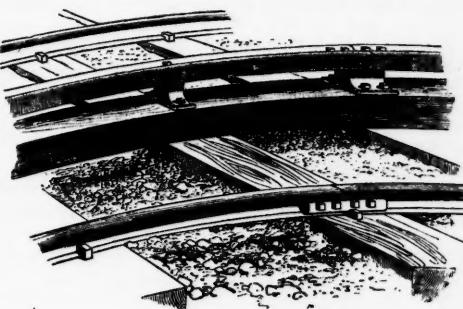
The railway itself is a marvel. For fifteen miles and three-quarters it has steeper gradients than one in fifteen. In some places it is one in twelve and a half! A straight piece of railway constructed on such a gradient seems to go up a steep hill. One in eighty, or even one in a hundred, produces a very sensible diminution in the pace of a light train drawn by an ordinary locomotive: how, then, is a train to be taken up an incline that is *six* times as steep? It is accomplished by means of a third rail placed midway between the two ordinary ones, and elevated above them.* The engines are provided with two pairs

* This third rail, or, as it is termed, "the centre rail," is laid on all the steep portions of the line and round all except the mildest curves. Thirty miles, in all, of the road have the centre rail.

of horizontal driving-wheels, as well as with the ordinary coupled vertical ones, and the power of the machine is thus enormously increased, the horizontal wheels gripping the centre rail with great tenacity by being brought together, and being almost incapable of slipping like the ordinary wheels when on even a moderate gradient.

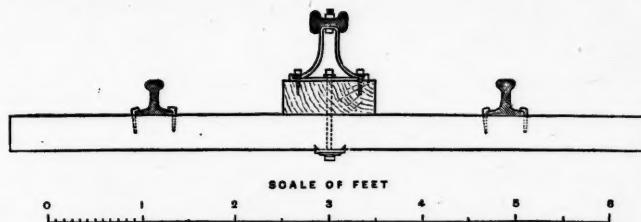
The third rail is the ordinary double-headed rail, and is laid horizontally: it is bolted down to wrought-iron chairs three feet apart, which are fixed by common coach-screws to a longitudinal sleeper laid upon the usual transverse ones: the

sleepers are attached to each other by fang-bolts. The dimensions of the dif-



THE CENTRE RAIL ON A CURVE.

ferent parts will be seen by reference to the annexed cross section:



Let us now take a run on the railway, starting from St. Michel. For some distance from that place the gradients are not of an extraordinary character, and a good pace is maintained. The first severe piece is about two miles up, where there is an incline of one in eighteen for more than half a mile; that is to say, the line rises at one step one hundred and sixty-four feet. From thence to Modane the gradients are again moderate (for the Fell railway), and the distance—about ten miles and a half from St. Michel—is accomplished without difficulty in an hour. Modane station is 1128 feet above St. Michel, so that on this *easy* portion of the line there is an average rise of 110 feet per mile, which is equal to a gradient of one in forty-eight—an inclination sufficiently steep to bring an ordinary locomotive very nearly to a halt.

Just after passing Modane station

there is one of the steepest inclines on the line, and it seems preposterous to suppose that any train could ascend it. A stoppage of ten minutes is made at Modane, and on leaving that station the train goes off at the hill with a rush. In a few yards its pace is reduced, and it comes down and down to about four miles an hour, which speed is usually maintained until the incline is passed, without a diminution of the steam-pressure. I say usually, because, if it should happen that there is not sufficient steam, or should the driver happen to make a slip, the train would most likely come back to Modane; for, although the brake-power on the train is much more than sufficient to prevent it running back, the driver could hardly start with the brakes on, and the train would inevitably run back if they were off.

After this incline is passed, the line mounts by comparatively easy gradients

toward Fort Lesseillon : it is then at a great height above the Arc, and as one winds round the faces of the cliff out of which the Napoleon road was cut, looking down upon the foaming stream below, without a suspicion of a parapet between the railway and the edge of the precipice, one naturally thinks about what would happen if the engine should leave the rails. The speed, however, that is kept up at this part is very gentle, and there is probably much less risk of an accident than there was in the days of diligences.

The next remarkable point on this line is at Termignon. The valley turns somewhat abruptly to the east, and the

course of the railway is not at first perceived. It makes a great bend to the left, then doubles back, and rises in a little more than a mile no less than three hundred and thirty-four feet. This is, perhaps, the most striking piece of the whole line.

Lanslebourg station, $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles from, and 2220 feet above, St. Michel, is arrived at in two hours and a quarter from the latter place. The engines are now changed. Thus far we have been traversing the easy portion of the route, but here the heavy section begins. From Lanslebourg the line rises continuously to the summit of the Mont Cenis pass, and accomplishes an ascent



THE COVERED WAYS ON THE "FELL" RAILWAY (ITALIAN SIDE OF THE MONT CENIS).

of 2240 feet in six miles and a third of distance.

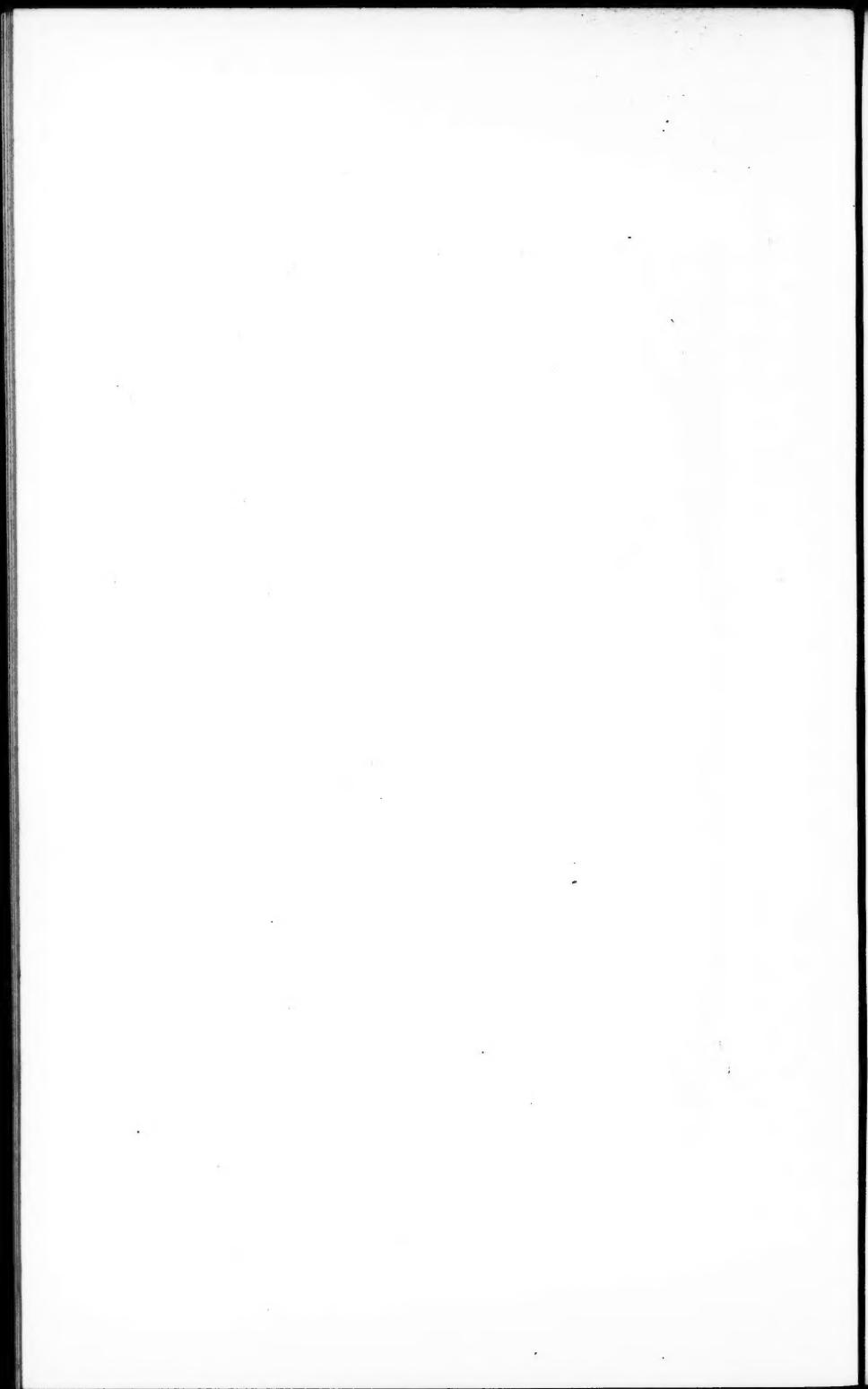
It is curious and interesting to watch the ascent of the trains from Lanslebourg. The puffs of steam are seen rising above the trees, sometimes going in one direction, and sometimes directly the contrary, occasionally concealed by the covered ways—for over two miles out of the six the line is enclosed by planked sides and a corrugated iron roof, to keep out the snow—and then coming out again into daylight. A halt for water has to be made about halfway up; but the engines are able to start again, and to resume their rate of seven miles an hour, although the gradient is no less than one in fourteen and a half.

The zigzags of the old Cenis road are well known as one of the most remarkable pieces of road-engineering in the Alps. The railway follows them, and runs parallel to the road on the outside throughout its entire distance, with the exception of the turns at the corners, where it is carried a little farther out, to render the curves less sharp. Nevertheless, they are sufficiently sharp (135 feet radius), and would be impracticable without the centre rail.

The run across the top of the pass, from the Summit station to the Grande Croix station—a distance of about five miles—is soon accomplished, and then the tremendous descent to Susa is commenced. This, as seen from the engine,

THE MONT CENIS ROAD AND THE FELL RAILWAY, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE PASS, ON THE ITALIAN SIDE.

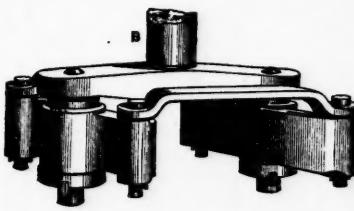




is little less than terrific. A large part of this section is covered in, and the curves succeed one another in a manner unknown on any other line. From the outside the line looks more like a monstrous serpent than a railway. Inside, one can see but a few yards ahead, the curves are so sharp, and the rails are nearly invisible. The engine vibrates, oscillates and bounds: it is a matter of difficulty to hold on. Then, on emerging into the open air, one looks down some three or four thousand feet of precipice and steep mountain-side. The next moment the engine turns suddenly to the left, and driver and stoker have to grip firmly to avoid being left behind; the next, it turns as suddenly to the right; the next, there is an accession or diminution of speed from a change in the gradient. An ordinary engine, moving at fifty miles an hour, with a train behind it, is not usually very steady, but its motion is a trifle compared with that of a Fell engine when running down hill.

It may be supposed from this that traveling over the Fell railway is disagreeable rather than pleasant. It is not so: the train is steady enough, and the carriages have remarkably little motion. Outside, they resemble the cars on the Swiss and American lines: they are entered at the end, and the seats are arranged omnibus-fashion, down the length of the carriage. Each carriage has a guard and two brakes—an ordinary one and a centre-rail brake: the handles of these come close together at the platform on one end, and are easily worked by one man. The steadiness of the train is chiefly due to these centre-rail brakes. The flat face A and the corresponding one on the opposite side are brought together against the two sides of the centre rail by the shaft B being turned, and they hold it as in a vice. This greatly diminishes the up-and-down motion, and renders oscillation almost impossible. The steadiness of the train is still further maintained by pairs of flanged guide-wheels under each of the carriages, which, on a straight piece of line, bare-

ly touch the centre rail, but press upon it directly there is the least deviation toward either side.* There is no occa-



CENTRE-RAIL BRAKE.

sion to use the other brakes when the centre-rail brakes are on: the wheels of the carriages are not stopped, but revolve freely, and consequently do not suffer the deterioration which would otherwise result.

The steam is shut off and the brakes are applied a very few minutes after beginning the descent to Susa. The train might then run down for the entire distance by its own weight. In practice, it is difficult to apply the proper amount of retardation: the brakes have frequently to be whistled off, and sometimes it is necessary to steam down against them. Theoretically, this ought not of course to occur: it only happens occasionally, and ordinarily the train goes down with the steam shut off, and with the centre-rail brakes screwed up moderately. When an average train—that is, two or three carriages and a luggage-van—is running down at the maximum speed allowed (fifteen miles an hour), the brakes can pull it up dead within seventy yards. The pace is properly kept down to a low point in descending, and doing so, combined with the knowledge that the brake-power can easily lessen it, will tend to make the public look favorably on what might otherwise be considered a dangerous innovation. The engines also are provided with the centre-rail brake, on a

* The carriages are not coupled in the ordinary way, and although there are no buffers, properly speaking, and in spite of the speed of the train being changed incessantly, there is a freedom from the jarring which is so common on other lines. The reason is simply that the carriages are coupled up tightly.

pattern somewhat different from those on the carriages, and the flat sides which press against the rails are renewed *every journey*. It is highly desirable that they should be, for a single run from Lanslebourg to Susa grinds a groove into them about three-eighths of an inch in depth.

Driving the trains over the summit section requires the most constant attention and no small amount of nerve, and the drivers, who are all English, have well earned their money at the end of their run. Their opinion of the line was concisely and forcibly expressed to me by one of them in last August: "Yes, mister, they told us as how the line was very steep, but they didn't say that the engine would be on one curve, when the fourgon was on another, and the carriages was on a third. Them gradients, too, mister, they says they are one in twelve, but I think they are one in ten, *at the least*, and they didn't say as how we was to come down them in that snakewise fashion. It's worse than the G. I. P.," mister: there a fellow could jump off, but here, in them covered ways, there ain't no place to jump to."

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST SCRAMBLE ON THE MATTERHORN.

"What power must have been required to shatter and to sweep away the missing parts of this pyramid; for we do not see it surrounded by heaps of fragments: one only sees other peaks—themselves rooted to the ground—whose sides, equally rent, indicate an immense mass of débris, of which we do not see any trace in the neighborhood. Doubtless this is that débris which, in the form of pebbles, boulders and sand, fills our valleys and our plains."—*De Saussure*.

Two summits amongst those in the Alps which yet remained virgin had excited my admiration. One of these had been attacked numberless times by the best mountaineers without success: the other, surrounded by traditional inaccessibility, was almost untouched. These

* The Great Indian Peninsula Railway, the line with the celebrated Bhore Ghaut incline, sixteen miles long, on an average gradient of one in forty-eight, which is said to have cost £800,000, or about double the entire cost of the Mount Cenis Railway, and six times its cost mile for mile. The Fell railway cost £800 per mile.

mountains were the Weisshorn and the Matterhorn.

After visiting the great tunnel of the Alps in 1861, I wandered for ten days in the neighboring valleys, intending presently to attempt the ascent of these two peaks. Rumors were floating about that the former had been conquered, and that the latter was shortly to be attacked, and they were confirmed on my arrival at Chatillon, at the entrance of the Val Tournanche. My interest in the Weisshorn abated, but it was raised to the highest pitch on hearing that Professor Tyndall was at Breuil, and intending to try to crown his first victory by another and a still greater one.

Up to this time my experience with guides had not been fortunate, and I was inclined, improperly, to rate them at a low value. They represented to me pointers-out of paths and great consumers of meat and drink, but little more; and, with the recollection of Mont Pelvoux, I should have greatly preferred the company of a couple of my countrymen to any number of guides. In answer to inquiries at Chatillon, a series of men came forward whose faces expressed malice, pride, envy, hatred and roguery of every description, but who seemed to be destitute of all good qualities. The arrival of two gentlemen with a guide, who they represented was the embodiment of every virtue and exactly the man for the Matterhorn, rendered it unnecessary to engage any of the others. My new guide in *physique* was a combination of Chang and Anak; and although in acquiring him I did not obtain exactly what was wanted, his late employers did exactly what *they* wanted, for I obtained the responsibility, without knowledge, of paying his back fare, which must have been a relief at once to their minds and to their purses.

When walking up toward Breuil, we inquired for another man of all the knowing ones, and they, with one voice, proclaimed that Jean-Antoine Carrel, of the village of Val Tournanche, was the cock of his valley. We sought, of course, for Carrel, and found him a

well-made, resolute-looking fellow, with a certain defiant air which was rather taking. Yes, he would go. Twenty francs a day, whatever was the result, was his price. I assented. But I must take his comrade. "Why so?" Oh, it was absolutely impossible to get along without another man. As he said this an evil countenance came forth out of the darkness and proclaimed itself the comrade. I demurred, the negotiations broke off, and we went up to Breuil. This place will be frequently mentioned in subsequent chapters, and was in full view of the extraordinary peak the ascent of which we were about to attempt.

It is unnecessary to enter into a minute description of the Matterhorn after all that has been written about that famous mountain. My readers will know that that peak is nearly fifteen thousand feet high, and that it rises abruptly, by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. They will know, too, that it was the last great Alpine peak which remained unscaled—less on account of the difficulty of doing so than from the terror inspired by its invincible appearance. There seemed to be a *cordon* drawn around it, up to which one might go, but no farther. Within that invisible line jins and affreets were supposed to exist—the Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys (many of whom still firmly believe it to be not only the highest mountain in the Alps, but in the world) spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed they gravely shook their heads, told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls, and warned one against a rash approach, lest the infuriate demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision. Such were the traditions of the natives. Stronger minds felt the influence of the wonderful form, and men who ordinarily spoke or wrote like rational beings, when they came under its power seemed to quit their

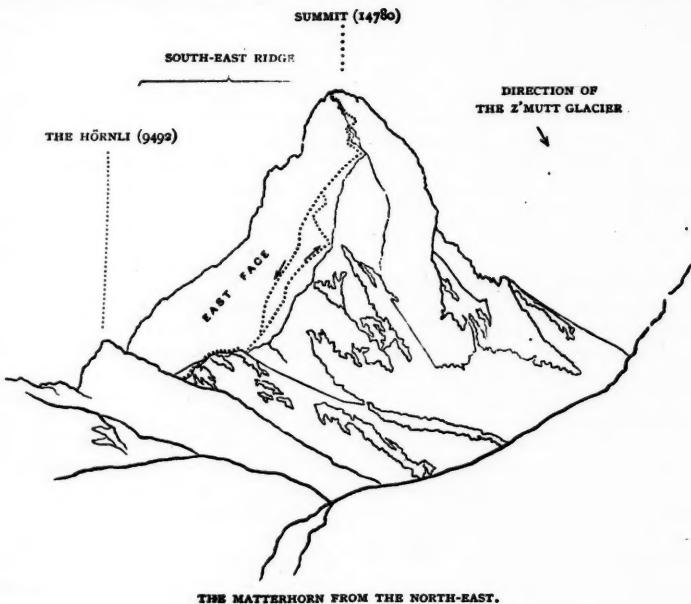
senses and ranted and rhapsodized, losing for a time all common forms of speech. Even the sober De Saussure was moved to enthusiasm when he saw the mountain, and, inspired by the spectacle, he anticipated the speculations of modern geologists in the striking sentences which are placed at the head of this chapter.

The Matterhorn looks equally imposing from whatever side it is seen: it never seems commonplace, and in this respect, and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands almost alone amongst mountains. It has no rivals in the Alps, and but few in the world.

The seven or eight thousand feet which compose the actual peak have several well-marked ridges and numerous others. The most continuous is that which leads toward the north-east: the summit is at its higher, and the little peak called the Hörnli is at its lower, end. Another one that is well pronounced descends from the summit to the ridge called the Furgen Grat. The slope of the mountain that is between these two ridges will be referred to as the eastern face. A third, somewhat less continuous than the others, descends in a south-westerly direction, and the portion of the mountain that is seen from Breuil is confined to that which is comprised between this and the second ridge. This section is not composed, like that between the first and second ridge, of one grand face, but it is broken up into a series of huge precipices, spotted with snow-slopes and streaked with snow-gullies. The other half of the mountain, facing the Z'Mutt glacier, is not capable of equally simple definition. There are precipices apparent but not actual; there are precipices absolutely perpendicular; there are precipices overhanging; there are glaciers and there are hanging glaciers; there are glaciers which tumble great *séracs* over greater cliffs, whose débris, subsequently consolidated, becomes glacier again; there are ridges split by the frost, and washed by the rain and melted snow into towers and spires; while everywhere there are

ceaseless sounds of action, telling that the causes are still in operation which have been at work since the world began, reducing the mighty mass to atoms and effecting its degradation.

Most tourists obtain their first view of the mountain either from the valley of Zermatt or from that of Tournanche. From the former direction the base of the mountain is seen at its narrowest,



THE MATTERHORN FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

and its ridges and faces seem to be of prodigious steepness. The tourist toils up the valley, looking frequently for the great sight which is to reward his pains, without seeing it (for the mountain is first perceived in that direction about a mile to the north of Zermatt), when all at once, as he turns a rocky corner of the path, it comes into view, not, however, where it is expected: the face has to be raised up to look at it—it seems overhead. Although this is the impression, the fact is that the summit of the Matterhorn from this point makes an angle with the eye of less than 16° , while the Dom, from the same place, makes a larger angle, but is passed by unobserved. So little can dependence be placed on unaided vision.

The view of the mountain from Breuil, in the Val Tournanche, is not less strik-

ing than that on the other side, but usually it makes less impression, because the spectator grows accustomed to the sight while coming up or down the valley. From this direction the mountain is seen to be broken up into a series of pyramidal, wedge-shaped masses: on the other side it is remarkable for the large, unbroken extent of cliffs that it presents, and for the simplicity of its outline. It was natural to suppose that a way would more readily be found to the summit on a side thus broken up than in any other direction. The eastern face, fronting Zermatt, seemed one smooth, impossible cliff from summit to base: the ghastly precipices which face the Z'Mutt glacier forbade any attempt in that direction. There remained only the side of Val Tournanche, and it will be found that

nearly all the earliest attempts to ascend the mountain were made on that side.

The first efforts to ascend the Matterhorn of which I have heard were made by the guides—or rather by the chasseurs—of Val Tournanche. These attempts were made in the years 1858-'59, from the direction of Breuil, and the highest point that was attained was about as far as the place which is now called the "Chimney" (cheminée), a height of about twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet. Those who were concerned in these expeditions were Jean-Antoine Carrel, Jean Jacques Carrel, Victor Carrel, the Abbé Gorret and Gabrielle Maquignaz. I have been unable to obtain any further details about them.

The next attempt was a remarkable one; and of it, too, there is no published account. It was made by Messrs. Alfred, Charles and Sandbach Parker, of Liverpool, in July, 1860. These gentlemen, *without guides*, endeavored to storm the citadel by attacking the eastern face, that to which reference was just now made as a smooth, impracticable cliff. Mr. Sandbach Parker informs me that he and his brothers went along the ridge between the Hörnli and the peak until they came to the point where the ascending angle is considerably increased. This place is marked on Dufour's map of Switzerland 3298 mètres (10,820 feet). They were then obliged to bear a little to the left to get on to the face of the mountain, and afterward they turned to the right and ascended about seven hundred feet farther, keeping as nearly as was practicable to the crest of the ridge, but occasionally bearing a little to the left; that is, more on to the face of the mountain. The brothers started from Zermatt, and did not sleep out. Clouds, a high wind and want of time were the causes which prevented these daring gentlemen from going farther. Thus their highest point was under twelve thousand feet.

The third attempt upon the mountain was made toward the end of August, 1860, by Mr. Vaughan Hawkins, from

the side of the Val Tournanche. A vivid account of his expedition has been published by him in "Vacation Tourists," and it has been referred to several times by Professor Tyndall in the numerous papers he has contributed to Alpine literature. I will dismiss it, therefore, as briefly as possible.

Mr. Hawkins had inspected the mountain in 1859 with the guide J. J. Bennen, and he had formed the opinion that the south-west ridge would lead to the summit. He engaged J. Jacques Carrel, who was concerned in the first attempts, and, accompanied by Bennen (and by Pro-



J. J. BENNEN (1862).

fessor Tyndall, whom he had invited to take part in the expedition), he started for the gap between the little and the great peak.

Bennen was a guide who was beginning to be talked about. During the chief part of his brief career he was in the service of Wellig, the landlord of the inn on the Eggischhorn, and was hired out by him to tourists. Although his experience was limited, he had acquired a good reputation; and his book of certificates, which is lying before me, shows that he was highly esteemed by his employers. A good-looking man, with courteous, gentlemanly manners,

skillful and bold, he might by this time have taken a front place amongst guides if he had only been endowed with more prudence. He perished miserably in the spring of 1864 not far from his home, on a mountain called the Haut de Cry, in the Valais.

Mr. Hawkins' party, led by Bennen, climbed the rocks abutting against the Couloir du Lion on its south side, and attained the Col du Lion, although not without difficulty. They then followed the south-west ridge, passed the place at which the earliest explorers had turned back (the Chimney), and ascended about three hundred feet more. Mr. Hawkins and J. J. Carrel then stopped, but Bennen and Professor Tyndall mounted a few feet higher. They retreated, however, in less than half an hour, finding that there was too little time, and, descending to the col by the same route as they had followed on the ascent, proceeded thence to Breuil—down the couloir instead of by the rocks. The point at which Mr. Hawkins stopped is easily identified from his description. Its height is 12,992 feet above the sea. I think that Bennen and Tyndall could not have ascended more than fifty or sixty feet beyond this in the few minutes they were absent from the others, as they were upon one of the most difficult parts of the mountain. This party therefore accomplished an advance of about three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet.

Mr. Hawkins did not, as far as I know, make another attempt; and the next was made by the Messrs. Parker in July, 1861. They again started from Zermatt, followed the route they had struck out on the previous year, and got a little higher than before; but they were defeated by want of time, left Zermatt shortly afterward on account of bad weather, and did not again renew their attempts. Mr. Parker says: "In neither case did we go as high as we could. At the point where we turned we saw our way for a few hundred feet farther, but beyond that the difficulties seemed to increase." I am informed that both attempts should be considered

as excursions undertaken with the view of ascertaining whether there was any encouragement to make a more deliberate attack on the north-east side.

My guide and I arrived at Breuil on the 28th of August, 1861, and we found that Professor Tyndall *had* been there a day or two before, but had done nothing. I had seen the mountain from nearly every direction, and it seemed, even to a novice like myself, far too much for a single day. I intended to sleep out upon it as high as possible, and to attempt to reach the summit on the following day. We endeavored to induce another man to accompany us, but without success. Matthias zum Taugwald and other well-known guides were there at the time, but they declined to go on any account. A sturdy old fellow—Peter Taugwalder by name—said he would go. His price? "Two hundred francs." "What! whether we ascend or not?" "Yes—nothing less." The end of the matter was, that all the men who were more or less capable showed a strong disinclination or positively refused to go (their disinclination being very much in proportion to their capacity), or else asked a prohibitive price. This, it may be said once for all, was the reason why so many futile attempts were made upon the Matterhorn. One first-rate guide after another was brought up to the mountain and patted on the back, but all declined the business. The men who went had no heart in the matter, and took the first opportunity to turn back,* for they were, with the exception of one man—to whom reference will be made presently—universally impressed with the belief that the summit was entirely inaccessible.

We resolved to go alone, but, anticipating a cold bivouac, begged the loan of a couple of blankets from the inn-keeper. He refused them, giving the curious reason that we had bought a bottle of brandy at Val Tournanche, and had not bought any from him! No brandy, no blankets, appeared to be his rule. We did not require them that

* The guide Bennen must be excepted.

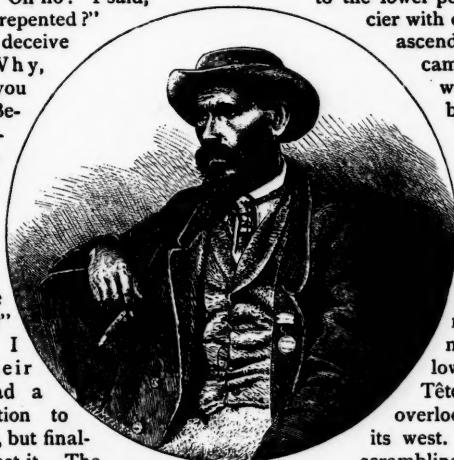
night, as it was passed in the highest cow-shed in the valley, which is about an hour nearer to the mountain than is the hotel. The cowherds, worthy fellows seldom troubled by tourists, hailed our company with delight, and did their best to make us comfortable, brought out their little stores of simple food, and, as we sat with them round the great copper pot which hung over the fire, bade us in husky voice, but with honest intent, to beware of the perils of the haunted cliffs. When night was coming on we saw stealing up the hillside the forms of Jean-Antoine Carrel and the comrade. "Oh ho!" I said, "you have repented?" "Not at all: you deceive yourself." "Why, then, have you come here?" "Because we ourselves are going on the mountain to-morrow." "Oh, then it is *not* necessary to have more than three?" "Not for us." I admired their pluck, and had a strong inclination to engage the pair, but finally decided against it. The comrade turned out to be the J. J. Carrel who had been with Mr. Hawkins, and was nearly related to the other man.

Both were bold mountaineers, but Jean-Antoine was incomparably the better man of the two, and he is the finest rock-climber I have ever seen. He was the only man who persistently refused to accept defeat, and who continued to believe, in spite of all discouragements, that the great mountain was not inaccessible, and that it could be ascended from the side of his native valley.

The night wore away without any excitement, except from the fleas, a party of whom executed a spirited fandango

on my cheek to the sound of music produced on the drum of my ear by one of their fellows beating with a wisp of hay. The two Carrels crept noiselessly out before daybreak, and went off. We did not leave until nearly seven o'clock, and followed them leisurely, leaving all our properties in the cow-shed, sauntered over the gentian-studded slopes which intervene between the shed and the Glacier du Lion, left cows and their pastures behind, traversed the stony wastes and arrived at the ice. Old, hard beds of snow lay on its right bank (our left hand), and we mounted over them on to the lower portion of the glacier with ease. But as we ascended crevasses became numerous, and we were at last brought to a halt by some which were of very large dimensions; and as our cutting powers were limited, we sought an easier route, and turned naturally to the lower rocks of the Tête du Lion, which overlook the glacier on its west. Some good scrambling took us in a short time on to the crest of the ridge which descends

toward the south; and thence up to the level of the Col du Lion there was a long natural staircase, on which it was seldom necessary to use the hands. We dubbed the place "The Great Staircase." Then the cliffs of the Tête du Lion, which rise above the couloir, had to be skirted. This part varies considerably in different seasons, and in 1861 we found it difficult, for the fine steady weather of that year had reduced the snow-beds abutting against it to a lower level than usual, and the rocks which were left exposed at the junction of the snow with the cliffs had few ledges or cracks to which we could



JEAN-ANTOINE CARREL (1869).

hold. But by half-past ten o'clock we stood on the col, and looked down upon the magnificent basin out of which the Z'Mutt glacier flows. We decided to pass the night upon the col, for we were charmed with the capabilities of the place, although it was one where liberties could not be taken. On one side a

sheer wall overhung the Tiefenmatten glacier — on the other, steep, glassy slopes of hard snow descended to the Glacier du Lion, furrowed by water and by falling stones: on the north there was the great peak of the Matterhorn,* and on the south the cliffs of the Tête du Lion. Throw a bottle down to the



THE COL DU LION, LOOKING TOWARD THE TÊTE DU LION.

Tiefenmatten — no sound returns for more than a dozen seconds.

“How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!”

But no harm could come from that side—neither could it from the other. Nor was it likely that it would from the Tête du Lion, for some jutting ledges conveniently overhanging our proposed resting-place. We waited for a while,

basked in the sunshine, and watched or listened to the Carrels, who were sometimes seen or heard high above us upon the ridge leading toward the summit; and, leaving at mid-day, we descended to the cow-shed, packed up the tent and other properties, and returned to the col, although heavily laden, be-

* The engraving is made after a sketch taken from the rocks of the Matterhorn, just above the col.

fore six o'clock. This tent was constructed on a pattern suggested by Mr. Francis Galton, and it was not a success. It looked very pretty when set up in London, but it proved thoroughly useless in the Alps. It was made of light canvas, and opened like a book: one end was closed permanently and the other with flaps: it was supported by two alpenstocks, and had the canvas sides prolonged so as to turn in underneath. Numerous cords were sewn to the lower edges, to which stones were to be attached, but the main fastenings were by a cord which passed underneath the ridge and through iron rings screwed into the tops of the alpenstocks, and were secured by pegs. The wind, which playfully careered about the surrounding cliffs, was driven through our gap with the force of a blow-pipe: the flaps of the tent would not keep down, the pegs would not stay in, and it exhibited so marked a desire to go to the top of the Dent Blanche that we thought it prudent to take it down and to sit upon it. When night came on we wrapped ourselves in it, and made our camp as comfortable as the circumstances would allow. The silence was impressive. No living thing was near our solitary bivouac; the Carrels had turned back and were out of hearing; the stones had ceased to fall and the trickling water to murmur—

"The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And in our lonely life had grown
To have an almost human tone." *

It was bitterly cold. Water froze hard in a bottle under my head. Not surprising, as we were actually on snow, and in a position where the slightest wind was at once felt. For a time we dozed, but about midnight there came from high aloft a tremendous explosion, followed by a second of dead quiet. A great mass of rock had split off and was descending toward us. My guide started up, wrung his hands and exclaimed, "O my God, we are lost!" We heard it coming, mass after mass pouring over the precipices, bounding and

rebounding from cliff to cliff, and the great rocks in advance smiting one another. They seemed to be close, although they were probably distant, but some small fragments, which dropped upon us at the same time from the ledges just above, added to the alarm, and my demoralized companion passed the remainder of the night in a state of shudder, ejaculating "Terrible!" and other adjectives.

We put ourselves in motion at day-break, and commenced the ascent of the south-west ridge. There was no more sauntering with hands in the pockets: each step had to be earned by downright climbing. But it was the most pleasant kind of climbing. The rocks were fast and unencumbered with débris, the cracks were good, although not numerous, and there was nothing to fear except from one's self. So we thought, at least, and shouted to awake echoes from the cliffs. Ah! there is no response. Not yet: wait a while—everything here is upon a superlative scale: count a dozen and then the echoes will return from the walls of the Dent d'Herens, miles away, in waves of pure and undefiled sound, soft, musical and sweet. Halt a moment to regard the view! We overlook the Tête du Lion, and nothing except the Dent d'Herens, whose summit is still a thousand feet above us, stands in the way: the ranges of the Graian Alps, an ocean of mountains, are seen at a glance, governed by their three great peaks, the Grivola, Grand Paradis and Tour de St. Pierre. How soft, and yet how sharp, they look in the early morning! The mid-day mists have not begun to rise—nothing is obscured: even the pointed Viso, all but a hundred miles away, is perfectly defined.

Turn to the east and watch the sun's slanting rays coming across the Monte Rosa snow-fields. Look at the shadowed parts and see how even they, radiant with reflected light, are more brilliant than man knows how to depict. See how, even there, the gentle undulations give shadows within shadows, and how, yet again, where falling stones or ice

* J. G. Whittier.

have left a track, there are shadows upon shadows, each with a light and a dark side, with infinite gradations of matchless tenderness. Then note the sunlight as it steals noiselessly along and reveals countless unsuspected forms—the delicate ripple-lines which mark the concealed crevasse, and the waves of drifted snow, producing each minute more lights and fresh shadows, sparkling on the edges and glittering on the ends of the icicles, shining on the heights and illuminating the depths, until all is aglow and the dazzled eye returns for relief to the sombre crags.

Hardly an hour had passed since we left the col before we arrived at the "Chimney." It proved to be the counterpart of the place to which reference has been before made: a smooth, straight slab of rock was fixed at a considerable angle between two others equally smooth. My companion essayed to go up, and after crumpling his long body into many ridiculous positions, he said that he would not, for he could not do it. With some little trouble I got up it unassisted, and then my guide tied himself on to the end of our rope, and I endeavored to pull him up. But he was so awkward that he did little for himself, and so heavy that he proved too much for me, and after several attempts he untied himself and quietly observed that he should go down. I told him he was a coward, and he mentioned his opinion of me. I requested him to go to Breuil, and to say that he had left his "monsieur" on the mountain, and he turned to go, whereupon I had to eat humble pie and ask him to come back; for although it was not very difficult to go up, and not at all dangerous with a man standing below, it was quite another thing to come down, as the lower edge overhung in a provoking manner.

The day was perfect, the sun was

pouring down grateful warmth, the wind had fallen, the way seemed clear, no insuperable obstacle was in sight; but what could one do alone? I stood on the top, chafing under this unexpected contretemps, and remained for some time irresolute; but as it became apparent that the Chimney was swept more frequently than was necessary (it was a natural channel for falling stones), I turned at last, descended with the assistance of my companion, and returned with him to Breuil, where we arrived about mid-day.

The Carrels did not show themselves, but we were told that they had not got to any great height,* and that the "comrade," who for convenience had taken off his shoes and tied them round his waist, had managed to let one of them slip, and had come down with a piece of cord fastened round his naked foot. Notwithstanding this, they had boldly glissaded down the Couloir du Lion, J. J. Carrel having his shoeless foot tied up in a pocket handkerchief.

The Matterhorn was not assailed again in 1861. I left Breuil with the conviction that it was little use for a single tourist to organize an attack upon it, so great was its influence on the morals of the guides, and persuaded that it was desirable at least two should go, to back each other when required; and departed with my guide over the Col Théodule, longing more than before to make the ascent, and determined to return—if possible with a companion—to lay siege to the mountain until one or the other was vanquished.

* I learned afterward from Jean-Antoine Carrel that they got considerably higher than upon their previous attempts, and about two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet higher than Professor Tyndall in 1860. In 1861 I saw the initials of J.-A. Carrel cut on the rocks at the place where he and his comrade had turned back.

"HOW MOTHER DID IT."

THE year 1839—that is, the year in which I was born—is of no manner of importance to myself or anybody else. The year 1859—that is, the year in which I began to *live* (Charlie and I got married that year)—is of considerable importance to myself and to somebody else. The two decades forming the interim between those years constitute my Dark Age, in which I teethed and measles and whooping-coughed, and went to school, and wore my hair in two long pig-tails, and loved molasses candy, and regarded a school-room as purgatory, a ball-room as heaven—when I sang and danced and grew as the birds and grasshoppers and flowers sing and dance and grow, because they having nothing else to do.

Then came my Golden Age. That means, then came Charlie into my life, when I felt for the first time that there was music in the birds' voices and perfume in the flowers—that there was light in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, for God was in heaven and Charlie was on earth—when I, who had all along been hardly more than a human grasshopper, became the happiest of happy women—so much happier, I thought, than I deserved. For who was I, and what great thing had I ever done, that I should be crowned with such a crown of glory as—Charlie? why should I, insignificant I, be so blest among women as to be taken to wife by Charlie?

I was insanely sentimental enough to rather resent the fact that Charlie was prosaically well off: his circumstances were distressingly easy. It would have been so much nicer, so deliciously romantic, if there had been an opportunity afforded me to show how ready, nay, eager, I was to sacrifice friends, home and country for his dear sake. But Charlie didn't want me to sacrifice my friends; nor did it require any great amount of heroism to exchange my

modestly comfortable home for his decidedly luxurious one; and as for country, nothing on earth could have induced Charlie to leave his own country, much less his own parish, much less his own plantation. So we were married without any talk of sacrifice on either side, and moved quietly enough from father's small plantation to Charlie's large one.

There was but one drawback to the perfectness of my happiness: there was so little hope of my ever having an opportunity to air those magnanimous traits of character upon the possession of which I so plumed myself. I felt sure that I could meet the most adverse circumstances with the most smiling patience, but circumstances obstinately refused to be adverse. I was inwardly conscious that the most trying emergency could not shake my heroic but purely feminine fortitude; but, alas! my fortitude was likely to rust while waiting for the emergency. Injury and wrong should be met with sublime dignity, but the most wildly speculative imagination could not look upon Charlie's placidly handsome face and convert him into a possible tyrant.

To tell how the longed-for opportunity to exercise my powers of endurance, and my dignity, and all the rest of it, did finally come about, and to tell how I bore the test, is the object of this paper.

For the first six months of our married life, Charlie and I were simply ridiculously happy—selfishly happy too. We resented a neighbor's visit as an act of barbarous invasion, and the necessity of returning such visits was acknowledged with a sublimity of resignation worthy of pictorial representation in that exquisite parlor manual, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. If Charlie left the house for an hour or two, I looked upon his enforced absence as a cruel dispensation of Providence, which I did

not bear with "fortitude and sublime dignity," but pouted over like the ridiculous baby I was. Bare conjugal civility required that on leaving the house Charlie should kiss me three times, and on returning six times: anything short of that I should have considered a premonitory symptom of approaching separation. If Charlie had ever been so savage as to call me plain "Lulie," I should have felt certain he was sick and tired of me, and was repenting of having married me instead of that spectacled bas-bleu, Miss Minerva Henshaw, who read Buckle and talked dictionary. I believe I was intoxicated with my own happiness, and was a little nonsensical because I was so happy.

Fortunately for the comfort of both Charlie and myself, his domestic cabinet consisted of a marvelously well-trained set of servants, who were simply perfect—as perfect in their way as Charlie was in his. They had been trained by Charlie's mother, who had been the head of affairs in his house up to the hour of her death—an event which had occurred some dozen years before my first meeting with Charlie. Everybody said she had been a celebrated house-keeper, and Charlie's devotion to her had been the talk of the country-side. There were people malicious enough to say that if Charlie's mother had never died, he would never have married, but I take the liberty of resenting such an assertion as a personal insult; for, although I don't doubt the dear old lady was a perfect jewel in her way, yet, looking at the portrait of her which hangs over our parlor mantelpiece, I see the face of a hard, determined-looking woman with cold gray eyes and rigidly set mouth, in a funny-looking black dress, neither high-necked nor low-necked, having a starchy white ruffle round the edge, in vivid white contrast to the yellow skin; with grizzly, iron-gray curls peeping out from under a cap that is fearfully and wonderfully made, with a huge ruffled border radiating in a circumference of several feet, while its two black-and-white gauze ribbon strings lie in rigid exactness

over her two rigidly exact shoulders. Looking on this portrait, I do not thank anybody for saying that it was only because death chose that shining mark that I had found favor in Charlie's eyes.

We had been married, I suppose, about six months, when, sitting one evening over a cozy wood-fire in our cozy little parlor, just under the work of art I have described at such length, Charlie committed his first matrimonial solecism. He yawned, actually gaped—an open-mouthed, audible, undeniable yawn!

Glancing up at him from my work (which consisted of the inevitable worked slippers without which no woman considers her wifehood absolutely asserted), I caught him in the act. "Are you tired, Charlie?" I asked in accents of wifely anxiety.

Tired! Poor fellow! he ought to have been, for he had ridden all over the plantation that day, had written two business letters, and smoked there's no telling how many cigars, and had only taken one little cat-nap after dinner.

He was leaning back in his arm-chair, with his eyes fixed in mournful meditation upon his mother's portrait (at least I thought so), when I asked him if he was tired, and I fancied he was thinking sad thoughts of the mother who had not been dead so very long as never to trouble the thoughts of the living; so, laying down my slippers, I crossed the rug and perched myself on Charlie's knee.

"Talk to me about her, Charlie dear."

"About whom, little one?" asked Charlie, turning his eyes toward me with a little lazy look of inquiry.

"About your mother, Charlie: weren't you thinking about her just now?"

"I don't know—maybe I was. Dear mother! you don't find many women like her now-a-days."

Reader, that was my first glimpse of Charlie's hobby. And from the luckless moment when I so innocently invited him to mount it, up to the time when I forcibly compelled him to dismount from it, I had ample opportunity

to exercise my "smiling patience, sublime dignity and heroic fortitude." Whether or not I improved my opportunities properly, I will leave you to judge for yourself. But for two whole years "how mother did it" seemed to be the watchword of Charlie's existence, and was the *bête noir* of mine.

So long as Charlie and I were in Paradise the house kept itself, and very nicely it did it too, but by the time we were ready to come back to earth the perfect servants, who had been taking such good care of themselves, and our two daft selves into the bargain, were found to be sadly demoralized. The discovery came upon us gradually. I think my husband noticed the decadence as soon as I did, but I wasn't going to invite his attention to the fact; and he, I suppose, thought that I thought that everything was just as it should be.

One of Charlie's inherited manias was for early rising—a habit which would have been highly commendable and undeniably invaluable in a laboring man, but which struck me, who had an equally strong mania for not rising early, as extremely inconvenient and the least little bit absurd. Charlie got up early simply because "mother did it" before him; and after he had risen at earliest dawn and dressed himself, he had nothing better to do than walk out on the front gallery, locate himself in a big wicker chair, tilt his chair back and elevate his feet to the top of the banisters, and stare out over the cotton-fields. This position he would maintain, probably, about twenty minutes. Then the pangs of hunger would render him restless, and he would draw out his watch to note the time of day. The next step in the formula would bring him back to my room door while I was still sleepily trying to reconnect the broken links of a dream, from which vain effort he would startle me into wide-awake reality by a stentorian "Lulie, Lulie! Come, wife—it's breakfast-time."

Upon which, instead of "heroic fortitude," I would treat him to a little cross "Please yell at the cook, Charlie, and

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not at me. I'm sure if people *will* get up at such unearthly hours, they should expect to be kept waiting for their breakfast."

Then the spirit of unrest would impel Charlie toward the back door, where I would hear him commanding, exhorting, entreating.

Mentally registering a vow to give my husband a dose of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup on the coming night, I would relinquish all hope of another nap, get up and dress myself, and join my roaring lion on the front gallery, where we would both sit meekly waiting for the allied forces of kitchen and dining-room to decide upon the question of revictualing us.

"Lulie," said Charlie to me one morning at the breakfast-table, "things are getting all out of gear about this house, somehow or other."

I put down the coffee-pot with a resigned thump and asked my lord, with an injured air, to please explain himself.

"Well, when mother was alive I never knew what it was to sit down to my breakfast later than six o'clock in summer or seven in winter."

"How did she manage it, Charlie?" I asked, very meekly.

"Why, by getting up early herself. No servant on the face of the globe is going to get up at daybreak and go to work in earnest when she knows her mistress is sound asleep in bed. I will tell you how mother did: she had a pretty good-sized bell, that she kept on a table by her bedside, and every morning, as soon as her eyes were open, she would give such a peal with that old bell that all the servants on the premises knew that 'Mistiss was awake and up,' and bestirred themselves accordingly. There was no discount on mother: that was the way she made father a rich man, too."

"But, Charlie, you're already a rich man, and why on earth should we get out of bed at daybreak just because your mother and father did so before us?"

"Of course, Lulie," said Charlie, the least little bit coldly, "I have no desire

in the world to force you to conform to my views: I only told you how mother did it."

Reader, you know how I loved Charlie, and after that I out-larked the lark in early rising; and although Charlie and I did little more than gape in each other's faces for an hour or two, and wish breakfast would come, and wonder what made them take so long, he was perfectly satisfied that we were both on the road that was to make us healthier, wealthier and wiser.

Among other points on which my husband and I were mutually agreed was a liking for good strong coffee, and we also held in common one decided opinion, and that was, that our coffee was gradually becoming anything but good and strong.

Charlie broached the subject first. "Lulie, our coffee is getting to be perfectly undrinkable," said he one morning, putting his cup down with a face of disgust.

"It is indeed, Charlie: it's perfectly villainous. Milly ought to be ashamed of herself: I shall speak to her again after breakfast."

"Maybe you don't give out enough coffee?" suggested Charlie.

"I don't know how much Milly takes," I replied, innocently.

"Takes! Do you mean to say that you don't know how much coffee goes out of your pantry, Lulie? I don't wonder we never have any fit to drink!"

If I had been of an argumentative turn, I would have asked Charlie to explain how giving the cook carte blanche in the matter of quantity should have had such a disastrous effect in the matter of quality. But I was not of an argumentative turn, so I took no notice of his queer logic.

"Why should I bother about every spoonful of coffee, Charlie? You assured me, when I first came here, that every servant you had was as honest as you or I, and I'm sure Milly knows better than I do how much coffee she *ought* to take."

"Well," said Charlie with a sigh of mock resignation, "that may be the way

they do things now-a-days, but I remember exactly how mother managed to have good coffee." Here the hobby broke into a brisk canter: "I recollect she had a little oval wooden box, that held, I suppose, about a quart—or two, maybe—of roasted coffee, and that box stood on the mantelpiece in her room; and every morning, as soon as her bell rang, Milly would come with a cup and spoon, and mother would measure out two table-spoonfuls of coffee with her own hands and give it to the cook, and the cook knew better than not to have good coffee, I can tell you."

"Are you sure it was only two spoonfuls, Charlie?"

"I am sure," responded Charlie, solemnly.

As good-luck would have it, while rummaging in the store-room a day or two after that coffee talk, I came upon a little old oval wooden box, the lid of which I detached with some difficulty, and as the scent of the roses hung round it still, I had no difficulty in identifying my treasure-trove with the wooden box that had played such a distinguished part in the good old times when cooks "knew better than not to have good coffee, I can tell you."

Hoping that some relic of my dead predecessor might prove more awesomely inspiring to contumacious Milly than my own despised monitions, I exhumed the wooden box, had it thoroughly cleansed, filled with roasted coffee and placed upon my mantelpiece, giving Milly orders to come to *me* hereafter, every morning, for the coffee.

Charlie gave me a grateful little kiss when he saw the old box in the old place, either as a reward for my amiable endeavor to do things as mother did, or because he took the old wooden box for an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace that was to move Milly to make good coffee.

But somehow or other, in spite of the unsightly old wooden box on my mantelshelf, the coffee didn't improve in the least. Maybe the charm failed to work because Charlie had forgotten which end of the mantelpiece his mother used

to keep it on, or I used the wrong spoon. I'm inclined to lay it on the spoon myself, but there's no telling.

The first cotton-picking season that came round after my marriage seemed to afford Charlie no end of opportunities for riding his hobby at a fast and furious pace. It seemed as if there was no end to the things that mother used to do at that important season. I suppose she really was a wonderful woman, and I humbly hope that by the time I have lived as long as she did, and get to looking as she does in her portrait, and can wear a wonderful-looking cap with the wonderful composure she wore it with, and have little iron-gray curls hanging round my iron-gray visage, I may be only half as wonderful.

"Would I see to the making of the cotton sacks? That was one thing mother always did." Thus Charlie.

Of course I would: why should I object to doing anything that would forward my husband's interests? Besides, I was actually pining for some healthful occupation: I was tired of playing at living. I resolved on a brilliant plan. I would out-mother mother, for she only *saw* to the making of the sacks: I would make them myself, every one of them, on my sewing-machine. If I couldn't make cotton-sacks on it, what was the use of having it?

Charlie had informed me that he would send me down seven or eight women from the quarters to make the sacks. I informed him with a flourish that I should need but one: I should want her to cut the sacks out. Charlie thanked me, and Martha and I and "Wheeler & Wilson" made the sacks.

Was I to blame that the wretched things burst in twenty places at once the first time they were used? Was I to blame that two women were kept busy mending my sacks until they ceased to be sacks? Charlie might think so, but I did not.

He reported the failure of my cotton-sack experiment with very unbecoming levity, as it struck me, accompanying his report with a somewhat unjust comment upon new-fangled notions, such

as sewing-machines, etc., etc., winding up with—"Now, when mother was alive" (I fairly winced), "the house was not considered too good for the darkies to sit on the back gallery with their work and make the sacks right under mother's eye—sewing them with good strong thread, too, that was spun for the purpose. I can remember the old spinning-wheel: it used to sit right at that end of the gallery."

Like Captain Cuttle, I "made a note of it" for future use.

I often had occasion to wonder, during the early years of my married life, how it happened that the son of such an exceptionally perfect woman as I was compelled to presume my respected mother-in-law to have been, should have grown up with such shockingly disorderly habits as had my Charlie. The wretched creature would stalk into my bed-room—which I was particularly dainty about—fresh from shooting or fishing, with pounds of mud clinging to his boots, bristling all over with cockle-burs, his hands grimed with gunpowder; and helping himself to water from my ewer, he would begin dabbling in my china basin until he had reduced its originally pure contents into a compound of mud and ink, and would wind up by making a finish of my fresh damask towel, and throwing it on the bed or a chair instead of returning it to the rack, as he should have done.

"Charlie," said I one day, saucily inviting a dose of "what mother did," "what did mother used to do when you came into her room and turned it into a pig-stye, and then left it for her to clean up again?"

"She never let me do it," said Charlie with a laugh. "I'll tell you how she did. She had a tin basin on a shelf on the back gallery, and one of those great big rolling towels that lasted about a week; and after her washstand was fixed up in the morning, we knew better than to upset it, I can tell you."

"Very well, sir: I intend you shall know better than to upset mine, I'll show you."

In fact, things had come to that pass

that I had mentally resolved to "show" Charlie a great many things. I firmly believed that the secret of the power that Charlie's mother had exercised over her household, and still exercised over him in memory, lay in the fact that she made them all afraid of her: so I firmly resolved that they should all be afraid of me, poor little me! It is true, I was but twenty, and she was fifty; I was but a pocket edition of a woman, and she was a *Webster Unabridged*; I had little meek blue eyes, that dropped to the ground in the most shamefaced manner if a body did but look at me, and she had hard, cold gray eyes, that not only looked straight at you, but right through you. Still, I hoped, notwithstanding these trifling drawbacks, to make myself very awe-inspiring by dint of a grand assumption of spirit.

To put it into very plain language, I resolved to bully Charlie off his hobby. He had thrown his mother at my head (figuratively speaking, of course) until, if she had been present in *propria persona*, I should have been tempted to try Hiawatha's remarkable feat with his grandmother, and throw her up against the moon. But as I could not revenge myself upon her personally, I began to lay deep and subtle plans for inducing Charlie to leave her to her repose.

As the veritable bell which, in the days when "mother did it," had acted as a sort of Gabriel's trump, was still extant, minus clapper and handle, I was enabled to provide myself with its fac-simile. Armed with this instrument of retribution, I laid me down to sleep by Charlie's side, gloating in anticipation over my ripening scheme of vengeance.

It was a rare thing for me to wake up before Charlie, but I did manage to do so on the morning in question, by dint, I think, of a powerful mental resolution to that effect made the night before. I raised myself very softly, so as not to disturb my husband's gentle slumbers, and, possessing myself of my big bell, I laid on with a will, raising such a clatter in the quiet morning air that Charlie fairly bounded into the middle

of the room before he in the least comprehended where it came from.

"In the name of God, Lulie, what is the meaning of that?" he exclaimed, looking at me as if he half doubted my sanity.

"That's the way mother did it, Charlie," I replied placidly enough, and, replacing my big bell on the table, I settled myself on my pillow once more, ostensibly to go to sleep again—in reality to have my laugh out in a quiet fashion, for it was enough to have made the very bed-posts laugh to see Charlie's funny look of astonishment and indignation. But of course he couldn't say a word, you know.

For two more mornings I clattered my bell about his precious old head, and then he paid me to quit, and after that began riding his hobby at a little slower gait.

The next direct intimation he gave that his faith in inherited ideas was growing shaky was a plaintive little request that I would not stick so close to the old wooden box, but give out enough coffee to ensure him something to drink for his breakfast.

Now, I had no wish that my husband should drink bad coffee just because Providence had seen fit to remove his mother from this sublunary sphere: I merely wanted to cure him of telling me how mother did it; so as soon as he thus tacitly acknowledged that his suggestion had not been a success, I took matters into my own hands, and proved to him that coffee could be made as well by young wives as by old mothers.

In the due revolution of the seasons King Cotton donned his royal robes of ermine once more, and sacks again became the one thing needful. It was the very rainiest, wettest, muddiest picking-season that had ever been seen. In pursuance of my plan, I had seven or eight women down from the quarters, and a spinning-wheel also, which was set to humming right under our bedroom window.

The rainy weather had kept Charlie in the house, and he was lounging on a couch in my room, enjoying a pleas-

ant semi-doze, when the monotonous whirr-r-r of the spinning-wheel first attracted his attention. "Lulie," he asked, rising into a sitting posture, "what is that infernal noise on the back gallery?"

"The spinning-wheel, Charlie. They are spinning thread to make the sacks with," I answered, without looking up from my work.

"Oh!" and Charlie subsided for a while. "Ahem! Lulie, my dear, how long is that devilish spinning to be kept up?"

"Devilish! Why, Charlie, that's the way mother did it."

"Well," said Charlie, scratching his head and looking foolish, "I know she did, Lulie, but I'll be confounded if I can stand it much longer."

"Why, Charlie, you used to stand it when mother did it," I answered maliciously.

"I was hardly ever about the house in those days, Lulie: I suppose that was why I didn't mind it."

"Why weren't you about the house much in those days, Charlie?"

"Because you weren't in it, you witch, I suppose."

This was such a decided triumph over the old lady of the portrait that I could afford to be amiable; so, giving him a spasmodic little hug and an energetic little kiss, I went out and stopped the spinning nuisance immediately.

After that the hobby went slower and slower, feebler and feebler. One more energetic display of my bogus spirit and "the enemy was mine."

Winter came on in its duly-appointed time, bringing with it the usual quantity of wild ducks and more than the usual degree of severe cold. Charlie was an inveterate duck-shooter, and with the return of the season came the return of mud and dirt in my bowls.

I determined to do as mother did. A tin basin made its appearance on the back gallery, four yards of crash sewed together at the end were made to revolve over the roller, and by way of forcing the experiment to a successful issue orders were given that my own pitchers should be filled only after nightfall.

I was sitting in my bed-room sewing away, in placid unconsciousness of outside cold and discomfort, when Charlie got home from his first hunt of the season.

"No water, Lulie?" and the monster took hold of my nice pitcher with a pair of muddy, half-frozen hands.

"On the gallery, dear, just where mother used to keep it;" and I smiled up at him angelically.

With a muttered something or other, poor Charlie bounded out to the back gallery. He came back in a minute, his hands as muddy and cold as ever.

"Look here, Lulie: the water's all frozen in that confounded tin basin out there."

"I'll have it thawed out for you," I said sweetly, rising as I spoke.

"I say, wifey"—and the great, handsome fellow came close up to me with his mud and his burs—"do you think it's exactly fair, when a fellow's been out all the morning shooting ducks for your dinner, to make him stand out on the gallery such a day as this and scrub the mud off his frozen hands?"

"That's the way mother did," was all my answer.

"Look here, Lulie, I cry quits. If you'll only let a body off this once, you may keep house on your own plan, little lady, and I'll never tell you how mother did it again so long as I live."

"Well, then, don't, that's a dear," I replied, "for you'll only make me dislike her memory, without doing any good. Just be patient with me, Charlie, and maybe after a while I'll be as good a housekeeper as your mother was before me. The mistake you and all other men make is, in comparing your wives at the end of their first year of house-keeping with your mothers, whose house-keeping you knew nothing about until it was of ever so many years' duration. I'm young yet, but I'm improving in that matter every day, Charlie."

With which little moral lecture I gave Charlie a kiss, and some water to wash the mud from his poor red hands.

Moral.—My dear girls, don't you ever

marry a man that cannot take his affi-
davit he never had a mother, unless it
is expressly stipulated in the marriage

contract that he is never to tell you how
his mother did it.

J. R. HADERMANN.

OFF DUTY.

I.

THE brightest of midsummer days
Wanes with my *Festus* just begun:
The peacock apes my sluggish ways,
And trails his plumage in the sun.
Why should I blush to own my dreams?
So fair this land of reverie seems
That cooler heads, old, worn and gray,
Might lapse, like mine, off guard, astray.
Heigh-ho! O plodder! let me shirk,
For once, dull care and hateful work:
Let sterner wights my mantle wear,
And leave me to my mountain air.

II.

The pigeons cluster on the eaves,
The brambles flirt and toss about,
The brown moth zigzags through the leaves
Of woodbine on the water-spout:
The alders rustle by the brook,
The trout leaps to the floating hook;
But in the shade, my thin cheek prest
Against the daisies, let me rest.
What was that motto of my youth,
Of which Age vaunts the vexing truth?—
"Time waits for none!" Alas! even I
May let no day drift fruitless by.

III.

The wind, astir through scents of vines,
Breaks into ripples all the streams,
Till silver-like the water shines,
And rose-tints blush through all my dreams.
And so the day's fine work is done,
The rose and silver threads are spun,
And, soothed with sounds of birds and bees,
The dreamer nods in blissful ease.
There lies my *Festus* on the grass;
The glow-worms with their dim lamps pass:
Why, Sybarus would not care to miss
The peace of such an hour as this.

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

VII.

THE END DRAWING NIGH.

THE fifth day of my sojourn at — dawned bright and beautiful as I lay in bed looking out through the uncurtained window. The sun was behind the eastern hills, but the golden glow of his glory shone on a level with their tops. One peak towered over the rest in isolated dignity, and streaks of cloud, apparently darting out of the mountain, were rolling tumultuously over its summit, melting together and disappearing, like fiends of the night surprised by the dawn. As the sun advanced the aerial disorder subsided, and it ceased entirely when the crown of his disk appeared above the mountain-ridge. The whole display was singularly striking, but being in a house where the sluggard had no mercy granted on any excuse, I was constrained to rise and leave meteorology to a fitter time.

We were forcing the professor into good habits. He had gained the start of me: I found him busy with his botany, and earning an appetite for breakfast. The priest was yet at his devotions, and I had a glimpse of Peggy kneeling by the kitchen fire counting her beads, and, I presume, muttering her morning prayers. The elder Irish women are addicted to private devotion. Often I have drawn back from a cabin door, that I might not disturb the meditation of a poor, solitary *cailleach*, half kneeling, half sitting on a low stool or a stone, and holding a rosary in her shrunken hands. "Poor soul!" I have thought, "you are happy now, and your moments of real happiness can be but few. For thee, I may say in thy Irish tongue, there is *ni beatha go dul air neamh*—no life till going up to heaven."

Over breakfast we recurred to incidents of the past evening.

McHugh, the priest said, had gathered his new lights in his advanced years, and, like all new-light men, was overstrong in his own wisdom, and too apt to scout and deride when he should demonstrate and persuade.

"Faith, O'Brien," cried the professor, "but that bog of his is the completest demonstration I ever saw."

"It's there, to be sure, Rodgers, but I cannot be persuaded that it is not exceptional to the bog of the neighborhood. He'll never persuade me he has his oats from any new-light conjuration."

With difficulty I kept my tongue still, being sorely tempted to exclaim, "Bravo, Lady Erin! What with downright ignorance, cherished prejudice, willful blindness and deafness, and universal determination to sit still and dream, you are not likely to have your diet changed."

"McHugh," I said inquiringly, "is a well-to-do man, and independent?"

"That he is," answered the priest, "and an honest. I would trust my life in his hands. You are going to the wedding-dinner with me, and there you will see another comfortable man. Mark the difference between him and Mac. I am giving you a study."

"McHugh made use of the word *gom-been*. It sounds like the English *gome-been*—tax, tribute; and I have found many nouns common to Irish and English; as, for instance, *sagart*—in English, *sacerd*, priest; *bord* and *bord*, table; *cine* and *cin*, kindred; *smer* and *smeorn*, grease. I take these words because suggested by objects before me, but I could find you plenty more."

"The words you have instanced, at any rate," said the professor, "must have been adopted from the Irish. You know you had—I should say the Anglo-Saxons had—their alphabet from us."

"What do you say, then, professor, to your word *naithair* and the English *nædder*? Both words mean snake. You never had the thing. How, then, came you by the word?"

The priest had taken down his *Johnson*: he could not find one word I had cited save *cin* (kin). "You are putting the trick on us this morning," he laughed, "but wait a while."

"Nothing of the sort, Father Michael: each word, I assert, is in the English language. You have not found them in your *Johnson*, for the reason that the forms I have given you are found only in the earliest English. *Sacerd* has gone totally—the others are in a changed form."

The professor had fallen into a fit of abstraction, and the priest's attention was attracted to a woman I had seen look in several times. He rose and went out to learn what was the matter. On his return he asked if I had any notion of the woman's business.

"Not the least," I replied.

"I'll tell you. It will do to put down in your list of Irish superstitions; but, as I shall explain it, I trust you will see it in a better light, and consider it a proof of faith in God. Well, my friend, she wanted a *Gospel*. You don't comprehend? No wonder. It is a verse from a *Gospel* written out by a priest's hand. The fragment is sewn up in a bit of cloth and hung about the neck of a sick person or in some way attached to the inner side of a close-fitting garment. It is believed that if the patient have absolute faith in the *Gospel*, recovery is assured. I do not suppose that a miracle is wrought when there is recovery under this regimen, but you know how much the imagination can effect in curing as well as in creating disorders. We do not care to encourage fantasies, but in such a case as this it would be cruel to refuse our aid and countenance, and worse than cruel."

The Spanish gypsies' faith in the *bar lachi* is in kind the same as this: "Brother, I trust in the *bar lachi*. Were I in the wild sea without a plank, I should

have no fear. The *bar lachi* would bring me safe ashore."

The common people in Ireland have so great a dread of fever that they are often led by it into acts of cruelty. No sooner is any one known to be "down in the sickness" than the neighbors shun the house, and if the whole family be down together, they are abandoned to their fate. I have seen a cabin in which every one of a family of, I think, seven persons, were thus left to themselves, and all died. Another case came under my own observation. A widow, by no means badly off as the world went in that part, came to us, then temporary residents, and begged my wife to give her some medicine. She got what was deemed proper, and nothing more was thought of her. The day but one following, in coming home from fishing, I was passing this woman's cottage, and leaned my rod against it while I put my foot on a stone by the door to adjust a loose string. I had scarcely done so before a hand was laid on my shoulder, and an earnest voice desired me to "Come away out of that." I was then informed that the woman was "down in the fever." On hearing how matters were with the unfortunate woman, my wife went to learn the exact state of the case. It was almost impossible for her to gain an entrance. The door of the bed-room was nailed up, and every crack and cranny plastered over. There was no access that way, but a passage was effected through a window about sixteen inches square in a rough stone wall a foot and a half thick. The air of the chamber was stifling. In one corner sat a half-dast, brutal hag, in another, a goose hatching, and on a poor pallet lay the fever-stricken woman in the last stage of exhaustion, dying from want of ordinary care. What could be done was done by my wife's hands. But it was useless: typhus had secured a victim. The priest came, and he caused the blocked-up door to be burst open. The last rites of the Roman Catholic Church were administered, death followed and the scene closed.

"Come," said Father Michael, "let us be on the road. It's a sin to be anywhere else than in the open air this fine morning. We will make a round, and be at McCann's in good time."

"Is the ceremony of the *Bredogue* still observed in Ireland, Father Michael?"

"What! the figure of St. Bridget, that was wont to be carried about, with great frolic, on the first of February? Oh, that's gone, as everything else is going. The Sasenach innovations are driving the poetry out of us," said the professor. "But why do you ask?"

"I put the question that I might tell you that a similar custom is observed in Western Barbary. Is it possible that the Berber and the Irish ceremonies are identical in origin? Let me, however, show what the Berber ceremony is. When the young corn is up, about the middle of February, the women make a female figure, like a great doll, and dress it in the gaudiest style. The image is carried in procession round the fields, the women screaming and singing a set ditty. There is racing with squabbling from beginning to end, for the woman that starts first with the image must give it up to the woman that manages to head her, and so on they go, each striving to possess the image, which is called *Mata*. Good-luck is expected from the ceremony."

"Faith, O'Brien!" exclaimed the professor, "they are as like as can be. But the same origin is out of the question."

"The holy wells—are they abandoned?"

"No, not altogether. But they too," the priest sighed, "will soon be among the things that were. They were great aids to devotion. In holy places the heart is abstracted from the things of the world, and the bad passions are subdued. We then look into ourselves, and cannot but be better for the scrutiny. Have respect, I pray you, for those spots wherat Christian souls commune with their Maker."

"I never, Father Michael, slight the religious convictions of people; but I will add, there is a vast deal that

passes for religion that is mere appearance when it is not active hypocrisy."

"Well, well!" observed the priest. "But we will look in on Shamus O'Brien, and pass the time o' day with him or Mary, or both."

The cabin was rough enough, though there seemed no want. A spinning-wheel for wool stood under a window in embryo, and Mary, a pretty brunette, was winding wool-yarn. Lover has a sketch of a similar scene, but our Shamus was taking "a stritch"—that is, a snooze—on the bed. Mary dropped her ball of worsted quickly, and the early-fatigued Shamus as quickly found his feet. "Yer riverence is welcome, God bless you!" "Nare a one in the barony half so much," added Shamus. "And you, gentlemen," said Mary, with a smile a princess might have envied for its charming expression.

"Shamus," thought I, "were I not provided for, I should grudge you that little woman. But, man, it was not well of you to be 'stritching,' and she at the reel thinking of winter stockings for you."

"Ye're for Dan McCann's," said Shamus, "an' I'm for the heel-end av it, plase God."

"That ye're not, wid my will," objected the wife, looking a little angry.

"A *caisle mo chroidhe*, why not?" coaxingly demanded Shamus.

"Don't put yer desate on me!" retorted Mary. "It's for yer own good I'd detain ye."

We took leave and journeyed on. Calling at another cabin, we had an awful tale to listen to. A widowed mother and a daughter were the occupants. Their cow had been bogged, a common mishap.

"Yer riverence, it was late whin we found her," narrated the daughter, "an' out av the bog we couldn't get her while light. The neighbors—God bless 'em!—did their best, an' whin they had done, they wint home till marnin'. I couldn't lave the baste, an' they lit me a fire. I sat an' watched an' watched till nigh midnight, it must ha' bin, whin all av a sudden the bog was lit up, an' I looked, an' it was covered wid people, swarmin' like

bees about the *cruiceog*. I trimbled all over me. I looked an' looked, an' they danced all round me. I wanted to call on Holy Mary, but I couldn't: my tongue was held down. I thought I was goin' mad. What was I to do? At last an owl *ropaire* made a fling an' brought his toe widin a inch av me nose. Then I fled, *leathmarbh*—half dead, sir—an' if ye'd hard the yells an' shouts an' screams av laffin' they set aff after me, ye'd ha' sed I wanted nothin' more to speed me. I fainted dead at the door whin I gat home, an' there I must ha' lain till daylight, for there I was found by Pat Doolan goin' to the bog."

"A terrible story!" said the priest; "but, on your honor and conscience, was there no whisky in the case?"

"Just a drap—not a taysponful more nor would keep the night coold out. On me honor an' conscience, Father Mick, not a drap more."

"That will do, Biddy. Good-morning.—You see how it was?" said the priest, turning to me.

"O'Brien," cried the professor in a pet, "you attribute what may be a fact to whisky. I believe the woman saw and heard all she spoke to."

"So do I, Rodgers," retorted the priest.

"You were speaking of holy wells, a while ago," said the professor, "and it occurs to me there is one within a stone's throw of us."

"It is but a relic," said the priest: "the cattle have trampled it into a swamp, and it has lost its name. The finest example I have seen is at Tubernault.

'The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod
The Emerald Garden, set apart for Irishmen by God!
And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have birth
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross, material earth,
The scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they,
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay!'

So sings our Ffraser."

I pointed out to the priest a copper coin at the bottom of the little well the professor had led us to, and suggested it was evidence that the well was still in note.

"I fear," said the priest, "it is evidence of some heathenism."

The professor would have hooked the coin out, but I held his arm and insinuated danger.

"Dear me, dear me, yes!" he in some trepidation exclaimed, and drew back.

I delight in people that believe in all sorts of impossibilities—in witches, and ghosts, and night-hags, in fairies, in tokens and charms. The fellow that rubs his warts with a black snail, then sticks him on a thorn, in full faith that as he dies the warts will waste away, is a jewel; and I should have esteemed Ichabod Crane a priceless pearl, and would have hanged Brom Bones for spoiling him. Even a man half possessed is an amusement.

"Is the belief in changelings yet prevalent, professor?" I inquired, for I was reminded of it by a weakling in the arms of a woman we had now passed.

"Yes it is; and also the belief that when a fine child has pined away it was the work of fairies. Dr. Anster has given us a fine ballad on the one, and Samuel Lover on the other. But," added the professor, "I like Lover's better than Dr. Anster's: it is a perfecter piece of work."

We were now at our destination. I will describe Mr. McCann's place as well as words will permit. The house was a capacious cottage in rough rubble-work, and as a matter of course it was thatched, slates being there out of reach. At a right angle to the house stood a dilapidated building that served for barn, shippon or stable, or all three at once as occasion demanded. In front of the *sgiobol*, as they called it, the ground was unpaved, but a narrow paved footway, vexatiously uneven, skirted the house front. To unfamiliar feet the path would, in the dark, be perilous. The *shuch*, a hole full of foul water, manure and an assortment of

small abominations, lay close to this causeway, but a couple of feet below it. A stumble or a false step would be pretty certain consignment to odorous conclusions. One of the long, narrow, sideless carts of the country had been accidentally thrown over into the *shuch*, and there it would stick till wanted. Harrows were lying about, tines upward, for cattle to tread on; and a plough was so ingeniously placed to act as a stop-gap that an unruly pig, determined to break fence, would bring it down on his back and half murder himself. Loys were scattered about rusting and rotting, and plough-socks, old and new, were stuck in holes in the wall. Rotten straw horsecollars and broken hames hung on stones projecting from the building, waiting for some day of judgment. Cart-house there was none. The roof of the *sgriobel* was sagged and ragged, but the house-thatch was sound, showing, however, in the last repairs, proof of bad threshing, for the grains that had been left in the straw had vegetated, and variegated the roof with brilliant patches of green.

McCann, I judged, was a believer in the Irish saying, *Bidheann rath ais an t-sruimhileacht*—Prosperity attends slovenliness.

Inside the house there was ample stock of furniture, of a coarse kind and quite suitable. The floor was earthen, and not so level that perfect horizontality of table could be obtained without expedients. The kitchen was dark, the rafters black with smoke, and the walls streaked with something like dark-brown ochre washed from the rafters by condensed steam. The floor was pot-holed. A deal table stretched across the place under the scant window. It had never felt wisp and grit. The sight was not gratifying, considering that the cooks had made use of it. In a dark corner two stout calves, pronounced sick, were standing staring about, wonder-struck at the unusual bustle. The visit to the kitchen was not a stimulant to appetite, but my experience of Welsh kitchens had in some degree inured me to questionable conditions of cleanliness.

THE RECEPTION, THE DINNER AND THE TRAGIC FINALE.

Through a misapprehension of Father Michael's we had reached McCann's before the appointed time. The farmer had gone to his son-in-law's, and had not returned, Mrs. McCann and her daughter had retired to dress, and the house was in possession of a crowd of bare-footed, slatternly women-servants and hangers-on, clattering and bustling about in performance of their offices, but hindering one another by excess of zeal. To me the priest's error proved an advantage: I gained some leisure to look about.

Some of the people had sent word to McCann that "Father Mick was here, and not a soul in the house." McCann, accompanied by his son-in-law, presently arrived. Looking at the two men, I doubted whether their return had brought any addition to the number of souls.

McCann's reception of the priest was obsequious. He spoke in soft tones, and seemed to sink himself into insignificance. But the furtive glances of his cat-eyes betrayed him: his thoughts were weaving deceit. Father Michael knew his man.

The son-in-law, O'Connor, was as mean-looking a *bodach* as eye could rest on. I had heard he was wealthy: certainly he had *miser* written on his forehead. Nature might have mismarked him, but I took him for one over forty in age. I began to think of his wife, and McHugh's story about her, and became anxious to see her.

Guests arriving put an end to our conversation with the two notables, to their evident relief. The room was soon crowded with men, all voluble in compliments to one another. We were in the midst of a little Babel. Among the latest arrivals came our stout friend, McHugh. He discovered us, and made his way through a crush of hand-shakers to where we stood distracted by the hurly-burly we were in. His greeting to the priest was hearty, free, manly and sincerely affectionate—for that is the word to characterize his feeling—

and the priest was as hearty with him. It was plain the men had a strong regard for each other.

"What a contrast this to McCann's greeting!" I whispered to the professor.

"Did you remark," he returned, "his *cead mille failte*? It fell like ice-water on me."

McHugh told us we had better go outside a while. The women, he said, would lay the dinner soon, and we had best be out of the way while they were at the work. The majority of the men followed us, and for half an hour we had a pleasant conversation.

Dinner was announced by McCann. He attached himself to Father Michael. The professor and I followed, and McHugh headed the rest. An introduction to Mrs. McCann and Mrs. O'Connor gone through, we took our places. McCann, with Father Michael on his right and a priest—who, I gathered, was the Father Peter I had heard of—on his left, took the upper table, and O'Connor, his wife on his right and his mother-in-law on the other hand, took the other table. A few women were scattered about, but not a solitary young one among them.

McHugh placed himself between me and the professor. "Plenty to ate," he muttered, "but it's all boiled, the souls!"

I could not divert my attention from Mrs. O'Connor. She was quite what the priest had described her: whether she was also what McHugh had said of her presented itself as a problem. She was ill at ease now, I saw, but that might be from the novelty of her situation. I continued my scrutiny. At last I detected the sad fact—she hated her husband. Twice I saw her look at him: both times her face flushed and paled, and her restrained lips, in spite of her, quivered in scorn.

Next I turned on the mother. Her character was not hard to read. She was a good-looking human vegetable, nothing more.

There was mystery here, to which somebody must have the key. Possibly I might get at it before the day ended.

"Do you see that fellow in a green

plush waistcoat?" whispered McHugh. "He is bard and shanaghie. We'll have fun with him. The fiddler's in the kitchen."

Dinner ended, the *bord* was cleared and the drink introduced.

"Mind what ye drink," said McHugh in a low tone: "what they'll have here, I'll howld it, would scald a pig of itself. A drap o' potheen—"

This was in a loud key, and it was caught by McCann, who demanded, "What's that ye're axin' for?"

"Divil a thing, Dan. I was about telling these two gentlemen—frinds o' mine—that a drap o' potheen, with hot wather an' sugar, an' the laste taste av a squeeze av limmon, will do ye devil a bit av harrum, an' all the good in the world."

"Ye'll git none here, Pat," responded McCann. "I like safe ground, *comharsa*." But he came round to McHugh and remonstrated, with bated breath, on the impropriety of open speech about potheen: "Have ye no fear av the rivenue, Pat?"

"Not a tint," answered McHugh.

"Whist, thin, ye'll git that ye want."

"May the heavens be yer bed, Dan!"

—There's to be some schame, Professor Rodgers, you may depend," said McHugh—"some maneness."

Jugs of punch were now brought in, and it was observable that the biggest was set before the host: he filled certain glasses only. McHugh tasted his, and put it down with a smile that said, "That will do."

Father Michael rose to give the health of the newly-married pair. He spoke gravely, and ended by addressing Mrs. O'Connor in a special manner, but he gathered his words slowly, as if he were threading his way through a difficulty. Before the toast could be drunk, Mrs. O'Connor stood up. For a moment she faltered. Father Michael divined her intention and spoke encouraging words. Assured by the good man's consideration, she addressed herself to him. "Father Michael," she said, "I thank you, and Father Peter as well, for your kind wishes. Your blessing will keep

me from evil, but I will need your prayers for strength to me. I am a wake young thing." She could get no farther. A spasmodic sob broke from her: she covered her face with her hand, stood for some minutes, and then turned and retired.

Husband, mother, father were unaffected. The company was indifferent or misapprehended the scene they had witnessed. McHugh must be excepted, for he whispered, "There is something wrong here, depind."

The company was so well filled with good mutton and other delicacies that the punch was slow to act. The shannagie, the man in the green plush vest, first showed symptoms of coming ecstasy. He singled out the professor for a victim, as I thought, but Mr. Rodgers was nothing loth.

"Professor," he began, "like myself, you are a man of learning—"

"Kelly abu!" some one shouted.

The speaker bowed and proceeded: "I said, professor, that, like myself, you are a man of learning. You are skilled in the noble tongue of our mother, saintly Erin. You, like myself, have wandered about among the ruined monuments of our ancient grandeur—the mysterious round-towers of other days, the abbeys, and the grand castles of our old nobles." ("The greater part," I could have interjected, "the work of Anglo-Normans.") "I have met you in Glendaloch and in the sacred Devenish. More than once, in days gone by, we have sat, on a winter night, in a lone cabin, listening, in the dull light of the burning laussogue, to the tales of the hoary calleach. We are brothers in mind, though not in blood."

During this highflying oration the professor seemed raking his brains for information, keeping all the while a curious eye on the orator. But the claim of brotherhood put an end to his investigation. He did not relish it. "May I," said he, "ask you your name?"

"Kelly abu!" was again shouted.

"Yes, sir," said Green Vest—"not plain Kelly, but O'Kelly."

"I've no recollection of you," returned the professor. "But dear me, yes! it may be so."

"A song from O'Kelly," called McHugh. "I know you like to hear yer own chunes. But let's have it in Sasenach, for the ear of my friend here."

O'Kelly, affecting reflection, answered, "I must be permitted to suit the matter to my own taste, a trifle. So I will favor you with half a dozen lines of a great old Irish war-song, made by Fergusson of Finn, and sung to Gall, the great hero, in the year of our blessed Lord 150."

"Old enough, anyway," growled McHugh, who preferred modern ware. "But go on: we have three o'clock on us."

O'Kelly began, and bombastically recited rather than sung—

"Gall, vigorous and warlike; chief of heroes;
Generous and brave of hand; the choice of chivalry.
Like the bound of full-fed flame, a blazing which
cannot be quenched.
A hero in many encounters; the sway of royal
knights;
A lion rapid to the attack, disabling the foe;
Bulwark to the brave when under blows;
Valiant hero, inconstant after battles, who never
yielded in a battle of the brave."

There is much more," pursued O'Kelly, "but this is enough to show your English friend what our old bards could do. Even in the English words the vigor shows itself. Our old bards beat the world, sir, and the world, sir, owes rhyme to us, sir. Match us in English, sir."

"Mr. O'Kelly," said I, "your song is a mere string of sounding epithets, and the translation cannot be very happy, I suspect. Chivalry and royal knights were not quite things of Ireland in the year 150. I have heard the original read, and I assert it is nothing but a chain of epithetic sentences. Whether we have anything in English to match it I know not, but I incline to believe not."

"Kelly abu!" sounded again. I detected that it came from a red-headed blind man posted in a dingy corner near the door.

"I cannot conceive," I continued, "why you should have pitched on a piece of barbarism when your true lit-

erature, your true poets, are so rich in sweet song."

"Hold your whist, Kelly," cried a smart young fellow, who had been engaged in conversation with Father Peter—"hold your bother: you'd have us believe in old Keating and the like, from first to last; and you push your old rubbish on us because you possess no better. Here's Professor Rodgers—the man to give us what we'd like."

"Kelly abu!" came once more.

The young man glanced fiercely down the room.

"For God's sake, Profeshor Rodgers, sing one of your best," said McHugh, earnestly, "or we will have a shindy, an' I'll be bound to take my part."

The professor was scared, but McHugh called out, "Profeshor Rodgers will sing." The pause that ensued restored the professor to confidence. Led by the hand of Fate, he selected Davies' *Maire Bhan Astór*—Fair Mary, my Treasure. I cannot resist quoting it at length :

"In a valley far away
With my Maire bhan astór,
Short would be the summer day,
Ever loving more and more:
Winter days would all grow long
With the light her heart would pour,
With her kisses and her song,
And her loving mait go léor.
Fond is Maire bhan astór,
Fair is Maire bhan astór:
Sweet as ripple on the shore
Sings my Maire bhan astór.

"Oh, her sire is very proud,
And her mother cold as stone;
But her brother bravely vow'd
She should be my bride alone;
For he knew I loved her well,
And he knew she loved me too:
So he sought their pride to quell,
But 'twas all in vain to sue.
True is Maire bhan astór,
Tried is Maire bhan astór:
Had I wings, I'd never soar
From my Maire bhan astór.

"There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows—
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows.
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
From our hearth with mait go léor,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my Maire bhan astór.
Mild is Maire bhan astór,
Mild is Maire bhan astór:
Saints will watch about the door
Of my Maire bhan astór."

The singer ceased. In the midst of the applause that followed, a wail, wild and shrill, rose above the din and silenced it. "*Mo leun gheur*"—my piercing sorrow, it is not so—followed by "Ochon O!" a scream of agony, and a rush and clamor of women. The company was thrown into confusion.

"The saints be about us!" exclaimed McHugh, "what is it?"

"Stand where you are, every one of you," cried Father Michael: "I will see to it."

None moved save McCann. Presently the priest returned. He was greatly disturbed, but he answered no question. "Let us go, and come you, McHugh. We walk, and you can lead your horse." Turning to the persons present, he said, "It would be better ye all went home. There is a sorrow in the house none can assuage."

We withdrew without any leavetaking. Father Peter, I perceived, remained.

"The cause of our sudden break-up," I said to Father Michael, "was Mrs. O'Connor?" He said it was. "I apprehend there is lifelong misery in this ill-assorted union," I continued, "for it is manifest to me there is no heart in it on one side or the other. O'Connor is an unfeeling log of selfishness, and McCann is no better. The young woman has been sacrificed to Mammon. Your song, professor, touched a chord at its utmost tension, and it snapped. I perceived what was working in Mrs. O'Connor's mind as she sat at dinner."

"McHugh's remarks yesterday regarding poor Mary were surely on wrong knowledge. Mac could not have made them on his own observation: he has been deceived, I am sure," observed the priest.

Hearing a horse behind us, I turned round: it was Mac, following us. He was in conversation with a woman, and both came on at a slow walk. We slackened our pace, that they might overtake us. The woman was young, and an air of much respectability covered the signs of poverty that hung about her. She saluted the priest in graceful reverence.

"This is Mary Moore, your reverence," said McHugh. "I've larned from her that I've bin cruelly desaved about poor Mary McCann. Bad luck to them that belied her! Truth's goin' out of the world. I'm heartsore this day, Father Mick. Tell us, Mary, all about it. We are here all frinds: don't doubt it."

"I have heard from Mr. McHugh," Mary began, "what has been said to him regarding Mary McCann. It is not true—not one word is true. My broken-hearted Mary! She drive my brother away! She proud! no, no! They loved one another as the angels in heaven love. Woe the day they met! It was the beginning of sorrow to them. We were not rich then, but poverty overtook us, and made it worse for Cormac. Mary's father put the ban on him heavier than ever, but Mary stood trute to him. McCann's house was closed to Cormac, and they depended for meetings on chance—at the places of friends, on the road to and from mass, and other ways as might happen. At last people talked that a change was come over Mary: she was no longer the laughing, merry girl—she was become reserved, and, in appearance, proud and haughty. Her reserve was the silence of the heart communing with itself, and her haughtiness, when it seemed on her, was the outside manifestation of the burning torment that was raging within her. Cormac saw it, and knew what it all was. His spirit sank, and he would hear no word of comfort, and I could get no explanation from him. But it came. There was word that Black O'Connor and a heartless father were bargaining for the purchase and sale of Mary, as they would bargain for the young *agh* on the hill. Bitter sorrow, bitter sorrow! They had got Father — to exhort Mary to obedience to her father's wish, and to fear her with threats of the punishment of disobedience to parents that would meet her in the future life."

At this point the speaker suddenly lost control of herself. She stopped, erected herself, and her dark eyes flashed fire.

"What," she fiercely demanded—"what can a priest know of love, of the depths of a woman's heart? What can he know of the duty a pure woman owes to herself, above and before her duty to a parent who knows not his duty? Answer me, Father Michael: your years have given you experience."

"My child," said the priest, "we must beware how we abnegate duties. Fatal errors may be fallen into. A priest in his individual judgments may err. But be thou not rash, my child. Calm thyself and proceed with thy story."

The tears welled up in Mary Moore's eyes, overflowed and ran down her cheeks. She seized the priest's hand and kissed it with fervid reverence. The hot passion was expended.

"I will go on, Father Michael. The design on my unhappy friend—for Mary McCann was indeed a friend to me—was perfected by Father —. He overcame her mind, and she fell without hope into her father's hands. *Forrior geraugh, forrior geraugh!* The day she came over to tell Cormac her life was blasted is burned in my heart. There was a false calm on her, and she spoke as if she was saying a lesson; but at times she had a fixed look that made my heart stop and my breath fail. She talked to Cormac as the priest and her father had talked to her. Cormac spoke not—he could not. The parting came. Mary stepped to the door, then quickly turned back. Cormac started to his feet. Before I could think they were locked fast in each other's arms. She sobbed—sobbed as if her soul was bursting from her. Then she calmed and held Cormac at arm's length from her, gazing in his face with vacant eyes and her whole body shaking. Her pale lips quivered in an agony of strife to give utterance to words. 'O God, in thy boundless mercy, save this woman,' I prayed. Relief came. 'Cormac, Cormac,' she cried, 'thee and only thee I love, now and for evermore. But God's will must be done.' Again they clasped each other. Their lips met, their souls mingled in the ecstasy of heaven for a mo-

ment, and all was over. She released herself from Cormac and fled. Cormac stood there like a pillar of stone, with the hand of God heavy on him. Next morning he left the country. Till this hour no human souls but themselves and me knew of the parting. Mary strove to pursue her usual ways. The people understood her not. Many blamed her on account of poor Cormac, but they were unjust: they judged without knowledge. Two days ago, Mary sacrificed herself to duty—duty as explained and enforced by a priest bribed to the office."

The woman shook with suppressed passion: her hands clenched, her lips were compressed, and her eyes glared like a tiger's over his prey.

"Mary McCann," she exclaimed, "is now a raving maniac: to-morrow she will be dead, and a hundred virgins will *keen* her at her father's door. God's judgment will be just."

The last sentence was spoken in a repressed tone. We walked on a few paces to a foot-road over the waste. There Mary Moore left us.

"The fury is latent in that woman," said Father Michael. "I am pleased she is gone."

"It's a terrible story she told us," said McHugh. "God forgive me for talking as I did of that poor, murdered child! There is one comfort, though: the devil will have his due of McCann. I'm dumb-struck, Father Mick. The affair is that black I haven't yet got all into me."

"I have, Mac," observed the priest, "and, as you say, black it is. A father, for the basest of worldly motives, has sacrificed his daughter, and, it may be, another; and a daughter, from a noble but mistaken sense of duty, has submitted to be immolated. It is horrible, horrible! When low-minded men set themselves on wealth, honor, paternal love even, is disregarded, and fear of God never visits them. Mammon and Moloch have the world between them, and Belial gloses every vice with his honeyed tongue."

McHugh drew the bridle over his

horse's head, mounted and bade us "God-speed," saying, "I will have no joy more this day."

"We will not hurry, the evening is delicious," said the priest. "How well that woman spoke! I must know more of her. I'm sorry we let Mac go."

"How confidently she predicted Mrs. O'Connor's death!" I remarked.

"She had, doubtless, good reason for it," said the professor.

Discomposed by the sad event of the day, Father Michael retired early to his chamber, leaving the professor and me to occupy ourselves as we pleased. Happily, Philip Lyncheghan called in, for the professor was apt to grow wearisome on my hands when we were long by ourselves.

"Ah, Lyncheghan," cried the professor, "the very man for us! Tell me, who was that fellow in the green vest at McCann's?"

"Deed, professor, I've not been to McCann's."

"Well, Phil, he was a shannagie, a story-teller—poet, so they said."

"Did he make appear he knew you of old, and talk about round-towers and ruins, and claim you for brother in mind?"

"All that and more, Phil."

"He is one Kelly: he was a hedge schoolmaster. What he is now, Lord knows, but he is at every feast, and earns his meat and drink by amusing the people."

"I don't know him," said the professor, "and yet he claimed familiar acquaintance with me."

"Just so: it's an impudent way he has. But, professor, what's this I've heard about McCann's daughter?"

"Can't tell you, Phil, but one Mary Moore told us a miserable tale about her, and predicted she will die to-morrow."

"Very likely, professor: poor Mrs. O'Connor saw her thevish last evening, it is said, and death is sure after that."

"Who are the Moores that are mixed up in this tragical affair?" I asked.

"I do not know much about them," Phil answered: "they are in the next parish, and from their manners and

language I presume they are superior people reduced in the world."

I was sure Philip would learn all about the affair he was inquiring into in ampler detail than we possessed before he got home; and I drew the conversation from it, for it was painful to the professor, I could see, and it was equally so to myself.

The remainder of the evening was passed in pleasant chat with Lynch-eghan, and after he left us the professor grew eloquent on Irish antiquities, and on the famous round-towers in particular; but, like most Irishmen when on this theme, he surrendered himself to fables and historical myths in implicit faith.

L'ENVOI.

My time had drawn to a close. I must bid farewell to the genial priest, the simple-minded professor and the tempestuous but benevolent and faithful Peggy. I left them with regret. When I shook hands with Father Michael, I felt I might never see him again. I was much moved. The good man saw it: a tear dropped on my hand. I turned away and looked not again. I had seen him for the last time. A few months after, Michael O'Brien passed away. He left no better man behind him, and few, I fear, as good.

The old Ireland we have read and heard so much of was not the same Ireland when Michael O'Brien died as it was in the days of his youth. The change was great, but at this day the change is still greater. It would go on more rapidly but for the want of self-reliance, the purposelessness of mind, the dislike to steady perseverance in enterprise and labor, the common fatuity that puts off necessary work that some enjoyment may be indulged in, the dreaminess and the selfishness that pervade all classes. Nevertheless, in spite of the retarding influences, Ireland is

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advancing to a prosperity she never knew before.

The old superstitions are dying out, and in a short time they will be found only in the remote districts, the mountains and the islands. The Roman Catholic clergy have destroyed some by discountenancing them: they were relics of the older Christianity of the land, and there were mingled with them traits of heathenism.

But the dying out of the language of the Gael is more to be lamented than the disappearance of superstitions, however poetical they may be. Unlike their kindred in Wales, the Irish have no national love for the Gaelic. The instant an Irishman finds it necessary to abandon his language, he rids himself of it in the quickest way, and it is surprising how soon and how accurately he furnishes himself with English. The Welsh have a very large, widespread, living literature: the Irish have none, and efforts to create one have proved vain. The Irishman asks, "What is the good of Gaelic the moment I leave the quay at Dublin?" The Welshman holds *Cymraeg* good against the world. Professor Mullen has truly sung in mournful numbers—

"It is fading, it is fading, like the leaves upon the trees!
It is dying, it is dying, like the western ocean breeze!
It is fastly disappearing, as footprints on the shore,
Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Lough
Swilly's waters roar—
Where the parting sunbeam kisses the Corrib in the west,
And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon
to its breast!
The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
Of her monarchs and her heroes, of her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested, through her sun
shine and her gloom,
The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb!
The time-wrought shell where murmured, through
centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom in annal and in song,
Is surely, fastly sinking into silent death at last,
To live but in the memories and relics of the Past!"

B. DONBAVAND.

A WEEK ON THE BERGSTRASSE.

VIRTUE brings its own reward—sometimes. Through the sublime good-humor with which I gave way to a waspish little Californian, I spent precious summer days revolving around Hombourg, but among them was a week on the Bergstrasse. Few are the hours more charming than those you may spend in wandering at will through those grassy gorges and silent beech woods, and going from one castle-crowned hill to another by the dry, narrow footpaths that wind through the vineyards.

The first problem was to get to Hombourg. It is a hard place to get away from. The poor little Californian I spoke of lost at the gambling-table all the money her father had sent her for six months' expenses, and so had to stay watching the post.

I bade farewell to my escort at Strasbourg, very ill. At Kiel a party of gentlemen made an irruption on my privacy, which I did not then know I could have maintained by the bribe of a few kreutzers to the conductor. I asked one of them—a handsome man with a haughty eye—to be kind enough to change his seat and let me have a compartment to myself, so that I could lie down, telling him I was too ill to hold up my head. He gave me a look of blank astonishment, but complied. I had nothing to do but listen to the conversation, which was in French out of compliment to a Frenchman among them. They were all very intelligent men of the world, and of mark in it, I thought. I noticed that my proud-eyed friend always directed a current of mockery at any sentiment clothed with an ideal loftiness, and often a coarse jest leaped to the surface. As I lay all day among my wraps and listened dreamily, this minor tone of half-laughing sarcasm beat on my confused and racking brain. In a photograph album the next day I came across his

likeness. "Why, that is Bismarck!" said my friend. So, then, the mocker was the greatest man of the age, and I had coolly requested him to move to the other side of the carriage for my convenience!

At Frankfort I could only hold out my through-ticket to the conductor, and he motioned me to go down a flight of steps and round. I went down the steps and round something, and found a train on a track, with open doors and two guards standing beside it. I showed my ticket to one of them, and with many bows he handed me to a seat of honor in a carriage with mirror, mahogany table and damask curtains, and immediately the train started. I knew my luggage could not have come round, and attacked the ticket-man about it when he came coasting along. He snatched both ticket and luggage-receipt out of my hand and went off with them. Then I was frantic! Shut up alone, heated in a stifling coupé, with a raging headache, my *billet* and *Packschein* both gone, and I unable to do anything or get at any one, but rushing on the Lord knows where!

At the second station out of Frankfort both guards came to the door, opened it and signified that I was to "come down out of that," as the Irish say. Guards and porters crowded round me with a jabber of German and bad French, from which I gathered that I had been brought ten miles on the wrong road, for which they wished me to pay. They did not understand a word I said, fortunately for them, for now I turned at bay, and addressing myself to the guard to whom I had first shown my ticket, most forcibly laid the responsibility on his shoulders. A head was out of every window all down the long train, and the good burghers seemed to enjoy seeing me on the track surrounded with a chorus of *Payez! payez!* The conductor couldn't linger: he

sprang on the train and flew off, shouting to the station-master to make me pay.

The man invited me to walk up to the station and do so. It was in the woods, with only one other house in sight, and, when the rumble of the *Zug* died away, as still as the grave. The man took from a drawer a number of coins and ranged them on a table, to show me how much I must pay, but the amount made no difference: a kreutzer even would have been an acknowledgement of error on my part. Excitement made me the more positive and obstinate, for, combined with the queer sensation of standing for the first time on the soil of a strange land, was fright at my helpless situation and my increasing illness. I sat down and looked before me. Just before the station there was an outlook over the fertile plain in which lies the old coronation-city of the emperors, which ought now to thrill through all its black-browed Gassen to a like pageant. Oh for Goethe's spirit to be kindled and lit with the brilliant, crowding colors which would blazon him the road to the inner significance of the scene, a little different from that of 1764!

How soothing an impression floated into my soul of the garden-like plain, resembling the sweet, honest smile of an azure-eyed German maiden!

These German forests are very beautiful, they are so carefully tended, kept so clear of underbrush—

"In green arrest the branches
See their image on the ground"—

while at the same time the air of rustic naturalness is preserved. This was a plantation of young trees—no "pillared darkness" of sycamore or fir. During the two hours I stayed there, from divers shady paths appeared at different times some half dozen people, who all wanted to understand the situation. To each I appealed: *Sprechen Sie Französisch?* *Nein, nein!* they all returned. And yet everybody speaks French in Germany! One was the schoolmaster: I thought he certainly must know a few words. Quite a well-dressed woman

came up, but it was the same thing with all.

Finally, to my surprise, the corners of my memory began to send forward a German word or two—a verb, a pronoun. I actually achieved a sentence conveying to the station-master that not only would I not pay any more, but he must give me a ticket to return to Frankfort. Whereat he spread out both hands and laughed.

A return train approached. I asked whether its conductor spoke French. He looked in a great book to see who it was, and exclaimed, delightedly, "Ja."

I rushed out on the track, and as the moustached gentleman put his foot on the ground he was assailed by an American, pale as death, with shining eyes and set lips: "Behold my billet from Strasbourg to Hombourg, *premier!* I have made to see it the conducteur of the train at Frankfort, and he has said to me, 'Ascend into this carriage, and behold me *here!* Is it that I must suffer when the fault is not to me?'

"*Mais non, mam'selle,*" he replied.

Whereupon the station-master and two or three others opened upon him with a flood of German, but I stood my ground and rode back in triumph to Frankfort.

Such were my troubles with foreign tongues: those with the English were now to commence. Of course there were no friends to meet me by that train: they had been at the other, I suppose, and I had missed them. I seated myself in the waiting-room, with *Sechs-und-zehn* as my starting-time burnt in my throbbing brain. An Englishman approached: "Beg pardon: you wish to go to Hombourg, as I understand it."

"Yes, I wish to reach Hombourg," I said.

"You go then to the Taunus Bahnhof," he continued, patronizingly: "it is in this same street, just a step. A very—ah—clever—arrangement is this. All the stations are near together, just outside the town-gates, and a comfortable shady walk between them. Taunus Bahnhof, you will recollect."

"Is that the same as the Main-Weser?" I asked.

"Certainly not: the Taunus is the middle building."

"I was told to go to the Main-Weser Bahnhof at *Sechs-und-zehn*," said I, repeating my lesson.

"Oh, quite a mistake—quite a mistake! Why, Hombourg is in the Taunus, is it not?"

"I believe it is," I said in a sepulchral tone.

"Well, then, you naturally take that road: that's very plain, I'm sure—nothing clearer, eh?"

I shook my head. I was confident in my study of the Fahr-plan at the station in the woods and in the particular directions of my last kind conductor.

"Well, but really now—I beg your pardon—but what other road could you take? It goes through Hochheim, don't you know?—famous wine, each vine worth ten-and-sixpence. There's a hill there—Queen Victoria's Hill—with a monument and the arms of England."

"I am not English," I groaned.

"Ah, an American then—quite so, quite so!" compassionately. "But I assure you Hombourg is in the Taunus."

"It may be in the Taunus or in the Schwarzwald—" I commenced.

"But it *is* in the Taunus," interrupted the Englishman.

"It may be—it is," I assented languidly, "but I was directed to go to the Main-Weser Bahnhof to take the train for it. And I'm going there now," I continued, rising.

No fiacre was in sight, so I walked. As I passed the next Bahnhof I heard a voice behind me: "Beg pardon, but really now, this is the place, you know. Beg pardon again," he went on, coming up, "but I have a daughter at home, miss, and—"

"You are very good," I answered, the words dropping in a cold, patient manner, for the effort was agony, "but I can take care of myself."

"Upon my soul," he said, "your ideas may be a little confused, for you look very poorly."

The man seemed quite capable of

laying violent hands upon me and dragging me into his pet Bahnhof under the inspiration of that daughter at home. Was it possible that I should again be thrust into the wrong train? I roused myself with the last echo of his formula, "Hombourg is in the Taunus." "My dear sir," I gasped, "we cannot always reason upon general principles. We cannot make railway trains start from where they ought to start from, perhaps. I only know the fact that the Hombourg train starts from yonder Bahnhof; and if you don't quit plaguing me, I sha'n't be able to get to that Hof or any other Hof," I finished in desperation.

I found myself in Hombourg at last, and very soon in bed with devout gratitude. That night I nearly died for the want of a few ordinary words of German. My friend left me, telling me to send for her if I grew worse, and about midnight, in a deadly chill, I suddenly be thought me that I had heard the cholera was in Germany. This was it! it was the collapsed stage! I sprang to the bell.

The chambermaid couldn't understand a word I said. Poor little thing! she was very sorry for me. She tried her best, pointed to this and that, and at last darted off with "*Jawohl, jawohl!*" and presently returned bringing a huge bucket of cold water and a quart mug of beer.

I groaned in despair. The poor girl, after more ineffectual efforts, burst into tears.

Then she brought a waiter to the door, but he could not comprehend any better. He went away and brought two or three more—half the waiters in the house, I believe—heeded by the landlord. By this time I was writhing in agony.

"Who is there?" I called. "Oh fetch me something, quick! don't you see I am dying?"

One of the men said something. It sounded like no language I had ever heard—Russian or Coptic, I supposed. "Oh," I shrieked, "send me some one who speaks either French or English."

Again the hissing utterance was repeated, and this time I made it out for,

"I speaks Inglis," in a thick, chewed, Jewish sort of way.

"Oh, is that it?" I gasped. "Send me something hot, and go for a doctor."

How long do you think it was after that before I learned German?—

—And so to the Odenwald. This is a district of peculiar and solitary beauty stretching between Darmstadt and Heidelberg. The name Bergstrasse is applied to its western slopes. It is rather hilly than mountainous, and the hills I found just good climbs for a morning's stroll, from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, though one of the highest, the Katzenbuckel, is upward of two thousand feet. The deep, hidden valleys are carpeted with wild mignonette and clematis, and from them I could look up to a ruined castle on almost every height, standing amid the brightness as if wrapped in melancholy meditation. The castles on the Rhine never had so much grim sadness to me, for they seem to preserve a certain sympathy with the beauty and the cheer that goes quaffing the wine of to-day along the village-dotted banks. Of all ruins, however, those on the coast of Scotland are the most wildly desolate, echoing to the sea-waves' fretting, moaning at their feet, and doggedly facing the bitter salt blast that stretches out the gray lichens on their turrets like funereal banners. These Odenwald castles, if not sour and savage like those, were stern, and yielded not graciously to my prying foot doing what the sunbeams do every day—peering into their most secret places and desecrating all their privacy. When I got tired of climbing over the rough granite blocks and crumbling stones, or scaling some slippery height to look through the same window where Emma, the fair daughter of Charlemagne, looked a thousand years ago, what could be more charming than to rest in a vineyard, refreshing myself with the grapes? If that grew too warm, there was the

"—moss seat in the wood,
Where I trusted Solitude."

As for that companion, however, she was attainable anywhere. During all

my rambles I met but two or three parties, and they were Germans. No one got out of the train when I did. At the Löwe at Zwingenberg there were only one or two besides commercial travelers. All this romantic beauty smiles up to heaven unheeded by the tourists who every day shoot past from Heidelberg to Mainz. From the hills I used to watch the black length of the lazy train as it uncoiled itself at their foot. The track is a right line for an incredible number of miles.

And yet, in addition to their picturesque beauty, these hills are

"Keepers of dusk old-time visions through the sunshine and the snow."

The Odenwald is the Forest of Odin. The wan, broken lights of the old Runic mythology float with a vague, wavering life above the little stream; on the wind is borne the sound of the horn of the Wild Huntsman; the Erl-könig still whispers softly; and our prosy old guardian, Common Sense, tells us,

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind,
In dünnen Blättern sauselt der Wind."

Still from her nook glides the Little Woman, Bertha the Good Mother, the Ceres of German folk-lore, to help the late laborers at their harvest; and is it a streamer of pale lichen or a lithe white arm waving from yon ruined tower, as when the golden-haired Hilda or Ermengarde looked down coquettishly on the knights who called her abode Katzenbuckel (Cat's Hump)?

As I said, all superstition is latent here. The hushed, subtle influence that seats you under a clump of trees in a deep grassy gorge, watching the sunbeams retreating up its sides, and sends your mind back exploring the recesses of a dream-weaving childhood, that tosses to the surface legends, histories you thought forgotten long ago, old rhymes holding metaphors whose plummet rushes down into many a dark cavern, snatches of organ-swell, sudden terrors with which now and again you have shaken before the unseen power, all knotted together and swaying between heaven and earth,—what is this

but a magnetic might lurking in the soil,
the trees, the wind, smiting

"The electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound"?

Ought I to have felt like a damosel parting the boughs of an enchanted wood, drawn thither by "a glamour past dispute," or like Rinaldo's lady? To be frank, I felt nothing of the kind. All was so smiling, so full of burly life, the deft hand of culture was so plainly visible, the garish nineteenth century in the shapes of broad Hans and Gretchen had so cool and complete a hold of the land as they drew from it fodder for their cattle and themselves, and plodded from the vineyards, their baskets of transmuted summer sun on their stupid heads, that it was as hard to realize any shadowy Presence as it would have been in Unter den Linden. Only amid the purple shadows of twilight, or when in some covert the mosses

"Stole all noises from my foot,
And a green elastic cushion,
Clasped within the linden's root,
Took me in a chair of silence very rare and absolute,"

did such fancies troop around me.

Zwingenberg, my head-quarters, is a most ordinary German dorf, lying on the slope of the Odenwald at an angle of forty-five degrees. There are but two or three houses of the better sort in it: the rest are dirty, comfortless and huddled together, evidently the abodes of hard, slavish toiling and moiling. Not slavish, though, for the inhabitants work for themselves. They mostly own their land, often a long strip shooting out into the plain, their little vineyard, their roadside trees propped up to sustain the rich weight; and I saw father, mother and children working together gathering the fruit or threshing the corn, often in the open field. Attached to some houses are queer little tiled sheds for the horses—long, narrow things, just the size of one horse: there is one opposite my window. I could not imagine what it was till I saw the animal's tail whisking out: one a few paces off is a little broader and shorter: I suppose that's for the cow.

In the square above the Hotel Löwe,

on a level with its roof, is the centre of Zwingenberg life, the village fountain; and above that, on a round stone terrace, the church, of granite from the neighboring hill. It might be a fortress, to judge by its appearance and position. You wind up to it by a steep stone walk between stone walls, and then by a flight of steps. Lindens are planted around it: they always seem to surround churches in Germany, and their wood was anciently applied to a pious use—that of carving images of saints. Some idea of a resurrection symbol is connected with this practice, for in a cemetery at Annaburg, under a venerable linden, a sermon on the resurrection is every year delivered.

Next the Kirche is the pastor's house, with the pastor's vineyard. The vineyards of a church outside of Worms produce and christen one of the choicest wines of Germany, Liebfrauenmilch, but I don't know if the clerical vines on the Bergstrasse have the like power to draw from heaven peculiarly warm beams and benison, for the pastor's stone wall was very high, and I never could climb it, though the Wein-traube nodded to me over its top in purple plenty. The shades of the Templars, however, are more blessed in basket and store than any folk hereabout, for the best wine of the Odenwald, Hulberger, comes from their old vineyards near Weinheim.

One day I was seated in the Speisesaal of the Löwe, which is also a kind of sitting-room, when a Frenchwoman and her husband entered, she continuing a description of a young lady she had seen that day breasting a hill, followed by her maid.

"*Une Anglaise, n'est-ce-pas?*" rejoined the gentleman.

"*Cela va sans dire*," she replied. "*Mais la pauvre femme-de-chambre*, if thou hadst seen her, *mon ami!* Mam'selle arrive at the top first, and seat herself and take off her hat in so great delight; and the poor girl she toil on, the hands hanging down, much perspiration bathing her the cheeks: once she glance up as if she say, 'Eh bien!

there is not much more,' and mam'selle she call to her and point to this hill and to the other and to the other. I know what she say : ' Voilà ! the one for to-morrow, and the other one for the day after, and that other for the day after that,' and she rub the hands, and *la pauvre fille*, her arms drop down and her force go away. Oh, it is a pantomime of the hillsides : I comprehend it very well. *Mon Dieu !*"

This horrified utterance was when she perceived me behind the curtain. There was a quick flashing of her mind back and forth as she debated the possibility of sliding on in her talk as if its subject were somebody far distant. She could have done so, for to that moment I had not had the slightest idea that it was myself; but that she did not know, and so came forward with—"Pardon, mam'selle : I am desolated. *C'est comme une bête !* Oh, pardon, pardon !"

"I assure you, madame, I don't mind it in the least. Do not disquiet yourself."

"Not in the least?"

"Not in the very least."

"I am a *bête* all the same. *Voyez, mam'selle*, the girl is of Alsace, my own country—from Wendenheim, near Strasbourg, mam'selle knows. I have met her on the stairs, and she has made to me the moan. *Que voulez-vous*, mam'selle ? She is stupid as a *sabot*—she is without sensibility : all these Alsatians are. I know them well. She care not at all for the prospect, the *paysage comme un tableau*, or the air so fresh and clear that gives mam'selle the cheeks so red. *Ma foi !* how she was *drôle* with her fatigue so excessive and her airs *de grande dame* ! Behold why I have said it."

So this was the "tableau of the hill-side" that I presented. Roaming the Odenwald in the track of the Wild Huntsman, or dreamily waiting by the mossy springs for the elves, Propriety coming behind with my shawl in the form of a French damsel *sans sensibilité* ! I went without her the next day, for she had sprained her ankle, or so she said.

I had determined to climb the Meli-

bocus, the highest point near—sixteen hundred and thirty feet high.

Should I have a guide, some stolid Hans? There was a quaint, small Kellner of twelve who brought my *Frühstück* every morning—a great ally of mine, for, as he was just beginning to work his way up to the sublime height of Oberkellner, perhaps landlord, he wanted to learn French, in which I assisted him in exchange for German. It was amusing, the air of importance with which he would examine me every time he entered the room, to see if I retained the words he had given me the last time. The French words he always put down in his note-book, he informed me, touching his breast pocket. If I could have had him for a guide ! Failing him, I concluded to go alone.

Baedeker says pedestrians without a guide must attend to such and such directions, and, following them, I went out at the gate—for Zwingenberg was a walled town, and the ancient gateway flanked by two towers still stands—and up several steep sunk lanes, the adjacent fields four or five feet higher; whether worn down by time or dug so I could not determine. In England they call these sunk lanes of Celtic origin. Then I followed the water-conduit as directed, and came to a halt where it ceased in a little valley covered with young willows and bushes, where I could not discern a track except by going to one side and mounting a stone, when a faint, wavering line through the grass became visible, often lost. The most absolute quiet reigned. An untrdden Australian forest could not have been more solitary. I began to start at every rustle. I had met a peddler the day before on the road to Bensheim : what if he should appear here? However, I never gave up an undertaking in my life; so I went on till a path appeared opening into a wood. I thought I would go a little way. The path grew firm and broad, and I supposed I was on the Lurisberg, just where I ought to be, according to Baedeker. After a charming walk the path suddenly ceased : I took a step or two more, and found myself in an open field.

Looking upward across a stone wall, I saw the carriage-road and the guide-posts. I never felt prouder in my life than when I saw I had attained the spot by the Promenaden-Pfad, and with no assistance but Baedeker's.

Now, at least, there was no excuse for not climbing the Melibocus. I found a bit of an old red tile and placed it by the tree where the footpath ceased, that I might not miss it on my return, and started on in high spirits. Most of the way is through grand old woods, a winding way: the white tower is in sight long before you reach it.

This tower is not old—little more than one hundred years. Erected as a belvedere, the peasants used to gather here to watch the approach of the French at the beginning of this century.

It is for the view chiefly that one ascends, though the walk hither was quite an attraction to me, for no hours I spent in Germany were so brimmed with "shadeless gladness." You are about fifteen miles back from the Rhine, whose time of glory is not yet begun, and the most conspicuous feature in the prospect is the plain that stretches from the Bergstrasse to the river, level as a floor, every inch of it under the highest cultivation, a very bouquet of color from the varying tints of the different crops, mingled with the dark red of the newly-turned earth. I never saw anything laid out so regularly. As far as I could see, from the plantations round Darmstadt to the lovely valley of the Neckar, it was arranged in radiating strips miles in length. Behind and on each side are the wooded summits of the Odenwald. Among them run up green valleys, with silent villages nestling amid their orchards, and through the birch woods peep the castles of the feudal day and the châteaux of our own. The white roofs of Zwingenberg gleam at the foot of the granite mountain, vineyards on the stony steeps around. Far to the south, a dark mass on the horizon, are the pines of the Black Forest, on the other side of the Rhine rise the Vosges, and on the north, near Trèves, they point out the Donnersberg. Two

hundred cities and villages are in sight. On the opposite side of the Rhine appear the four towers of the cathedral at Worms, where the lone monk of Wittemberg stood up before peerless pomp and grandeur, presided over by an emperor whose dominion stretched across two hemispheres. Some twenty miles off, at Speyer, rises before us another cathedral tower, where, four hundred years before, another lion-hearted man, St. Bernard, drove the belief into his hearers' minds that they must forsake all for the Cross. Speyer is "the city of the dead emperors." The magnificent cathedral was founded in 1030 as a burial-place for the emperors of Germany, a long line of whom lie in its vaults. Their tombs were desecrated by the French under Louis XIV., and again by the Republicans in 1794. The Protestants take their name from the "Protest" of a Diet held here. Who shall say the outlook is bare from this granite cliff?

Coming down, I found the spot with the red tile, but concluded to go home through the vineyards. These are not closed during the vintage-season, as in the Rhenish district. Indeed, you see no tantalizing sign of *Verbotener Weg* anywhere in the Odenwald. I got into the Auerbach valley, and met the peasants with their clumsy wagons drawn by cows, the children carrying grass tied up in a cloth, bundles of weeds, nettles, poppy stalks, even green leaves, for fodder. Skirting the woodland with their piles of moss on their heads, curtains of green branches hanging from them, they looked indeed like wraiths. In Germany nothing is lost: in autumn they gather the dry leaves, the fir cones, the tops of the hemp. Time is prized as much, for the women knit as they take a cow to graze by the roadside, the animal fastened by a cord to their belts.

The next day was Sunday, and kept much as in all Protestant countries. The women go to church: some of them, I fancy, by the number of visitors to the water-trough opposite my window, do their washing. Some of the better sort have passed with prayer-books in

their hands, and gloves on, but no hats. Some loungers at the little butcher-shop under the big locust tree are seated on a water-cask turned on its side, which forms, with the wall for a back, a very good seat for three, but the fourth confrère finds rather an uneasy resting-place on the edge of another cask, and soon abandons the conversation. One of them is—can I believe my eyes?—yes, he is really whittling. Am I in America? I look again: ah! he is excavating a walnut. All have their pipes, with stems reaching to the waist. What can be expected of a race that go about with pipes hanging down to their knees? The other day, on the Rhine, I saw the boatman who boarded the steamer for passengers with a pipe down to his knees, which he never thought of removing during the whole operation of hoisting passengers and their luggage on board and taking others for the shore. There they sit, those compatriots of Frederick the Great—I no longer wonder at his hereditary practice of kicking them: nothing less would make any impression on them—there they sit and talk away. One speculates as to what subject they find in this Rip Van Winkle place.

The scene is varied by the geese giving a concert. Very peculiar is the voice of German geese—a heavy, powerful, grating tone. At first I thought it was that of pigs, but at times it rises into a shrillness that Piggy never attains. The final cause of these concerts I have not been able to discern, though I watch diligently. Eight of them yesterday walked to the middle of the street, and amused themselves by standing on one leg for fifteen minutes—I timed them—looking gravely comical all the while.

At the table-d'hôte my French acquaintances said, "Ah, mam'selle, quel malheur! the ankle of your maid not yet re-established! What will you do?"

"I shall have to go alone," said I.

"Alone, mam'selle!" chimed in monsieur. "Oh, that will not be *comme il faut*."

"Pardon, monsieur—for an American,

perfectly so. The customs of my country are not the same as yours."

"*Parfaitement, mam'selle,*" returned the lady, "but *en tout cas* it is not agreeable. If mam'selle would accompany us next week: to-morrow is my fête-day—*tu sais, mon cœur*—and we make a little pleasure."

And so I went with them. They were intelligent people. M. Amiot was the manager of some large mills for polishing agates at Oberbahnstein, a frontier town near Trèves and still nearer Saarbrücken. He gave me a description of the industry, which is very flourishing. Everybody there is employed in the cutting and polishing of agates, natural productions of the country, though they are becoming scarcer and have to be brought from South America. There are more than fifty mills, and at a little village near is a sort of guild-hall, where the agates are sold at regulation prices. M. Amiot's family was of Metz: his mother—of whom he spoke with the chivalric tenderness Frenchmen manifest to their mothers—still lived there. It was a pretty picture he drew of the beautiful old lady moving about, attended by her white-capped maid, in the shady archways and cool, stone-paved passages of the old town on the Moselle, going the same round she had gone for thirty years, emerging from the cathedral after mass every morning, the many-colored beams fitting out for a touch of her silver head, to make in the *marché-couvert* her little purchases for her *potage* and *omelette aux fines herbes*. Poor old lady! Where is she now?

Madame Amiot was from Alsace, as she had told me. To a question about their German inclinations, she answered emphatically, "Non, mam'selle, non! tout au contraire. We are French—we are French to the finger-tips. Two hundred years ago perhaps we belonged to Germany, mais, ma foi! that is a different world and a different people. We in Alsace are French!"

On madame's fête-day we went to Auerbacher Schloss, said to have been erected by Charlemagne, then to dif-

ferent cliffs with ruins and châteaux, through valleys clothed with beautiful birch woods or filled with cherry orchards. From the Felsberg we had the same view as from the Melibocus, but extending farther east, to the Spessart, another old German forest. From a clump of trees near Lindenfels we saw the Königstuhl above Heidelberg. The charm of everything was varied, infinitely and delicately, by every turn and opening.

Then we went three miles down the Weschnitz, out on the plain, to Lorsch, to see the ruins of a monastery founded by Charlemagne. Everywhere you see the hand of Charlemagne. He is one of the two or three men the reflection of whose colossal life lies on all Europe. The longest enduring road, the most

needed bridge, the most far-seeing improvement or law, even the best hill-sides for vines, owe thanks to him.

In the evening we tell our adventures at the table-d'hôte; a professor from Göttingen, botanizing in the Odenwald, contributes his quota; mine host of the Löwe, the most attentive and genial host in Germany, gives us useful hints. The gentlemen talked politics, though with sudden involuntary pausings and hushings I never saw at home. Germany was already trembling before the footfall of coming events (this was two years ago). So great military amassments could not be made in full secrecy, and the German empire was already spoken of.

"Its rise the legends of the land
In far preview oft foretold."

MAKING AN OMELETTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE DROZ.

THE rain had been falling all day, and, tired out, had turned into the sort of mist that rises from the meadows at evening. We had just dined: baby, who had fallen asleep at dessert, had gone to bed, and we two, Louise and I, were standing at the open window, looking out at the sky and humming to ourselves.

"Suppose we leave the ark, Father Noah?" said my wife to me.

"I see no rainbow, my dear."

"So much the more reason for going out to look for it."

She left me, and came back hooded, booted and gloved. She took my arm with a good firm hold, leaning close up to me, as if we had just met after a long separation: "Oh how glad I am to get out! Don't you feel how good the air is? I should like to go on walking, walking. Let us go ever so far: it is broad daylight still." And she merrily

urged me on, making great strides to keep pace with me.

We skirted the hedge, and, turning to the left, entered the wood. How we loved that dear wood! At that hour it was silent, damp and dripping, like the beard of a sea-god. The wet moss yielded to the foot like a saturated sponge, and a clear raindrop trembled to its fall on every leaf of the drooping branches.

"You will be very wet, dearest," I said to Louise, stopping as I spoke.

"Oh, no matter: I have on my thick boots. Do let us go on."

So we went on. I thanked my wife for her courage that evening, for nothing on earth is more beautiful than the forest after a rain, especially at sunset, when all is silence and peace. The wind has gone down, the weary rain has crept back to its clouds, the very birds are falling asleep and dreaming of

dryness. To me there is a well-loved charm in feeling really alone, when there are only the two of us and we arm in arm; in walking under the great green arches; in breathing the keen scent of the moist wood; in striking my stick against the massive oaks and hearing the long, sonorous echo from the neighboring trees; in stopping short at the cry of a breaking twig, at the sound of the drops pattering from leaf to leaf; in drawing in long breaths of the fresh, rain-washed air; in listening with my eyes (if I may use the expression) to the exquisite harmony of all these shy and subtle tones. The metaphor is so true that it has become trite, but I do not use it for the sake of stringing words together.

On a fine day, when the sun is near setting, everything grows rosy and high-colored, like the face of a handsome girl spinning over the fire. There is a warmth and a vividness of tone, boon Nature is thrilled and touched, and we feel that through the day she has had her share of love and pleasure and work. The forest is warm: the foliage sparkles with diamonds and rubies and emeralds, and every now and then on the mossy trunks you catch a sudden startling gleam of gold. Then you have an orchestra with all its effects, a rich and brilliant harmony, like the unexpected sight of a royal treasure-chest, like a cathedral where the loud trumpets burst out and a whole nation shouts Alleluia!

But on a gray day it is quite another thing: no brightness then, no trumpets and drums: Nature goes to her bed that night with tearful eyes and a marked desire to yawn. The violins, deadened that she may sleep, are at their lowest and slowest: you can hardly hear their music. It is like a dream, but so sweet is its voice, so exquisite its harmony, that it is not an easy thing for the loitering lover of the music of the eye to decide which phase he prefers—the forest veiled in the gray mantle of twilight or the forest dazzling in its golden gleams of splendor.

We were going along under a clump

of birches when a gentle little wind passed over us, stirring the tree-tops, and they, with a sudden shake like a bird from its bath, sent down on us a shower of liquid diamonds.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Louise, stopping dead short, "the horrid wind! I am soaked!"

Her skirt fluttered in the wind, and I caught sight of two tiny boots firmly planted close together in the grass.

"Perfectly soaked!" she repeated: "my hood was pushed back, and I have a deluge down my neck—a whole river."

"Where, poor dear! where?"

"Where? Just in the middle of my throat, I say—in the little place—"

She looked at me, and we laughed. It was there I always kissed her. Habits are easily formed, even in youth.

I brushed off the rain, readjusted her hood, and when she was comfortable again she said with a smile, "You are very nice."

I rather think I kissed her. And in high good-humor we danced over the fern, she leaning on my arm: then, as we came into the sonorous silence of the high growth, she suddenly broke out, to the tune of the "Marseillaise," into a foolish little song of her own invention about a wicked husband who did not love his wife at all, at all, at all. She looked so mischievous as she hurried on, singing and smiling and showing her pretty white teeth, that I began to sing with her. We behaved like children: we knew it and we liked it—it is a good thing.

All at once we came to a place which might have been a quagmire, a dried-up marsh or a worked-out quarry—I don't know which; but the ground was upturned, the trees were destroyed, and gnarled roots looked angrily out from the briars.

"Are you sure we sha'n't lose our way?" said Louise, looking at me.

"Oh no, dearest."

"And if we are lost, what will that poor little fellow, asleep in his cradle this minute, say to-morrow? Shall we go back? Say, shall we go back?"

"But we are only twenty minutes from home, not more."

"Yes, yes, travelers who are lost in the woods always think they are only twenty minutes from home. I don't like those ugly, twisted trees: there must be crowds of animals living in those roots." She shuddered, and stooping forward to listen, said, "There, do you hear? Don't you hear those heavy blows? Hush, hush—heavy, heavy blows. At this hour, in the forest, what can it be? The sun is setting: sha'n't we go back?"

I listened, and did indeed hear a dull sound, the cause of which was easy to guess. I could have told her at once, but I liked too well to see her as she stood, serious and bent to listen, her lips parted and her eyes fixed on mine: it gave me too much pleasure to have her clinging to me in her fright, and in my egotism I answered, without moving a muscle, "It is strange, indeed. I do hear heavy blows. Let us go see what it is: it can't be far."

"Go there! Dear George, you are mad." She threw her arms round me, and raising herself to my ear, almost whispered, "I am frightened: come away, please—please come away."

"What a little coward you are! Didn't you recognize the sound—the woodcutters working in the clearing?"

"And you expect me to believe in your woodcutters? What are they doing, pray?"

"They are cutting up oak logs to make staves for barrels: that's the whole of the mystery."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are woodcutters good people?"

"Particularly these: I know them well. Let us go and see them: it won't take three minutes."

She consented to follow me, lagging a little behind. In another minute or two we were in the most picturesque of spots. Before us were two or three cabins like the wigwams on the shores of Lake Ontario, described in Cooper's novels, consisting of a pile of boards and trunks of trees, blackened, moss-

grown, damp and dark, topped by a white chimney, whence a feather of blue smoke escaped into the green vault above us. Around this settlement were heaps of logs, mountains of chips, pyramids of yellowish-red planks, and on a line stretched from tree to tree a few clothes making believe to dry. The ground next the huts was trodden down, and at a little low door an old woman was feeding a dozen chickens.

"Good-evening, sir—good-evening, madame," said the old woman as we approached. "Won't you come in and warm yourselves a little? It's pretty fresh this evening."

Louise was looking at everything as she would have looked at a successful stage effect. We went in.

The inside was worthy of the outside. The hut was of irregular shape, full of chinks and corners: in the middle, on the ground, blazed a magnificent fire, the fireplace being indicated by four iron bars, which kept the burning brands in their place. There was a hole in the roof, as in the impluvium of a Roman house, and the flames soared high: beyond the opening, through a yawning chimney, which let in the daylight and let out the smoke, we saw branches and gray sky. In the embers was a pot set to boil, and in the corners of the cabin, in a confusion of tools, materials and refuse, three men—one a little old fellow with hollow cheeks and brickdust complexion—were chopping away with all their might and main. The three were father, son and son-in-law: this was their workshop and their home, and here they lived and labored year in, year out, winter and summer through. Once a week the son went to the village for provisions, and on Sunday the whole family played at bowls under the great trees.

As we entered they stopped work, and each man, having spoken to us, put down his axe, a frightful weapon, not unlike the guillotine axe—an enormous, sharp-pointed blade and a short handle, admirably adapted to the murderer of oaks, but sinister of aspect. Louise drew somewhat closer to me on

the little bench where we had seated ourselves.

"Don't we interrupt your work?" I asked the old man.

"Thank you kindly, no, sir: we are just going to supper."

The two young men pulled down their sleeves, and they all gathered round a large table of primitive construction, made of a board and four legs still in the rough. While they were setting out little plates of thick blue stoneware, the old woman brought a great pan and threw into the fire an armful of chips.

In this strange, rude interior Louise looked so refined and delicate, with all her dainty appointments of long, undressed-kid gloves, jaunty boots and looped-up petticoat. While I talked to the woodcutters, she shielded her face from the fire with her hands, and kept her eye on the butter beginning to sing in the pan.

Suddenly she rose, and taking the pan-handle from the old woman, said, "Let me help you make the omelette, will you?"

The good woman let go with a smile, and Louise found herself alone, in the attitude of a fisherman who has just had a nibble. She stood in the full light of the fire, her eyes fixed on the melted butter, her arms tense with effort: she was biting her lips, probably in order to increase her strength.

"It's rather hard on madame's little hands," said the old man. "I bet it's the first time you ever made an omelette in a woodcutter's hut—isn't it, my young lady?"

Louise nodded yes without turning her eyes from the omelette. "The eggs! the eggs!" she suddenly exclaimed, with such a look of uneasiness that we all burst out laughing—"hurry with the eggs! The butter is all puffing up! Be quick, or I can't answer for the consequences."

The old woman beat the eggs energetically.

"The herbs!" cried the old man. "The lard and salt!" cried the young ones. And they all set to work, chopping, cutting, piling up, while Louise,

stamping with excitement, called out, "Make haste! make haste!"

Then there was a tremendous bubbling in the pan, and the great work began. We were all round the fire, gazing with an anxious interest inspired by our all having had a finger in the pie.

The old woman, on her knees beside a large dish, slipped a knife under the edge of the omelette, which was turning a fine brown. "Now, madame, you've only got to turn it over," she said.

"Just one little quick blow," suggested the old man.

"Mustn't be violent," counseled the young one.

"All at once: up with it, dear!" I said.

"If you all talk at once—"

"Make haste, madame!"

"If you all talk at once, I never shall manage it. It is too awfully heavy."

"One quick little blow."

"But I can't: it's going over. Oh, gracious!"

In the heat of action her hood had fallen off. Her cheeks were like a peach, her eyes shone, and, though she lamented her fate, she burst out into peals of laughter. At last, by a supreme effort, the pan moved and the omelette rolled over, somewhat heavily I confess, into the large dish which the old woman was holding.

Never did omelette look better.

"I am sure the young lady's arms must be tired," said the old man as he began cutting a round loaf into enormous slices.

"Oh no, not so very," my wife answered with a merry laugh; "only I am crazy to taste my—our omelette."

We seated ourselves round the table. When we had eaten and drunk with the good souls we rose and made ready to go home. The sun had set, and the whole family came out of the cabin to see us off and say good-night.

"Don't you want my son to go with you?" the old woman called after us.

It was growing dark and chilly under the trees, and we gradually quickened our pace.

"Those are happy people," said Louise. "We will come some morning and breakfast with them, sha'n't we? We can put the baby in one of the donkey-panniers, and in the other a large pasty and a bottle of wine. You are not afraid of losing your way, George?"

"No, dear—no fear of that."

"A pasty and a bottle of wine—What is that?"

"Nothing—the stump of a tree."

"The stump of a tree, the stump of a tree!" she muttered. "Don't you hear something behind us?"

"It is only the wind in the leaves, or the breaking of a dead branch."

He is fortunate who, at night in the heart of a forest, feels as calm as at his own fireside. You do not tremble, but you feel the silence. Involuntarily you look for eyes peering out of the darkness, and you try to define the confused forms appearing and changing every minute. Something breaks and sounds beneath your tread, and if you stop you hear the distant melancholy howl of a watch-dog, the scream of an owl, and other noises, far or near, not so easily explained. A sense of strangeness surrounds you and weighs you down. If you are alone, you walk faster: if there are two of you, you draw close to your companion. My wife clung to my arm.

"Let us turn woodcutters. We could build a pretty little hut, simple, but nice enough. I would have curtains to the windows and a carpet, and put my piano in one corner."

She spoke very low, and occasionally I felt her hand tremble on my arm.

"You would soon get enough of that, dearest."

"It isn't fair to say so." And in another minute she went on: "You think I don't love you, you and our boy? Oh yes, dear, I love you. Yes, yes, yes. The happiness that comes every day can't be expressed: we live on it, so we don't think of it. Like our daily bread—who thinks of that? And yet it is life itself, isn't it? But when you are thinking of yourself, when you put your

head down and really think, then you say, 'I am ungrateful, for I am happy and I give no thanks for it.' Or when we are alone together and walking arm in arm, now, at this very moment—not that I mean only this moment—I love you, dear love, I love you." She put her head down on my arm and pressed it earnestly. "Oh," she said, "if I were to lose you!" She spoke very low, as if afraid. What had frightened her?—the darkness and the forest, or her own words? She went on: "I have often and often dreamed that I was saying 'good-bye' to you. You both cried, and I pressed you so close to my heart that there was only one of us. It was a nightmare, you know, but I don't mind it, for it showed me that my life was in your lives, dear. What is that creaking noise? Didn't you see something just in front of us?"

I answered her by taking her in my arms and folding her to my heart.

We walked on, but it was impossible to go on talking. Every now and then she would stop and say, "Hush! hark! No, it is nothing."

At last we saw ahead of us a little light, now visible, now hidden by a tree. It was the lamp set for us in our parlor window. We crossed the stile and were at home. It was high time, for we were wet through.

I brought a huge log, and when the fire had blazed up we sat down in the great chimney-place. The poor girl was shivering. I took off her boots and held her feet to the fire, screening them with my hands.

"Thanks, dear George, thanks!" she said, leaning on my shoulder and looking at me so tenderly that I felt almost ready to cry.

"What were you saying to me in that horrid wood, my darling?" I asked her when she was better.

"You are thinking about that? I was frightened, that is all, and when you are frightened you see ghosts."

"We will be woodcutters, sha'n't we?"

And kissing me with a laugh, she replied, "It is bed-time, man of the woods."

I well remember that walk, for it was our last. Often and often since, at sunset on a dark day, I have been over the same ground: often and often I have stopped where she stood, and stooped and pulled aside the fern, seeking to find, poor fool that I am! the traces of her vanished footsteps. And I have often halted in the clearing under the birches which rained down on us, and there in the shadow I have fancied I saw the flutter of her dress, I have thought I heard her startled note of fright. And on my way home at night at every step I have found a recollection of her in the distant barking and the breaking branches, as in the trembling of her hand on my arm and the kiss which I gave her.

Once I went into the wood-hut. I saw it all as before—the family, the

smoky interior, the little bench on which we sat—and I asked for something to drink, that I might see the glass her lips had touched.

"The little lady who makes such good omelettes, she isn't sick, for sure?" asked the old woman.

Probably she saw the tears in my eyes, for she said no more, and I came away.

And so it is that, except in my heart, where she lives and is, all that was my darling grows faint and dark and dim.

It is the law of life, but it is a cruel law. Even my poor child is learning to forget, and when I say to him, most unwillingly, "Baby dear, do you remember how your mother did this or that?" he answers yes, but I see, alas! that he too is ceasing to remember.

AGNES IRWIN.

OTAHEITE.

BEAUTIFUL siren! whose foam-girdled crest
Gems the horizon like an emerald spray
Snatched from perennial paradise away,
And lost for ever, though for ever blest!

O summer isle! the rich sea's rich bequest
Unto her kinsmen, that with rare display
Meltest the souls of men whose hearts are gray,
Like the warm wave that fawns upon thy breast!

Beautiful siren! thy voluptuous vales
Invite the weary. As a royal guest
The mariner lets hang his mildewed sails,
And seeks the fervor of thy full embrace
In bowers whose breath betrays their hiding-place,
Never to rouse from his eternal rest.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE CITY OF MONUMENTS.

SECOND PAPER.

VERY dear to the heart of the venerable denizen are certain desecrated landmarks of Baltimore, hallowed by associations grateful to his local pride, and rich in mementos ever precious to his old-croniness. He has his exclusive traditions of old familiar faces and places—outworn themes whereon, with slight provocation, he grows garrulous, amiably egotistical and entertainingly tedious. He has his lively ruins and "indelible obliterations" of houses, haunts and social pastures, which he delights to refresh with the mosses and ivy and cool umbrage of memory, building bowers of pensive retrospection there for his nappy dotage to retire to, away from the noisy new people and their restless, jostling ways. He is grateful to whosoever shall lead him by the hand of his heart backward along the paths of reminiscence to the ever-green fields of his careless truanthood—to the graveyards where his ancient endearments and inspirations and ardors lie buried, where the urns of his early chums are storied with such small fame as his partial love can bestow, and the busts of village Hampdens or mute, inglorious Miltons are animated by his rehearsals of their exploits of chivalry or genius. As from life's waste and overwhelm of troubles the weary, lonesome dove of longing delights to return to the ark of remembered communion and safety and repose, so his failing forces turn again to sanctuaries which the irreverent expediences of Improvement have invaded, but which, by the glamour of a tender thought, he restores with the boon companionships of auld lang syne, and endears with tales and songs that hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner.

It is the Spirit of holidays past which, abiding with him kindly, allures him, now and then, from his forlornness to

saunter in the pleasant pastures and by the still waters of old times. They sit together on the grass in the shade of Captain David Porter's signal-house on Federal Hill, and count the craft coming up from North Point and the Bodkin, count the monuments and towers and steeples of the city on the left, and the foreign flags in the docks, and the home-made hulls on the stocks of Fell's Point over against them. Or they descend to the Glass-house under the hill, to watch the red-hot gnomes blowing the great cylindrical bubbles that shall be window-panes anon. Or on the sandy, shelving shore of Spring Garden they flounder lubberly in the mild wave of the Patapsco, or make boisterous "belly-woppers" diving from the wood-wharves. Or, paddling with naked feet in the long, swashing surf at Ferry Bar, they follow the fishers hauling seines heavy with wriggling draughts of perch and sunfish and spiteful crabs. Or, abreast of the "Fish-House" in a flat-bottomed dingey, anchored with a stone, they angle in solemn, laborious idleness with "peeler" bait, soothed with the melodious wrangle of uncongenial fifes and fiddles on the shore, where scaly patrons of that piscatorial hostelry bump with their wives or bounce with their sweethearts in fatuous transports of "the mazy." Or, consorting by moonlight with anonymous *canaille* of the Basin on the lumber-rafts of Light street wharf, they lie in wait for vagrant catfish and eels. Or, posted on great stones in the Falls, hard by the mill-wheels, and armed with a stick and a bit of twine, a pin-hook and a worm, they take those finny fools, the gudgeons, ten dozen in an hour. Or, trifling with ice cream and strawberries in the piazzas of "Fairmount," they overlook all the city and the shipping, and the brown woods beyond, and the sail-

spangled river below the Fort, or admire the gambols of the promiscuous Teutony who disport themselves among the swings and small tables in the gardens devoted to legitimate Dutch revelry. Or on the brick-ponds of South Baltimore—heaven of the school-boy's winter holidays—they compose on the ringing steel those lines of rhythmic agility which our fantastic, exuberant friend Fry, of the New York *Tribune*, delighted to describe as "lyrics of skating," setting them to frozen music of his own. Or in the afternoons of May Sundays they gather forget-me-nots in *triste* gardens of the dead on the old Fort road; or from hedges and shady lanes beyond the shambles of Pennsylvania Avenue and the cow-yards of the York turnpike they return laden with lilacs and "snow-balls," and the demure blossom of the aromatic "shrub." Or in the overcoming nights of July and August they toy with Amaryllis in the shade of the City Springs—Clopper's and "Sterrett's" and the Calvert Spring—catching glimpses of the beloved features by the flash of heat-lightning through the leaves, and crooning low ditties of spoony reciprocity to the triple tinkle of the corporation waterfall. Or in Howard's Woods, back of the Washington Monument, they explore for enchanted pig-nuts, and rashly penetrate to the uncanny dens the "Forty Thieves" have made their own; for in those days that pleasant green harbor was shunned by the whispering urchin as a sort of Sherwood Forest, where an amateur freebooter in his teens played Robin Hood to a gang of romantic *gamins* from the town—prowling the park by day in blackguard outlawry, and making forays by night across the Falls, whence they brought booty and ransom, to be hidden in caves and hollow trees: we had dark tales of lovers waylaid, chaste maidens held in dreadful thrall, tender school-weans decoyed and little niggers kidnapped by those precocious bandits.

" But the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more.

* * * * *

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On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the Seven Stars, to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John or Robin bold—
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting-ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile."

In those days we had our customs and ways, characteristically Baltimorean, which, if not grand or gloomy, were at least peculiar in their local associations; and we old boys, tenacious of our chartered libertinage, recall them with a sigh, because they belong to the sad procession of those somethings—foolish maybe, but sweet—which "follow Youth with flying feet, and will never come again."

We had our battles of the bridges, wherein Old Town met New Town at the Rhine of Jones' Falls, and the fray was fierce with sticks and stones, repelling reciprocal invasions:

" With clapping and with laughter,
Still is the story told,
How well the striplings kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

We had our faction-fights of the great schools, as when, in 1837, Baltimore College met the Institute boys on the brow of the hill at St. Paul's Church, and broken heads and broken windows, and blood and tears and perspiration and torn hair, and tattered flags and trowsers, and the appalling wreck of caps, jackets and "galluses," books and slates and shoestrings, told how stunning was the shock, how stubborn the conflict.

We had our blissful revel of "coasting" when the snow lay deep and packed on the steep inclines of Lexington and Saratoga and Mulberry and Franklin streets. Then the City Fathers, and all the fathers of the city, remembering their own childish joys, surrendered to the young democracy the many noble slides from the Washington Monument to the Court-house, to be the neutral ground of merrymakers, whereon the churlish constable should have no jurisdiction for arrest or confiscation; and so, from the Monument to Centre street, and from Charles street to North, the

bouncing sleds flew down and the panting lads toiled up from dawn to dark the winter long.

I have before described the watchmen of that period, of whom stout Foglemann, warrior and exile, warden and rude minnesinger, was the romantic type. Not less interesting than these were the peripatetic vendors of oysters and ice cream, muffins, hot corn and baked pears, apples, nuts and "turn-over" pies. The muffin-man, clad in a floury costume and bearing a great square basket, announced his approach with a bell; the dispenser of apples, cakes and turn-over pies displayed his toothsome wares sometimes in baskets, sometimes in a light hand-cart fancifully painted; the genius who presided over hot corn and baked pears was picturesque in a yoke, like a Gainsborough milkmaid, whereon were balanced two capacious pails of tin, having a sheet-iron furnace beneath to contain a fire of charcoal; the oysterman of winter was the ice-cream-man of summer; and of this very numerous and demonstrative class "Old Moses" was the familiar and eccentric representative.

A negro of unmixed African blood, and with a complexion dear to the pride of Dahomey—burly too and of imposing stature, swathed in a vast white apron—Old Moses was a conspicuous presence, not to be overlooked by house-keeper or cook with hospitable thoughts intent on oysters or ice cream. In his declining years he affected a red wig, very ropy as to its texture and streaky as to its hue, which, by an effect to be felt rather than defined, imparted to his general make-up a spurious Choctaw aspect, thus conveying to many of his friends the erroneous impression that some Juan of the noble line of "Lo" had been surreptitiously concerned in his parentage. He had a great gift of whistle, whereat we boys did marvel and admire, for he whistled with his tongue out, and the tongue was half folded like a leaf. I have studied it patiently by the hour, and practised it passionately by the day; and he, gravely complaisant, gratified by the appre-

ciation my fine ambition evinced, condescended again and again to explain to me his method, and demonstrate the acoustic advantage of what I may term the lingual attachment. But in vain: I could never get the hang of it; and to-day, contemplating my honorable defeat, my consolation is that in all these post-Moses years I have found but one individual who could whistle with the lingual attachment, and he was a red-headed negro, also named Moses, who doubtless came by the gift in the natural way.

His music was commonly of the sacred order, derived from the familiar and rousing psalmody of the Methodist practice; but he occasionally diversified this with robust performances in the patriotic or sentimental-domestic line, and his rendition of a medley (dreadfully popular at that time) from such purely national works as "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Grimes," "Days of Absence" and "Away with Melancholy!" was effective and inspiring.

His cry was a rapture of advertisement, at once original and irresistible; and at the sound of it, from porches and garden-gates and alleys, out came the children, as to the fatal piping of the pied wizard of Hamelin:

"Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

"La, lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla,
l—ä, lemon ice cream! lemon i—ce
curreem!" (Here a few bars of "Old
Hundred," vocal, *piano*.) "Lemon ice
cream! curreem, curreem! La, lilla,
lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla, l—a-a-a-a!"
(*Shake.*) "Lemon ice cream!" ("Blow
ye the Trumpet, Blow!" *sifflement* with
attachment, *forte*, followed by a fantas-
tic *mélange* of "Hail Columbia," "Old
Oaken Bucket" and "Polly, Put de
Kittle on," vocal and instrumental, *ad
lib.*)

"Poor old Moses! poor old fellah!
Jist a-comin' roun' onct moah to E-com-

merdate de ladies and gentlum wid de elegint nice oysters! Oysh, oysh, shock oy-sh! Oh, my charmin' oysters! my 'lightful fresh oysters!

" My oysters are fresh,
An' jis' from de shell :
I can't tell de reason
My oysters won't sell.

"Sho-hock oysters! My charmin', nice oysters!"

But alack, poor human nature! Alas, that a life so useful, so cheerful, so melodious, a spirit wherein all the graces of piety, patriotism and domestic peace were sweetly blended, should have *licked its wife!* "Every morning, whether she had offended or not:" that was the shocking scandal. Every morning, ere he took up, literally, the *yoke* and burden of the day, and with the professional freezers or cans, and dippers and pint pots, went forth on the professional circuit, he conscientiously strapped the tough partner of his joys. He did it "on principle," he explained, as a preventive measure. "It warn't as ef he had anything agin her, not to say wishus; but him a-shufflin' roun' all day, and she a lone 'ooman, onperfect-ed, and a lot o' ornery niggahs from de alley triflin' roun' de back doah,—dere warn't no knowin' what kind of debilish spells dey might put on to de feeble-minded critter to make her disgrace de fam'ly, and she wid quality washin' took in, ef he didn't *advise her.*"

But Baltimore rejoiced in another "Old Moses," more lovely in his life than the bivalvular paragon of the whistle and the melodious outcry and the muscular "adwice." Moses, the carrier, whose privilege it was for many years to deliver at the doors of citizens of credit and renown the damp and limber tidings of the day, as they came fresh from the rattling presses of the *Gazette, American* and *Patriot*—journals of orthodox and standard respectability—was a colored gentleman, appropriately exponent of the respectability he dispensed. Truly a *gentleman*—black, but very comely in his walks and ways—students of the nicer graces of life found in his unconscious elegance

a model of deference without servility, urbanity without smirk. He ennobled a humble sphere with the dignity of his self-respect, refined vulgar offices by the delicacy of his doing them, and imparted to the homeliest business the charm of his own fidelity, cheerfulness and patience. Sentimentally, he was exalted to posts of honor in the personal esteem of magistrates, and elected to places of trust in the confidence of a superior constituency: he whom the Constitution had not yet created a citizen and a sovereign, the common voice of kindness had made "a man and a brother." The mild light of tranquillity and content that shone always in his countenance was but the reflection of the good-will of others; and his familiar, "Good-morning, master," and that badge of grateful courtesy, his old white hat, whereof the brim in front was fondly flopped over the right eye by the pressure of much bowing, were but the natural response to the salutation which every gentleman offered from his heart to the old man's brotherhood of merit, modesty and manners.

" This man was freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet had all."

A year or two before he died, Moses became totally blind, and it was then that the Messieurs Lucas, the stationers, whom he had served long and faithfully, and who were his thoughtful friends to the last, published for his benefit a full-length likeness in lithograph, wherein he is represented, accoutred as he was, on his journalistic rounds. 'Tis a characteristic and interesting picture: there is the old white hat, touchingly deformed by the exactions of a pious politeness; and there the long brown coat, doubtless the gift of some friend and fellow-citizen for whom it had once done modish service. If you would contemplate this instructive effigy of one of "God's images carved in ebony," you have but to call on either of a hundred gentlemen who in their time have played leading parts at the Bar or on the Bench or in the sanctums of Balti-

more, and they will be proud to display it, conspicuous among the portraits of Maryland worthies, more famous but not more worthy.

Of the venders of apples, cakes and nuts, most eminent and most eccentric was Nelly Webb—Irish and a Jacksonian Democrat, absolute in her personality, aggressive in her vocation, extreme in her politics. Her station was in the Court-house, where, on a great table in the vestibule, she marshaled her vegetable forces. A venerable and accomplished jurist who delighted to consider her ways, and who keeps many pleasant passages of table-talk sacred to her memory, tells me that in 1826, when he came to the Bar, he found her there—a *feature*, even then, as familiar and traditional as the professional portraits in the court-rooms, and hardly less imposing. Devoid of guile, and permitting no ways that were dark or tricks that were vain, her methods of business were nevertheless peculiar, and the callow limb of the law who came to defy and flout perhaps, remained to submit and honor. For example: to the mixed current of "outsiders"—clients, witnesses, loafers, all whom transient business or curiosity drew to the courts, offices and halls in the regular hours—she prescribed the cash operations customary in her branch of trade; but for judges, clerks, commissioners, registers, and whoever else had their appointed stations in the building, she had devised arbitrary measures for the regulation of her small commerce, which, at first playfully accepted in smiling condescension, were shortly invested by usage and reverence with all the dignity of constitutional law. This unique code of cakes and pippins and peanuts provided that every lawyer admitted to practice in those courts, and every person appointed to places of trust there—from the highest to the humblest—should pay to Mistress Eleanor an entrance-fee or "footing;" and once a year thereafter—or oftener, according to his occasions of good-fortune and congratulation, or his impulses and free motions of generosity—a substantial

"compliment" or token in the form of current coin or other legal tender. Any lawyer or functionary, bachelor or widower, entering bonds of wedlock, must "remember Nelly Webb," who thereupon saluted the bride with auspicious expressions of good-will, and contributed to the display of nuptial gifts a delicate *cadeau* of gingerbread and peanuts: that the bride should reciprocate from her purse or wardrobe was *de rigueur*. A like rule applied to the wives of the Bench, Bar, and offices, who at Christmas were expected to participate in a tangible interchange of amenities with this juridic mistress of ceremonies. All attorneys having professional standing in those tribunals, all judges, clerks, bailiffs and criers, subject to "footing" and annual toll, were invested with the freedom of her table and baskets: helping themselves *ad libitum*, they paid when and what they pleased. The tribute she levied at appointed periods—and which she shrewdly divested of its obnoxious aspect by styling it, euphemistically, a "present"—was conscientiously apportioned to the salaries or professional earnings of her vassals—a silver dollar from a seedy pettifogger wriggling before the commissioners of insolvency, a golden eagle from an august Gamaliel expounding to the United States court. Benevolent and generous, she was ever the first to consider the poverty of the client, and though her method of "deriving revenue" by taxing the incomes of her people was as exact and strict as it was arbitrary, she yet tempered the draft to the bleating lambs of the Bar, and with secret tenderness exempted or remitted in cases of genuine hardship.

Every day at noon she went the rounds of desks and tables, dispensing to each its customary ration of toothsome provender; nor did she omit the routine for any occasion of peculiar solemnity. The gravity of the business in hand was not a circumstance to be considered in her regulations. Judge Brice, trying a case of murder in the criminal court, was doubtless a Rhadamanthus of severe dignity and erudition,

conscientiousness and humanity, but he had also his rights, and he must have his peanuts: even the death-sentence was no bar to his mid-day privilege of pippins. The cool, keen logic of Mr. Advocate Nelson might contend in fascinating fence with the flashing cut-and-thrust of Mr. Prosecutor Richardson, but the arbitrament that hung upon their intellectual blades could incur no prejudice from Nelly's impartial dough-nuts—and there they were. No rules of court excluded her, no places of formal sanctity were tabooed to her. Iron gates opened good-humoredly to the passport of her full apron, and the stern, sharp "Silence!" of the bailiffs had no terrors for her. Upon the pale prisoner at the bar, whose doom—of death perhaps, or dreadful incarceration—hung upon the perverse wrangling of counsel and the stolid pondering of jurors, she pressed her professional comforts with a pity very touching in its simplicity, a gravity most impressive by its silence. I doubt not that more than one hardened wretch, who afterward on the scaffold paid the penalty of his cruel crimes, was softened by that touch of Nature, and longed, in one supreme moment of remorse, to fall upon the neck of his tough angel and weep.

I have said there were no rules of court that might bar the peculiar privileges of Nelly Webb: more than that. Within her own domain, bounded by the walls and railings of the court-house and its outlying departments, she was the solitary exception to the enforcement of an important ordinance. She alone, by virtue of her famous loyalty and her generous apron, could enter the room of the grand jury when that body was in session; and she alone had access, unchallenged, to the petit jury when they were retired to agree upon a verdict, even in a capital process.

Once, in the circuit court, Chief-Justice Taney presiding, when a cause of unusual consequence was "to the fore" and eminent counsel were addressing the Bench, a sudden shrill cry of delight was heard, followed by a familiar laugh, subdued but hearty. Counsel paused,

smiling, the jury looked shocked and perplexed, and his Honor's eyes twinkled: there was a minute of informal recess. Then tapping mildly with his pencil-case, and glancing benevolently in the direction of the amiable culprit, Judge Taney said, "It is only Nelly, gentlemen—let us proceed." Some years before, a young gentleman of bright parts and amiable qualities had abandoned the Baltimore Bar, disheartened by ill-luck, and gone to try his fortunes in the West. He was a favorite of our eccentric friend, who had shrewdly measured his intellectual possibilities, and she dismissed him to fresh forensic fields with her blessing and some flattering foretokens. He had justified her hope, and made for himself practice and a name. Being in Baltimore on business, and dropping in at the circuit court to hear an argument, the sharp eyes of his professional godmother had discovered him among his brethren: hence the venial "contempt."

It is related of this nondescript—and by the uninitiated commonly believed—that on another occasion, being bantered with a wager by an irreverent limb of the law, she appeared in the criminal court, Judge Brice presiding awfully, and swinging her audacious bonnet in air, "hurrahed for Jackson" in full assembly. But I reject the tradition: the internal evidence is all against it—it is most uncharacteristic. She honored the ermine; and though it was her humor to address the most venerable big-wigs of the Bench or Bar as "boys," and at times to stuff their respectable pokes with cakes as though they were but *enfants gâtés* of her odd liking, she never forgot the decorum due to authority and grave occasion. Besides, she was most jealous of her own dignity, and would have resented the hint of an exploit so indecent as a flagrant contempt of court. When one of her "boys," who at his seat in the county bred famous racing-stock, thought to cajole her by naming a fast filly "Nelly Webb," she repudiated the blandishment with scorn and unaffected indignation, nor could he, without many

and humble apologies, make his peace with her. The idea of a Nelly Webb frisking in wanton caracolings and raptures of two-forty, for the diversion of vain and prodigal swells, was one that she could not contemplate with patience.

The sphere of Nelly Webb, though prescribed within narrow limits, was clearly defined and exclusive, and she filled it grandly. The prerogative of monopoly, whereby she controlled the dyspeptic commerce of the domain she had so intrepidly usurped, was undisputed, and no huckster of woman born might with impunity encroach. Once an Irishman, instigated by envy and greed, and infatuated with free-trade theories, ventured to solicit a share of the munificent patronage she had so long enjoyed. Rashly he invaded the sacred reserve of the vestibule, and with defiant flourish of stock and capital, and bombastic enunciations of his jacobinical doctrine of a "free country," proceeded to astound the witnesses. But hardly had his rosy pyramid of peaches risen to its apex, before the headlong onset of the jealous genius of the place swept it from its base, and in the general *bouleversement* of baskets, boxes and bundles there was a wreck of investments and a crush of profits. Then Nelly so obstructed him with objurgations and a broom, and her "boys" so bewildered him with boots and explanations, that he retired precipitately, abandoning his commissariat, his *impedimenta* and his hat.

But if poor Nelly lived head-foremost toward the world, she died "heart-foremost toward God;" and from a life of many trials, spent in the midst of wrangle and debate and various "jaw," she has doubtless gone where there are no lawyers. R. I. P.

A figure most grotesque and weird was that of "Old Hagar," the colored centenarian of South Baltimore and Old Town, whose sudden apparition, as the careless passenger encountered it, had all the startling impressiveness of an omen and *memento mori*. Gowned and capped in white in and out of season, hooded and veiled in black,

supported by a long staff in one hand and an umbrella in the other, and bearing always a black bag and a book, she shuffled shaking, her shoulders keeping company with her knees.

" Time on her had done his cruel pleasure,
For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
Lined and cross-lined all her shriveled skin."

As she hobbled, witch-like she mumbled formless ditties, whereof the tunes were of cradles and the words of tombs. To the old crones she was as a hag of evil eye, and to the children a fairy godmother; while to the dodging superstition of the negroes her staff became a wizard's wand, her black bag a budget of charms and spells and incantations, and her book a *vade-mecum* of the black art, compiled by the Fiend himself. Yet 'twas but a catechism or a psalter of St. Paul's Church, from whose charitable purse her helpless age drew stated pittance of alms; and that uncanny pouch held only roots and herbs and other trash of virtue for the healing of her untold ailments—especially the "misery" in her back and the shortness of her wind. "But she slept in her coffin." True! That was a way she had, and it prejudiced her repute among the orthodox, who all said, "I told you so," when, on the night of March 11, 1835, she was burned to death in her fantastical bunk, at the age of one hundred and four.

Under the old dispensation the "black people" of Baltimore, having no permitted vent for their exuberant vitality in the machinery of patriotism and politics or the claptrap of "progress"—in the ridiculous ostentations of the awkward squad, vociferous processions, ward-meetings or trade-parades—found their natural safety-valve in religious sprees and spiritual jimm-jams. For even the unregenerate negro is a creature of constitutional hallelujahs and amens; his temperament takes to its knees with an action as instinctive and significant as the peculiar attitude of the "praying mantis;" his capacity for stentorian hymnophony is hereditary, and he trips from grace to glory with a vanity as

transparent as the mottoed box he totes in a torchlight turnout. *He* gets his incorporeal muscle in condition and trained for a rousing buffet "wid de debbil" by the gymnic exercise of "shouting;" while *she* cultivates her devout fancy and develops her faculty of inspiration by trances, ecstasies and "wisions." *His* gift of prayer, like his gift of banjo, is a rapture spontaneous and intuitive: *her* cataleptic accomplishments are as accommodating as they are awful; and by such vents and valves the one and the other are alike relieved of a high pressure of propensities that, pent up, might explode in directions unforeseen and full of danger. Therefore it was a measure of prudence, not less than of good-nature, which permitted to the Baltimore darkey, before the advent of his political Moses, the pious junkettings of love-feasts and the "watch-night," the genial expansions of camp-meetings and revivals, and the cataleptic collapses of the "anxious bench." These were the expedient passages of escape by which the susceptible, impetuous child of Ham evaded the chain-gang of Woolfolk, the "nigger-dealer," and the handcuffs of Judge Brice, the judicial despair of malefactors—respectively representing the Georgia and the jail of Ethiopian condemnation and outcasting.

To the social atmosphere of Baltimore, disturbed at a later day by the trumpet-blast that proclaimed emancipation, the negro element imparted a positive though homely color of familiar, faithful service; lacking which, the proverbial hospitalities of the town seem to have lost somewhat of their characteristic warmth and snugness; for though the dusky thrall was a care, he was equally a comfort. His ways were the ways of the household, and in the domestic machinery he fitted smoothly and worked without a jar. The old family and the old family-servant were ordered for each other, and dwelt together in the peace of mutual dependence. The bond which attached them was forged in custom and tradition and joined in usage and affection, and the blow that

broke it deranged—for a time at least—the moral no less than the domestic economy of both. They feel orphaned without each other, they are looking and longing for each other, while the biscuits are burning, "and dat triflin' Irish hussy's a-keepin' de quality waitin' at de front doah, same as ef dey was poor white trash—an' we deir cousins too!"

The old homes of Baltimore were the temples, and the old cooks the priestesses, of a humane religion of hospitalities bountiful, cordial, graceful, whereof the savory symbols were oysters, crabs and terrapins, ortolans, partridges and canvas-back ducks.

The "Lexington," "Hanover," "Centre," "Belair" and "Point" markets have long been the great bazaars and "Changes" of a gregarious traffic, whither comfortable merchants, cheerful and bustling, bring the native beasts of the field, and birds of the air, and fishes of the sea, and roots and fruits and flowers of the earth, to bewilder and beguile the provident housewife. Homely and genial reunions these, and hopefully democratic, where, around teeming stalls, the fat and the meagre basket jostle kindly, without envy or scorn, and the politic huckster salutes the plethoric purse or the thin and lonely stamp with impartial respect, unmoved by suggestions of the plump bin or the lean larder at home. Here all conditions meet on a social plane of good cheer, in the liberty, equality, fraternity of stomach; and if abundance waits on luxury, digestion waits on appetite and appetite on labor. The Saturday-night illuminations of lamps and links, and the gladness bestowed by a blaze of bright flowers in their season, are happy emblems of the homes of a people prosperous, generous and neighborly. These markets, rich in all the variety and animation of an old English fair, constitute a feature of the out-door life of Baltimore at once peculiar and picturesque. On Saturday nights especially the display is various and vivacious, the throng of women, children and servants gossiping, good-humored and gay; and the bright domestic drama,

with its scenery of booths and stalls and wagons, and its rural element of dairy sights and barnyard sounds, is not lacking in situations and dialogues of drollery. Whatever is of household use and easily portable can be purchased here, from a round of beef to a ribbon, from turnips to toys, from a head of cheese to a chignon, from buttermilk to baby-socks.

Baltimore is not more remarkable for the surpassing beauty of her women, the sweetness of their voices, the loveliness of their ways, and the peculiar durability of charms that seem so evanescent, than for those traits of geniality, sprightliness and freedom, tempered by sensibility and refinement, which render its best society delectable—a society in whose finest circles the magic is of sentiment and graciousness rather than of intellect, and the empire is essentially feminine. Even the gentlemen of Baltimore, though generally deficient in manly beauty, and affording only a procession of insignificant figures, suggestive of neither force nor dignity—for the few that are tall are apt to be lank, and the many that are short are apt to be chunky—are nevertheless notably debonair, having derived from the gentle but potent practice of a school of fair women that *suaviter in modo* which may easily reconcile the stranger to their seeming lack of the *fortiter in re*; and this, as he will presently discover, is a softness of acquired manner merely, not of organization and constitution.

That is a shrewd distinction which, to the question of the book-making Briton, What is the passport to your best society? pitifully replies, In Boston, Brains; in New York, Money; in Philadelphia, Family; in Baltimore, *Esprit*. The social sentry who keeps the passage to the sacred circle of the Hub, bars the approaching candidate with the conundrum of the Atlantic Club, "What have you written, or where have you preached?" The challenge of Gotham is, "What is your income?" The Quaker City cries, "Halt! Who was your grandmother?" But Baltimore lowers

her bayonet, with a nosegay on the point of it, and cries, "How d'ye do? Can you tell a story? can you sing a song? can you lead a German? can you do a tableau? how funny are you?"

And this same lively liberty of social choice, this gay privilege of originality, which invites each prepossessing guest to bring to the intellectual picnic of pleasant people his own little hamper of wine and walnuts, kisses and pickles,—this it is which the stranger remarks with surprise and admiration even in the costumes of the girls—the Individuality of clothes. The Baltimore beauty is an artist, and, like the immortal Worth, she composes pictures in lines and poems in color, whereof the subject and the theme are always her sweet self. If she employs a mere mechanician of the scissors and needle, it is but as Thorwaldsen employed the servile chisel of the stonecutter, as Dumas employed the drudging pen of the *collaborateur*. She knows her points and possibilities: she knows when and where to develop, soften or suppress. With the force of genius she poses herself, with the precision of light she gets herself in focus; and the result is variety, personality, independence—Death to the pattern-makers, *et vive Moi-même!*

In the sultry evenings of summer the Baltimore beauty delights to exploit her resources of refreshment by promenading in toilettes discreetly diaphanous. Figuratively taking off the flesh of fashion, she strolls in the bones of comfort and common sense. Even the airy veil or the preposterous nothing of lace mouchoir is often found oppressive, and châtelaine braids, looped in the fine distraction of a careful carelessness, are the only headgear delightful to her for these *al fresco* rambles after twilight.

Baltimore hath certain perennial beaux and belles, who have grown gray in the graceful service her traditional hospitalities exact from those who, by charms and arts, are most competent to marshal the *élite* of her social forces. In the memory of these many a lively portrait is preserved of gallant squires

and lovely dames who were the types of the finest manners of their time, and whose remembered traits and ways constitute the picturesque epitome of a courtly chronicle rich in distinctions and *éclats*. Through such a gallery it is my happiness to be conducted by one who, as we pass from portrait to portrait, recalls the flutter of her own successes in rehearsing the social triumphs of her contemporaries. Therefore, Jenkins, avaunt! This is no place for thee to unmask thy little batteries and prance in panoply of plush.

And at the threshold we salute that matchless *simulacre* of Baltimore Beauty in its pure perfection, Elizabeth Patterson, immortal descendant of "Old Mortality," republican bride of a king, sister of a Cæsar. It were but vain and tedious iteration to repeat here the oft-recited epic of her rights and wrongs. She was the Helen of a social Iliad of magnificent meanness, and the romance of her real life belongs to an historical drama in which a prince of Christendom plays the impotent poltroon, an emperor enacts the part of a purple blackleg and anointed ruffian, and a pope fills the thankless rôle of an honest "heavy father," without reverence or authority, and even without the conventional crutch or cane with which the legitimate heavy father is supposed to compel obedience from the "young rascals" of the vulgar world.

In the gallery of the Maryland Historical Society we find a curious and charming caprice of Stuart's—an unfinished portrait of *la belle* Patterson, triply grouped, in full face, half face and profile—the maiden wonder that bewitched Jerome. And near by, her riper charms, in early matronhood, plump under the happy pencil of Sully.

" Oh could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of that face,
You'd drop a tear—
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear."

Looking upon these pictures and remembering Josephine, the conclusion is inevitable that Napoleon was no gen-

tleman. But among the revenges that come round on the whirligig of time, we of Baltimore wait slyly for the turn that shall toss the grandson of the beautiful Betsy into the seat of the imperial crosspatch. At all events, that grandson will probably be the literary executor of the repudiated wife of his subservient majesty of Westphalia; and as her piquant revelations are said to be voluminous, woe to the great and little toes on which that full and true account may fall!

In our vision of fair women, next in the order of fame and foreign conquest come the fair daughters of the house of Caton. Richard Caton, an Englishman of credit and renown, espoused Mary, daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and from that grafting of choice stocks three dainty roses bloomed. (Observe, that in this fastidious company your historian is chronologically deaf, blind and dumb, his literary conscience gallantly declining to receive impressions from the lightly-falling foot of Time, "that only treads on flowers.") Of these, the fairest flower was Marianne, who was married at Annapolis to Robert Patterson, brother of Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. The ceremony was performed in the chapel in the upper story of Mr. Carroll's house, and the attendant festivities were magnificent and prolonged. Three charming belles from Baltimore were the maidens, one of them being Miss Mary Chase, now the venerable Mrs. Barney. The bridal pair visited Europe, bearing letters of introduction from the British minister to his family, by whom they were received with flattering attentions and presented at court, where George IV., on beholding the fair Baltimoreen, gushed with admiration. "Is it possible," said he, "that the world could produce so beautiful a woman?"

Her husband dying shortly after their return to Maryland, Mrs. Patterson again went to England, where she married the marquis of Wellesley, then viceroy of Ireland. She was at one time first lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide at Windsor Castle, who, in an autograph note to the

marchioness, wrote: "His Majesty admires you much, you are so purely free from court gallantry." Whereat, knowing the nice virtue of the sailor king, we smile "sarkastikul."

During her period of attendance on the queen, it was the habit of the marchioness to rise at six, repair to early mass, and afterward to visit the poor and afflicted. She was voted the most beautiful woman at the court of St. James. "I saw her," says my entertaining guide, "while she was residing at St. John's Lodge, Regent's Square. She was then superbly handsome, and I thought her portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at her father's house in Baltimore, did less than justice to her charms. A singular grace adorned her simplest movements, and her loveliness of manner was most engaging."

Speaking of a visit to the Lodge, the same lady says: "During the morning the marchioness had a call from Mr. Christopher Hughes of Baltimore, then our chargé to Holland." Thirty years of diplomacy had imparted to the address of Mr. Hughes that polished courtliness for which he was especially distinguished. In 1813 he was secretary of legation at London; afterward chargé d'affaires at Stockholm; then chargé to the kingdom of the Netherlands, and finally to the court of Holland; and throughout his long term of service he was one of the most popular representatives our government ever had in Europe. He died a few years since, leaving an only daughter, the accomplished wife of Mr. Antony Kennedy, U. S. Senator from Maryland. Mr. Hughes spoke of his wife's sister, Mrs. Mansfield, then residing in England. She was a daughter of General Samuel Smith of Maryland, and was married to Mr. John Mansfield (son of Sir James Mansfield) while he was attached to the British legation at Washington.

Richard, third earl of Mornington, and brother to the duke of Wellington, was created Baron Wellesley of Wellesley in the peerage of Great Britain on the 20th of October, 1797, and Marquis Wellesley in the peerage of Ireland on

the 2d of December, 1799, the latter title being conferred in recognition of his distinguished services as governor-general of India, where he subdued the Sultan Tippoo and destroyed the empire of Mysore. His lordship married first, in 1794, Hyacinthe Gabrielle, only daughter of Pierre Roland, and that lady dying without issue, he contracted a second marriage, with Marianne Caton of Baltimore. The marquis was twice lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Another of the beautiful Catons (the "lucky Gunnings" of America), Louisa Catherine, married Colonel Hervey of the British army, first aide-de-camp to His Grace the duke of Wellington at Waterloo. The colonel died suddenly, and in good time the conquering comeliness of the Catons captured the marquis of Carmarthen, who, on the death of his father, became duke of Leeds, his elder brother having been opportunely killed in a boxing-bout at college. The duke dying without issue, the title has passed to another branch of the family, and Louisa Catherine Caton, still very handsome, is dowager-duchess.

The titles of Francis-Godolphin-d'Arcy-d'Arcy-Osborne were—duke of Leeds, marquis of Carmarthen, earl of Denby, Baron Osborne of Kiveton, county York, and Baron Conyers in the peerage of England; and Viscount Dumblane, county Perth, in the Scotch peerage; a baronet of England and a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. His Grace inherited the principedom of the empire as senior representative of John Churchill, the first and great duke of Marlborough, on whom—"omnesque suos liberos, haeredes, posteros, ac descendentes legitimos, masculos et feminas, utriusque sexus"—the distinction was conferred by patent dated November 14, 1705. Of these descendants the duke of Leeds was the senior. He also represented the illustrious minister, Sidney, Lord Godolphin, and the famous commander, Frederick, duke of Schomberg, as well as Robert d'Arcy, earl of Holderness.

Louisa Catherine's first husband, Colonel Hervey, had assumed by royal permission, in 1801, the name and arms of

Bathurst, in addition to those of his own family, and was created a baronet in 1818. At his death, in 1819, he was Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey.

Elizabeth, last of this transcendent trio, whose faces and forms were not only their fortunes but their charters of rank and privilege, married Sir George Jerningham, Bart., who, on the death of his father in 1839, became Lord Stafford. She is dead, as also is the marchioness of Wellesley.

There was yet another daughter of the house of Caton, who married an English gentleman, officially designated as the Honorable John MacTavish, Her Britannic Majesty's consul for the port of Baltimore. Some years ago the marchioness of Wellesley introduced to the court circle of England her niece, Miss MacTavish — beautiful, accomplished, full of grace and talent, with a voice that the very *divas* of the lyric drama might have applauded. This fair favorite of Nature, Art and Fortune accompanied her aunt on a visit to Lord Cowley, brother of the Marquis Wellesley, and then British ambassador at Paris. Here the young and lovely American captivated the Honorable Henry Howard, the accomplished and courted son of the earl of Carlisle. There was a separation and—silence!

Miss de Lacere, granddaughter of the illustrious Daniel Dulany, the "faithful exponent" of the Maryland Bar, whose notes and scraps of opinion, *currente calamo*, were accepted by the court of appeals as authority worthy to be quoted in the judgments of that tribunal, was married, by special license, at the London residence of the marquis of Wellesley, to Sir John Hunter, private physician to his lordship. Miss de Lacere was a guest of the marchioness when Sir John proposed and was accepted, with the sanction of Lady W., who stood *in loco parentis* to the bride. Lady Hunter died, leaving a vast estate, part of which fell to the daughter of the late Rozier Dulany, living near Alexandria, Virginia.

Among the ladies who have been famous in later years for that excelling

beauty to which Baltimore is indebted for a distinction peculiar and of universal report, I recall a few with whose names I may be permitted to adorn these pages, seeing that their presence here is but the expression of a compliment which long since became familiar as household words in circles not confined to Maryland.

The daughters of M. Pacault, a French gentleman, were exceptionally comely, even in the brilliant procession of Baltimore beauties. Hetty, the eldest, was a rival of *la Belle Betsy*, Madame Bonaparte, and married General Reubel, who accompanied Jerome to this country. Her faultless features crowned a figure tall and queenly. Josephine, whose head and neck were a study for a Titian, became the wife of James Gallatin, son of Albert Gallatin, who represented this country at the court of St. Cloud. Eleanora, who married Columbus O'Donnell, died lately at an advanced age, retaining to the last much of her extraordinary beauty. She was not only superbly handsome, but a remarkable example of the durability of the indigenous charms.

The venerable beaux of Baltimore have their raptures yet over a certain festive occasion glorified by a quadrille, in which the Demoiselles Rebecca Nichols, Létitia McBlair, Sophia Clapham and Louisa Norman formed a constellation of beauties as various as they were dazzling.

At a *bal costumé* very select and brilliant a sensation was created by the appearance of Miss Rebecca Pue as Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, and Miss Eliza Ridgely as Rowena. Miss Pue, daughter of the benevolent Dr. Pue, married Mr. Charles Carroll, whose father (a Mr. McCubbin) had adopted the name of Carroll to inherit a large estate. Miss Ridgely, a blonde of lyric loveliness of form and features set to the graceful music of fine *ton*, had at her feet some of the most distinguished men of her day before she gave her hand to John Ridgely, who at the death of his father, General Charles Ridgely, inherited the fine estate of "Hampton," where she presides in a

style of hospitality befitting her social traditions.

The modest, pensive Ellen Donnell, who seemed strangely unconscious of a beauty that inspired all who approached her, married Mr. Samuel Smith, son of Robert Smith, formerly Secretary of Navy.

Miss Colgate Nesbitt, daughter of Judge Nesbitt—handsome, stylish, dashing, full of *esprit* and *piquancy*, the Lady Gay Spanker of a polite coterie, in a real life untainted by the rampant hoydenries of *London Assurance*—bestowed her bewildering vivacity upon Mr. Alexander Brown, of an opulent and influential family of bankers.

Handsome and of superior mental endowments was Miss Jane Margaret Carr, now Mrs. Carey, whose daughter Hettie, a blonde of the most brilliant type, with hair such as the dames of Venice coveted when they bleached and gilded their parted tresses in sun-baths on the housetop, a complexion that envious women calumniated, and a soul ardent and generous, married the intrepid General John Pegram, who fell in battle in the valley of Virginia. The funeral rites were administered on the spot where, but a few weeks before, he had stood with his bride at the altar—in Richmond.

Of the admired daughters of Mr. Thomas Tennant, the gentle, winsome Mary, whose *douce*, melodious voice lingers in the memory of her friends like the dying fall of a sweet old song, became the beloved wife of John P. Kennedy, author of *Swallow Barn* and *Horse-shoe Robinson*, and some time Secretary of the Navy. She survived her marriage but a few short months. Her sister Matilda, intellectual and engaging, married the Hon. John Nelson, formerly minister to Naples and Attorney-General of the United States under President Tyler. Henrietta, a singularly pretty girl, married Mr. Lambert Gittings, a successful merchant and polished gentleman.

Miss Louisa Meredith, daughter of Jonathan Meredith, Esq., eminent at the Bar of Maryland, was a beauty of the

pensive type. She married Mr. Gardner Howland of New York. Her sister Emily, noted less for her charms of feature than for her address in the arts of society and her subtle fascination of voice and smile, is an ever-present peril.

Belles of more than local renown were the daughters of Major William B. Barney. Kate, whose interesting countenance sparkled with vivacity and wit, while her style was demurely gracious, married Mr. Thomas Oldfield, an Englishman. Her sister Mary, spirituelle and very handsome, her classic head crowned with a profusion of auburn hair, which, unlike the locks or the affections of the current period, were not transferable, found her affinity in William H. Rodgers of Delaware, district attorney, and of very positive talents.

The mother of these ladies, Mrs. Mary C. Barney, is now living, in her eighty-fifth year. She is a daughter of Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.* I have elsewhere mentioned the presence of this venerable belle at the wedding of Miss Marianne Caton to the brother of Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. George Harrington, Esq., late United States minister to Switzerland, is a son-in-law of Mrs. Barney. He has two daughters married in Europe: Mary, to Count Joanninni, late Italian minister to the Argentine Republic; and Caroline, to

* A lively correspondent, writing from Washington, thus speaks of this interesting lady: "Mrs. Barney is the only surviving daughter, as far as can be ascertained, of any of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Her father was Judge Samuel Chase, an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court; her husband was a son of Commodore Barney, who lost his life in defence of Washington in the last war with the British. Mrs. Barney is still further distinguished by a very remarkable letter which she wrote to President Jackson in 1830, after he had removed her husband from office. This letter—a stirring, eloquent and earnest protest against the injustice done to her husband, herself and her children, urging, in particular, the double Revolutionary claims of the latter—was the sensation of the day. Written by an anxious wife and mother at the sick bed of the husband, whom sudden reverse of fortune had prostrated—written simply to protest against personal injustice—the letter was taken by politicians for a campaign document, was copied in every newspaper from Maine to Georgia, and its writer toasted at political banquets again and again."

Mr. Rumbold, son of Sir William Rumbold, who is now Her Majesty's representative at the court of St. Petersburg.

Loveliest among the lovely in Baltimore's "rosebud garden of girls" was Ellen Ward, daughter of Judge Ward. Exceedingly beautiful and graceful was she. Her sunny hair and tender eyes were standards by which to try the pretensions of less-favored women. She married Robert Gilmor, Esq., whose name is identified with much that is *élite* in art and entertainment in the circles they have adorned.

Miss Mary Winchester, the very pretty and pleasing daughter of George Winchester, one of Baltimore's most worthy and influential citizens, married Mr. William Moale, of the house of that sturdy yeoman from Devonshire, Mr. John Moale, whose idiosyncrasies influenced the choice of a location in the founding of the city. The unadulterated blood of "the rale owld stock" has attained its finest product in the blonde daughter of Mary Winchester, the incomparable Judith Moale, lately married to Mr. Cutting of New York, son of a member of Congress.

Miss Annie Donnell, whose fine musical faculty and delightful voice were famous, married Mr. Edward Kemp, son of the good bishop of Maryland, whose memory the State delights to honor.

Other belles, whose names belong to the roll of Baltimore's prizes in the world's beauty-show, are Miss Emily Harper and Miss Henrietta von Kapff. The latter lady married the late Confederate general, John Magruder, famous in two armies, an eccentric *élégant*, accomplished officer and headlong fighter, whose exploits in the dance, the mess and the field were alike brilliant.

" Oh, a gallant sans-peur
Was the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn, and his rifle, ping-pang!
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back—
His pistol, cric-crac! and his sword, clang-clang!

" Oh, to see him blithe and gay,
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away, till the bugle blew
' au rang'!

With a wheel and a whirl,
And a wheeling, waltzing girl,

And his bow, 'Place aux dames!' and his oath—
' Feu et sang!'
And his hop and his fling,
Till his gold and silver ring
To the clatter and the clash of his sword, clang-clang!"

Miss Emily Harper was a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Petite, *mignon*, fairy-like, and, like a fairy, formidable with inscrutable charms and philters, was Charlotte, delightful daughter of Alexander Robinson, Esq., a venerable retired merchant. 'Tis said—and I think the saying is sooth—that she was the heroine of a hundred desolating encounters, and, like the hero of Waterloo, "every fight she fit she won." Certain it is that many a susceptible squire lays his scathe to her. When at last the lady surrendered to the coming Pendleton from the Legislature of Virginia, an army of infatuated aspirants drew a long breath.

One vision more, and our dream of fair women has passed: a figure which it is not easy to contemplate without rapture or portray without extravagance— one whom Guy Livingstone, daring and deft in the tilt of compliment, has crowned Queen of Baltimore Beauty.* This is Mary, daughter of Grafton Dulany, Esq., of the Maryland Bar, and now the beautiful wife of Mr. Gardner Howland of New York, son of that Gardner Howland who married Miss Louisa Meredith.

In the younger flower, Lily, one finds a loveliness reposeful and demure—a beauty that may be described in a word, and that word her name. The "music" of these sister faces falls upon the sense of the beholder in contrasted strains: Lily is to Mary as the tender *nocturne* to the brilliant *bravura*, as Schubert's Serenade to Bellini's "Arrayed for the Bridal," as the longing of the nightingale to the rapture of the lark. Miss Lily Dulany married, a few years since, Mr. Cushing of Massachusetts, son of a merchant in foreign trade, whose home establishment is one of the shows of Boston.

* See paper on "Baltimore Beauty" in July Number of this Magazine.

Manifestly, with such forces of fascination to deploy, the feminine array controls the situation in the social field of Baltimore; and the feminine faculty for conspiracy being naturally jealous of the masculine mystery of clubs, clubs do not flourish arrogantly there. Certainly, there are not, nor have there ever been in the Monumental City, chartered associations corresponding to the "Americus," the "Century," the "Lotus," the "Manhattan" and the "Union" clubs of New York. Baltimore has yet to feel the dominant influence such societies exert, by force of wealth, fashionable *éclat*, talent, culture, criticism, political affiliation, community of interests, the power of the press, the ostentation of enterprise and the intrigue of "rings," upon the manners and morals, diversions and tastes, arts and letters, opinions and passions of the constituencies whom they respectively represent, and toward whom they stand in the light of arbiters of elegancies, critics, patrons, censors, inspirers, leaders, oracles, according to the aims and objects determined by their founders and defined in their constitutions.

A central and dominant idea, a clear, consistent purpose, a definite and concurrent direction of efforts, positive discipline, characteristic fellowship, *esprit de corps*—in a word, *individuality*—are the conditions essential to the strong vitality and activity of a club such as these; and, lacking these elements, Baltimore has hitherto had only coteries—respectable, intelligent, agreeable, cordially exponent of the traditional hospitality, but without that self-asserting character which alone can make a club a power.

The Maryland Club is an association of gentlemen for polite intercourse, congenial companionship and mutual convenience—nothing more. Any partisan repute that may attach to it, any political influence it may exert in the community, is, I am told, but a coincident and fortuitous result of its composition and *personnel*, not contemplated in its government.

The Union Club, originally political, no longer insists upon those conditions

of membership which at first imparted to its organization a distinct character and purpose. It is now content to be regarded simply as an agreeable social coterie; and in its rooms are genial reunions and friendly encounters, wherein the opinions expressed have at least the charm of variety.

The Allston Association, recently reorganized under happy auspices, is a "mixed club," pleasantly reflecting, in its composition and its tastes, the best features of the New York "Lotus." In addition to social attractions of the highest order, it caters to the aesthetic likings of its members and guests by literary entertainments, art-receptions and soirées, for all of which its own goodly company of men of culture, artists and musicians affords choice material. Ladies—who by the rules are admitted to honorary membership—lend to these occasions the grace of their beauty and the charm of their voices. The association contemplates the erection, at an early day, of a new and elegant club-house, in which provision is to be made for amateur concerts and dramatic entertainments on a liberal scale.

The Maryland Jockey Club, organized anew, with the governor of the State at its head—himself a "gentleman-jockey" of repute and a spirited patron of the turf—and with some of the first gentlemen of Maryland in its direction, sprang upon the sporting world last year with a bound of vigor and executive vim that should have consoled those who are wont to lament the amiable insouciance and *laissez-aller* of the Baltimore temperament. The Fall meeting at the Pimlico Grounds constituted a new and hopeful era in the history of the turf in Maryland. The good management of citizens honorably conscious of their responsibility, and inspired by a racing record rich in triumphs, rescued the noble pastime from the disreputable *courses* of Canton and Herring Run, and set it upon a sound footing of fair play, decorum and polite attraction. The October races crowned their work with a festival

of success, which the press of the whole country acknowledged in rounds of applause.

A New York journalist, of large experience in such displays, wrote: "I have never seen so much enthusiasm at any other race-course in the country: I have never seen a more beautiful assemblage of women than that which to-day looked down upon the Pimlico track. And it is all so different from the show seen at a Northern race-course: even the sun itself is warmer and the air more inspiriting. Here are farmers and graziers, and tobacco-planters, and retired country gentlemen, and owners of oyster smacks, from Harford, Montgomery, Prince George, Talbot, Kent, Anne Arundel, Frederick, Howard, Carroll, Queen Anne, Dorchester, Caroline and historic St. Mary's, and city dandies from Baltimore. It is essentially a Maryland crowd, and yet there are many present from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and from the Blue

Grass of Kentucky, and from Delaware, a few from Tennessee; and the same 'old heads' and famous faces from New York, whose sole thoughts are of pools and the odds, and how they may be taken to earn an honest penny. And the crowd is far more sociable and homelike and hospitable and jolly than a Northern crowd at a race-course.

"Many, perhaps a third, of all the young and able-bodied men present to-day, wear crape on their coat sleeves in honor of the great soldier Lee, and scores of them have fought in the gray Confederate ranks under Bradley Johnson and Snowden Andrews and in Griffin's Maryland Battery. The Fifth Maryland Regiment of Baltimore is well represented, and the Maryland Club has its quota, who will tell you of the joke played on the colored servants of the club when the war was ended, and the waiters were compelled to wear the rebel gray as a livery, buttons and all."

J. W. PALMER.

CHARLES PIERRE BAUDELAIRE.

THE French poet has before him a more difficult task, perhaps, than any of his brother singers, for not only is the language in itself essentially unmusical, but its construction is so arbitrary and its vocabulary so limited that his Muse is naturally fettered in her flight. There is no separate range of choice and exquisite words, too good for ordinary speech, wherewith the poet may adorn his verse, but the language of every day, arranged in the stiffest possible manner, must serve his turn. There is an intense dryness and hardness about French, a want of *juiciness*, if one may use the expression, which repels the artistic taste. The element of tenderness seems altogether lacking in the modern tongue. About the language of Rabelais, of Ronsard, of Villon,

clings a broader sweetness, a less definite precision, for which we look in vain to-day. The redundant consonants and vowels, now clipped off, seem to have carried with them a certain rich freedom which the language could ill spare. Its prose has gained, perhaps, in sinewy compactness, in a sort of arrowy swiftness, but it has become drier and more inflexible with every change. With the exception of Victor Hugo, there is hardly a French writer of the present day who can be described as "picturesque"—who has the power which Tennyson and Dickens possess in so great a degree, of summing up the characteristics of a figure, a landscape, a situation, in a single epithet. There is little color in the words themselves. The richest bit of color in Bau

daire's *Fleurs du Mal*, for example, the poem called "A Martyr," would gain in sombre richness by translation into English, or German. One of his critics, M. Asselineau, says, "Let us frankly confess that since Louis XIV., French poetry has been dying of correctness. I do not mean in prosody, or even in thought, but in a sort of regular conformity to certain models. With the exception of four or five names which I need not repeat, but which every one knows, I demand if in the poetic efforts of the last few years it is possible to see anything but reminiscences and imitations? Have we not always the melancholy of Lamartine, the dreaminess of Laprade, the mysticism of Sainte-Beuve, the irony of De Musset, the serenity of Théodore de Bauville?" From these censures he of course excepts Hugo, of whom he speaks as the greatest inventor of rhythms since Ronsard, and one who has begun the regeneration of the language in poetry by restoring to it all that it had lost in 1660.

Against this academical correctness, this arbitrary precision, there must sooner or later be a revolt, and that revolt, not content with attacking the language, extends to subject, design and treatment. The nineteenth century might be called the revolutionary period in poetry and fiction. The great discoveries in science and the spread of scientific methods of study have everywhere disposed the mind to seek first for truth to Nature in the representation of spiritual or mental phenomena, and made beauty of form a minor consideration. That realism which had its dawn with Wordsworth and his disciples, and was the main-spring of the Pre-Raphaelite school in Art, is the distinguishing characteristic of the highest literature of the day, and finds its broadest expression with us in the writings of Walt Whitman. A wave of the same current impels Taine to declare that true art can never be didactic, but simply representative, and that we have no right to demand from it any moral purpose whatever; while Baudelaire himself declares of his own art, that "Poetry should have no other end but

itself. It can have no other, and no poem can be so grand, so noble, so truly worthy the name, as that written solely for the pleasure of writing it. I do not mean to say that poetry does not ennoble life, understand me—that its final effect is not to lift man above vulgar interests. That were an evident absurdity. I say that if the poet have written with a moral purpose, he has lessened his poetic force, and we might safely wager that his work will be poor. Poetry cannot, under pain of death or decay, ally itself to science or to morals." And again: "The principle of poetry is, strictly and simply, the human aspiration toward a superior beauty, and the manifestation of this principle is in an enthusiasm, a rapture of the soul entirely independent of passion, which is the intoxication of the heart, and of truths, which are the food of reason." And M. Asselineau, from whom we have already quoted, expresses somewhat more fully the same idea: "Divorced henceforward from the didactic element, whether historical, philosophical or scientific, poetry is restored to its direct and natural function, which is to realize for us the complemental life of dreams, memory, hope, desire; to give form to that which eludes our thought and hides within the abysses of our souls; to console or to chastise us by the expression of our ideal or by the spectacle of our vices. It becomes, not *individual*, according to the somewhat hazardous prediction of the author of *Jocelyn*, but *personal*, if we understand the soul of the poet to be necessarily a receptive soul, a sensitive and ever-stretched chord vibrating to the griefs and passions of his kind."

Such being the temper of the day, more especially in France, and Victor Hugo having declared war against all conventionalities in the early years of the century, Charles Baudelaire (born in 1821) found the way well prepared for the most daring of innovators. Curious and contradictory influences formed the young poet's mind. The son of a French gentleman who had been the intimate friend of Condorcet

and Cabanis, his father seems to have transmitted to him much of that exquisite and old-school politeness and elegance for which the eighteenth century was so distinguished. Both parents had that sublime horror of a literary life which "the best society" has always cherished, and made every effort to crush the germ of poetry in their child. He was a very stupid lad at school, and barely passed his examination at college—certainly not an encouraging beginning for his chosen career. With the hope of diverting his purpose, and of presenting Commerce under her most romantic aspect, he was sent on a long trading-voyage to the East Indies, Ceylon, Madagascar, etc. But the pill was not to be swallowed, even thus delicately gilded, and the youth wasted his mercantile opportunities and enriched only his imagination. A certain Oriental flavor permeated his soul—a subtle trace of Eastern luxury and rich and glowing beauty that tinges all his verse. Strong odors delighted him, musk and incense and all heavy aromatic scents were his favorites, perfumes of tuber-roses and orange flowers throw him into an ecstasy. He showed a true Egyptian fondness and reverence for cats, almost the only animal he ever mentions. They fairly haunt his verse. Their mysterious, sphinx-like attitudes, their gliding, serpentine motions, the lustrous, vague expression of their tawny eyes, their velvety caresses, the subtle odor of their fur, dominated his sensitive imagination. In them, as in himself, mingle the two elements of insubordination and luxuriousness, the lawlessness which inspired his revolt against all restraints, and the delight in the last results of civilization which led him to see a beauty in the most artificial product of the Parisian boudoir. The impulse of that new life of the nineteenth century was continually struggling in his veins with the inherited artificiality of the eighteenth. Precise to a fault in his manners, almost painful in his excessive politeness, Baudelaire was one of those exceptional natures in whom simplicity would be a sort of inverse

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affection. It was natural to him to be affected.

We can easily see that upon returning to France at the end of his voyage and of his minority, all opposition to his chosen career had to be abandoned, and the young poet was installed in a bachelor apartment in the Hôtel Pimodau, an abode after his own heart, free to direct his course as he chose. He wrote critiques of the Salons (the annual exhibitions of paintings in Paris); he translated Edgar Poe (1856-'58), for whom he had an intense admiration and love, and whom, in many respects, he resembled; he translated the greater part of De Quincey's *Confessions*, incorporating the chapters chosen into a book called *Artificial Paradises*—essays upon opium, hasheesh and wine (1860). In the course of these essays, singularly candid and interesting in their treatment, he tells a significant anecdote of Balzac, that great and well-poised intellect that thought there was no keener suffering and no deeper shame than in the abdication of the will. He came in at a reunion where the topic was the tremendous effects of hasheesh. He listened and questioned with amusing curiosity, but the idea of mental action outside of his own control shocked him. The preparation was handed to him: he examined it, smelt it, but gave it back without tasting it. The struggle between his almost childish curiosity and his aversion to losing his self-control was very striking, but dignity carried the day.

Baudelaire wrote, besides, *Little Poems in Prose*, a work of some imagination and great beauty of style. But his principal work, that by which his standing as a poet is determined, is a singular collection of poems called *Les Fleurs du Mal* ("The Flowers of Evil").

This book answers in French literature to Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and woke very much the same storm of remonstrances. It is very curious to compare the reviews of the two books, the denunciations of their critics and the arguments of their defenders. You will find the same questions and replies

almost word for word in both. And yet there are grave differences, and differences, singularly enough, not at all in keeping with the generally recognized characteristics of the two nations. In Swinburne we find the light and airy melody, the sharp bitterness, the gaudy exuberance of color, the extravagance of passion, which we have been taught to consider as peculiarly French, while in Baudelaire prevails that intense and all-pervading sadness, that iron gloom, that calm, cold, pitiless painting of the worst side of human nature, which Frenchmen would consider the effect of English spleen. After all, he seems more like Dante than any one else, and to that great master he has been compared by Thierry, who says: "It is their sadness which justifies and absolves his poems. I compare him with Dante, and I will answer for it that the old Florentine would recognize more than once in the French poet his own energy, his terrible language, his pitiless images and the resonance of his iron verse." Another critic modifies the comparison by adding, "There is something of Dante, it is true, in the author of 'The Flowers of Evil,' but it is the Dante of a period of decline: it is the atheistic and modern Dante, the post-Voltaire Dante, the Dante of a time which will have no St. Thomas."

All this is very true. The poet, fashioned by the strange and warring elements we have endeavored to indicate, stands face to face with the terrible social corruption of the Second Empire. With an uncompromising hand he tries to represent the poisonous flowers that blossom above the decay of honor, virtue, truth, and overhang the rottenness of all things with their flaunting color and their rank perfume. If he paint this flora, horrible though it be, in sober sadness, with the cold severity of justice, have we any right to call him immoral? Can there be conceived a picture of more terrible warning, more scathing severity, than Couture's "Décadence des Romains?" Baudelaire has put upon paper what Couture has painted on his canvas, and the result is pre-

cisely the same. A sad severity dominates the whole, and never permits the imagination for one moment to deceive itself, to fancy it catches glimpses of Paradise where are really yawning the jaws of hell. It is in this respect that Baudelaire stands so far above Swinburne. Swinburne becomes intoxicated by the fumes of his own verse: his pretty alliterations, his blaze of color, his wonderful facility for rhyme and rhythm bewitch and bewilder him. The mere external beauty of his glowing words leads him, like a will-o'-the-wisp, continually off the right path into hopeless morasses of empty jingle and glittering nonsense. In him the element of severity is altogether lacking, and we get from him, but too often, poems like prismatic jelly-fish, all brilliancy and no backbone.

With Baudelaire it is altogether different. The iron hand everywhere apparent, the restless will that, however it may drift for a time down the black current, never loses the capacity to return, the strong head never dominated by the phantoms it evokes,—all these subordinate his verse to his purpose, the purpose is not smothered in the verse. Take this sonnet, for instance (one of those "sonnets libertins," as the French call them, within whose freedom of construction Baudelaire rang all the changes). Sad as it is, we feel within its gloomy lines the beating of a strong, undaunted heart:

"THE ENEMY.

" My youth swept by in storm and cloudy gloom,
Lit here and there by glimpses of the sun;
But in my garden, now the storm is done,
Few fruits are left to gather purple bloom.

" Here have I touched the autumn of the mind;
And now the careful spade to labor comes,
Smoothing the earth torn by the waves and wind,
Full of great holes, like open mouths of tombs.

" And who knows if the flowers whereof I dream
Shall find, beneath this soil washed like the stream,
The force that bids them into beauty start?
O grief! O grief! Time eats our life away,
And the dark Enemy that gnaws our heart
Grows with the ebbing life-blood of his prey!"

This is not the gentle melancholy, the pensive infidelity, of the "idle singer of an empty day," but neither is it a wild

and helpless confusion of sadness and bitterness, darkness and hopeless gloom. The poems, and especially the sonnets, of Baudelaire are extremely difficult to translate, because of their severe and statuesque form, combined with a certain terseness and involution of style; therefore I must beg the indulgence of the reader in the attempt to render them in literal English verse. Here is one more, which may serve to show his lighter mood:

“BEAUTY.

“ Beautiful am I as a dream in stone,
And for my breast, where each falls bruised in
turn,

The poet with an endless love must yearn—
Endless as Matter, silent and alone.

“ A sphinx unguessed, enthroned in azure skies,
White as the swan, my heart is cold as snow :
No hated motion breaks my lines' pure flow,
Nor tears nor laughter ever dim mine eyes.

“ Poets, before the attitudes sublime
I seem to steal from proudest monuments,
In austere studies waste the ling'ring time,
For I possess, to charm my lover's sight,
Mirrors wherein all things are fair and bright—
My eyes, my large eyes of eternal light!”

His picture of “Don Juan aux Enfers” is very like Dante in its gloomy and statuesque grandeur; — the grim and surly beggar clinging to the oars of Charon's boat; the crowd of lost and wretched women writhing beneath the black firmament, their sad cries trailing far behind them into the gloomy distance; the trembling finger of the white-haired father pointing out to the wandering shades his lost son; the pathetic figure of Elvira, shivering beneath her mourning robes, yet trying to win from her perfidious lover one smile that should recall his earliest vows; the solemn statue following relentlessly in their wake; and amid all the grief and the despair, the calm and unrepentant Don Juan, leaning upon his rapier and disdaining to recognize his work. Is the moral of the situation here any less terribly real because the subject does not recognize it?

With Baudelaire, as with all painters of the darker side of life, the world continually makes the mistake of confounding the writer with his subject. The man who paints wickedness, no

matter in what repulsive colors, must necessarily be immoral. As Théophile Gautier has well said, these terrible satirists are treated as though the flagellation of vice were vice itself, and as if one were a poisoner for having described the toxicological methods of the Borgias. *Les Fleurs du Mal* is one of the saddest books ever written. The evil that is in the world seems to have burnt like a red-hot iron into its author's soul, and we do not wonder that one of his friends said that for the writer of these poems there were but two courses open—to blow his brains out or—to turn Christian!

In his prose poems we meet this sad but lovely picture: “At the feet of a colossal Venus, one of those artificial fools, those voluntary buffoons, whose duty was to make kings laugh when Remorse or Ennui possessed their souls, muffled in a glaring ridiculous costume, crowned with horns and bells, and crouched against the pedestal, raised his eyes full of tears toward the immortal goddess. And his eyes said: ‘I am the least and the most solitary of human beings, deprived of love and of friendship, and therefore far below the most imperfect of the animals. Nevertheless, I am made, even I, to feel and comprehend the immortal Beauty! Ah, goddess! have pity on my sorrow and my despair!’ But the implacable Venus gazed into the distance, at I know not what, with her marble eyes.”

We cannot help feeling in reading this that the poet himself stood, like the poor fool, leaning against the pedestal of Eternal Beauty, and all unaware that the tears of sorrow and longing in his eyes proved his birth-right to a nobler inheritance. And in the poem called “Benediction” he seems to have caught a glimpse of far-off consolation when he sings:

“ Soyez bénis, mon Dieu, qui donnez la souffrance,
Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés.”

After a life of forty-six years, after draining the cup of human sin and misery to the bitter dregs, uncheered in his last days by any sweet voice of wife or child, mother or sister, the “cure di-

vine" was completed. In 1866, the poet, a weary, worn-out, broken-down man, sought rest and quiet in Brussels, and was there attacked by paralysis. For a year he lingered in a living death,

conscious but speechless and motionless, and having been carried back to Paris, died there in a hospital, September, 1867—a sad ending to a sadder life.

LUCY FOUNTAIN.

THE BRANDON GHOST.

WHEN Chauncey Brandon, in the year 1830, stepped ashore from the sailing vessel that had brought him from England, his wife leaned on his arm and he was followed by a nurse with a bundle. This bundle, when unwrapped, proved to be a something soft and round, and highly ornamented with embroidery—a something with a marvelously short waist and a marvelously rich lace cap: in short, a luxuriously appared baby. A very important baby it was, for, from love of it, Chauncey had relinquished his noble old homestead, with the prestige which centuries of possession confers upon a family, had ceased to be the leading man in his county, and had become a stranger in a land which, however dear to its sons, could be to him but a place of exile. He had abandoned all the advantages of ancestry, and come where he must stand or fall on his own merits; and Chauncey was humbly conscious that he had few merits beyond an honest, genial nature, and a capacity for unswerving affection, which in its paternal development had made him an alien. An only son, we doubt not that Chauncey gave up his ancestral domain with a keen pang, but he gave it up heartily, and made the best of it. He had ordained that his own life should be clipped and narrowed to evade a curse upon his child and make her existence a benediction. Chauncey Brandon was, in fact, running away from a ghost—a ghost which he had never seen, and which he never expected to see.

Mrs. Chauncey Brandon was an easy-going little body, not capable, like her husband, of any emotion that reached the heroic, but feeling herself much more conversant than he with the ways of ghosts. Not that these airy somethings had ever wakened her with footfalls, startled her by appearing whitely in the night, or stood between her and the sunlight; but she had theories concerning them which she asserted as facts.

In leaving home, Chauncey had not denuded himself of wealth. He had left his aged parents and his eldest sister in the old home: the other girls had flown like young birds to their own nest-building, and the property had been sufficient to portion all and give the departing son enough to maintain him in gentlemanly style.

"Somehow, I feel better, safer, in this country," Chauncey remarked to his wife.

"I don't see why, my dear," replied Mrs. C. B., oracularly. "Spiritual presences are not subject to the same laws of motion as fester us. Space, like time, is nothing to them." Mrs. C. B. accepted the family ghost as a fact, and made various assertions concerning the laws or lawlessness of its being.

"At all events," said Chauncey, "I shall build our new home as unlike the old one as possible."

"I don't care how you build," said madame, "but you must know, Chauncey, that the keen vision of spiritual eyes will not be deceived by architectural differences."

"I'll have our house beside a river: you know what they say of running water."

"That only concerns witches and fairy spells," returned his wife. "Water has no power over spirits, Chauncey."

They talked of their dismal heirloom coolly enough; they were used to their family ghost; it was known over all the west of England, and, like the family mansion, portraits and tombstones, had served to augment the family respectability. Moreover, just at this period it was not a personal matter with this couple, for the Brandon ghost was keeping an engagement that might last indefinitely.

Chauncey Brandon built himself a house as large as Noah's ark, and much more ornamental: like Noah also, he planted a vineyard, but he did not drink the wine thereof, for he considered villainous and high-priced decoctions of dried apples and old prunes, called port and champagne, much more gentlemanly drinks. "Home-made" was good enough for common folk, but not for Chauncey Brandon.

The new house was on the Hudson: it had bath-houses, boat-houses, hot-houses: in truth, so great was the owner's passion for building that he created a little village on his estate. He kept dogs and horses, as an Englishman should do; made friends, and extended to them his hospitality; people liked him well; he was passably happy; and if a spasm of fear for the future or the misery of homesickness came to him, he gave no sign.

Margaret Brandon, the embroidered and lace-capped bundle that the Brandons brought with them, grew apace, and other bundles had no hesitation in intruding themselves upon the domestic circle: they came and made the circle wider, and formed part of it.

The old home over the sea, with whatever joys and sorrows were attached to it, was scarcely mentioned in Chauncey's household. The English nurse ruled over the rising generation of the Brandons, and when strangers commended her faithfulness, Chauncey

would reply, "Yes, a most valuable woman: she knows how to hold her tongue." Yet he set no undue value on reticence, and was well pleased that his wife's nicely-worded platitudes flowed on each day like the soft ripple of a stream.

Time passed, and Margaret Brandon was fifteen—a plump, red-cheeked, English-looking girl, who could ride her dozen miles, walk over hill and dale, and eat her dinner without mincing, and who eschewed pickles and slate-pencils. Margaret was neither intellectual nor romantic: she learned what lessons she must, had never read the *Arabian Nights* nor anybody's *Mythology*, was ignorant of the tales of chivalry, and had been carefully kept from her mother's ghostly lore. She knew nothing of the unseen, except what she had learned from her Prayer-book.

Margaret was at her piano one evening, rattling off merry waltzes with small regard to time, the family sitting chatting around—all but the nursery juveniles, already tucked in bed in good old English fashion. The night being warm, the bay-window was open, and the wind waved the lace curtain softly to and fro. Margaret played with her face turned toward this window. Presently her fingers moved more slowly, then ceased to press the keys. She rose, her eyes still on the window, and walked through it into the open air. After a time she came back through the door.

"Where did you go, Margaret?" asked her mother indifferently, conversation having flagged.

"On the terrace," said Margaret, again sitting down at the piano. She played more mournful music now—Moore's "Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter."

"Livelier, livelier, girl!" cried her father, who would never let this child be otherwise than gay. But Margaret wandered off into a simple, sad old lovesong—"Leonore."

"Merrier, merrier, Madge!" said Chauncey.

"It's bed-time, father," said Margaret, and went away.

Next evening, Margaret and her brother were playing backgammon. Presently, Margaret began looking into the hall, and played very badly.

"How stupid you are, Mag!" shouted Master Brandon.

Margaret rose and went quietly from the room: she was gone ten minutes, then returned to resume her game.

"I thought you went off in a huff," said the boy.

"Oh no," said Margaret, and played very well.

Several evenings after this, when it was nearly bed-time, Margaret dropped her embroidery and went out as if obeying a call.

While she was gone, Nurse Catherine came down to consult with her mistress about Master Edward, aged one year. Margaret returned with a wondering look in her face, and stood under the chandelier.

"As I told you, nurse," said Mrs. Brandon, "Jane must carry Master Edward out for half an hour, early every morning."

But Catherine no longer gave her mistress her attention: she was looking at Miss Margaret. She took hold of the girl's hands and carefully scanned her face. "It's over now, after all's said and done," said Catherine. "I always said it was no use: no more it isn't."

"Indeed, Catherine, there is no occasion for you to argue: the doctor says the early morning air will help Master Edward."

"Oh, Master Edward!—that's easy cured: he is of small account any wise. We didn't leave England for *him*," said nurse, and walked off.

Mrs. Brandon gazed after nurse sorely puzzled, but Mr. Brandon fixed his eyes on Margaret, over whose round young face a shadow came as she looked through the bay-window as if in search of something. "What troubles you, Margaret?"

"Nothing," said the girl, uneasily.

"Where did you go just now, child?"

"Nowhere, father."

"Speak fairly, my girl: something has come over you."

"I only saw some one, father."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know," answered Margaret, reluctantly.

"Where?" demanded her father, huskily.

"Out of doors, in the hall, by the window."

"That is nothing: some of the servants, likely."

"Oh no, father. It was some one that wanted me."

Chauncey and his wife trembled. "Describe this person, my child," said the father.

Margaret was still looking out at the window, and spoke slowly, as if seeing what she described: "A woman, father, with a *motherly* face, and such big, sad, dark eyes. It is her eyes that ask me to come to her, but when I go she is lost."

"What sort of a person is she, child?" asked Mrs. Brandon.

"Not a lady, mother—a common sort of person maybe, and yet I go to her. She has a black dress—a queer one—and a white kerchief on her head. She wants me to comfort her, mother;" and Margaret stepped quickly toward the window.

Her father caught her in his arms: "Don't fancy such things, Margaret. Go to nurse and tell her of it, and go to bed. Nurse will tell you this is nonsense."

No sooner had Margaret left the room than Mr. Brandon, turning to his wife, said, "It is the Brandon ghost!"

"Yes, and your sister Annie is dead," said his wife.

"She is done with her trouble, and our poor girl has come to her inheritance," Mr. Brandon said, sadly.

"I always told you that it would do no good to come here," said Mrs. Brandon. "Poor, darling Margaret! Well, it is a blessing the servants are not afraid of the ghost."

The matter was kept very quiet for some weeks: nothing was said to Margaret. Gradually the girl changed:

the ruddiness of buxom health died out of her cheeks; her robust form grew slender; the face that had been thoughtless as that of a little child wore a dreamy expression. Margaret withdrew from her playmates, and grew addicted to silent musing. She seemed neither ill nor unhappy, but she was changed, and parents and nurse knew how the change had come.

Meanwhile, the slow-sailing packet had brought news across the sea that Annie Brandon, spinster, had died at Brandon Grange on the very evening when young Margaret had been beckoned from her rattling music and had gone out through the open bay-window to meet the Brandon ghost.

Chauncey drew his daughter to his side one evening as he sat on the balustrade of one of the many verandahs of the house. He encircled his child's waist with his arm, and said softly, "Have you any more wild fancies, my child?"

"I have no *fancies*, father," said Madge, seriously.

"But do you see the stranger, the woman that seemed to call you?"

"She is no *fancy*, father. Yes, I see her."

"Where? how often?"

"I cannot tell how often, and she comes to me everywhere. Sometimes she sits by my bed at night: sometimes she follows me when I walk, or she calls me away to some room or to some corner of the garden."

"Does she speak to you, touch you?"

"Oh no. She is satisfied when I come, and fades away."

"Are you afraid of her, Margaret?"

"No, father. But each time that she looks so at me I feel as if she drew a part of my life, my soul, something that is strongest in me, out to herself. Father, I am not the only one that has seen her: I know it, I feel it. Do you know, can you tell me, is she not some being that has lived years and years by drawing the strength of those like me with her eyes?"

"Margaret," said Chauncey, holding his child fast and shivering as he spoke,

"she is a *mother* seen by the women of our race."

"And do they die young, father?" asked the girl, bending closer to him.

"No. I have known those that lived to be gray; and your aunt Annie was nearly as old as I am."

Though Mrs. Brandon could talk glibly to other people about the supernatural, predicing many things concerning spirits, she never spoke to her daughter of the Brandon ghost. Nurse preserved the same discreet silence, and Margaret never mentioned her strange inheritance unless her father questioned her, which he did only at long intervals, with a sickening desire each time to hear that the Being came no more.

One person may possibly keep a secret, but when knowledge that should be hidden is possessed by several, it is apt in some way to be revealed. It may be that something a little singular in Margaret's appearance or actions called attention to her and led to discovery: at all events, whisperings of the Brandon ghost got abroad.

Now, ghosts are not so popular and respectable in America as in England: an heirloom of this kind, instead of being treated deferentially and accepted as a fact, like the family name and the family silver, is scoffed at as a dream of lunacy, and causes remarks concerning the beneficial effects of insane asylums and the general danger of having mad people abroad.

Moreover, in England family-servants, being well instructed and familiar with the prerogatives of high birth, have no fear that the aristocratic ghost will intrude upon their humble lives: they pursue the quiet tenor of their domestic duties, and leave their employers to the undisturbed possession of the hereditary spectre.

American servants, on the contrary, believe that they are part and parcel of all that occurs under the roof which shelters them. They decidedly object to the mysterious; they take frights not intended for them; they gossip most unmercifully, and politely inform the heads of the family that either the ghost

or their own valuable services must be dispensed with. Now, a family ghost is real estate, entailed and untransferrable, but American domestics are rolling-stock, and for ever "suffer change."

Nor were the ways of servants the sum-total of the Brandon troubles. Whispers crept abroad: there were looks cast askance, there was a coolness in place of cordiality, a faint greeting instead of a warm grasp of the hand. While servants were hard to get, visitors became few, and Mrs. Brandon saw clearly that in spite of wealth, good temper, good health, culture and fair faces, her troop of daughters were likely to be unwed because of Margaret. These young people, trained in America, were not likely to feel at home in the land of their forefathers, and Chauncey himself utterly refused to return to Brandon Grange. Margaret, all unconsciously, was spoiling the prospects and marring the fortunes of her family, and her brothers and sisters took the same view as did strangers, that Margaret was the victim of hereditary insanity. Even the mother was fain to admit that her eldest child was partially insane—that she was perhaps a monomaniac. Now that the ghost was disreputable and brought neglect and condemnation, Mrs. Brandon, with the facility of a shallow nature, rejected it. Moreover, when Margaret reached the age of twenty-three, a maiden still, and seemed standing in the way of her younger sisters, who were hindered on her account from finding husbands, Mrs. Brandon told her better-half decidedly that a settlement *must* be found for Margaret. It was not to be expected that a lover would come to this girl as to others: she was fair, gentle, pleasing, with nothing strange about her but a wistful, yearning melancholy that could not be explained, and that obedience to invisible calls which at all times and in all places she would meekly follow.

Being of a narrow soul, Mrs. Brandon was not capable of great compassion, of undying devotion. Her child without doubt had become a burden to her. While Chauncey loved his first-

born not less than when for her sake he had expatriated himself, his life was now filled to such a degree with anxieties and perplexities, so harassed was he with the estrangement of friends, the fretfulness of his wife, the repining of his children, the desertion of his servants and the strangeness of his fated daughter, that existence was well-nigh unendurable.

He undertook to find a husband for Margaret. The first individual upon whom he fixed his choice was a young iron-merchant in a town twenty miles distant. He was an honest, agreeable, well-born and well-mannered young fellow, some two years Margaret's senior. There was no nervousness, no imagination, no susceptibility about him: he was a full-blooded youth, with a mellow voice and an unfailing appetite for good dinners. With this excellent young person Chauncey's acquaintance grew: it was a terrible bowing of the English gentleman's proud soul to cultivate a friendship for such an end, and offer his daughter instead of having her asked for. But, as we have seen, Chauncey was a man who could do anything for the good of his family.

Meantime, the youthful merchant believed that his own merits caused him to be sought, and plumed himself upon his own fascinations. When, after having often spoken of his daughter, Chauncey offered her hand and her fortune to his new friend, that friend still fondly dreamed that his own innate goodness had secured him a wife and means to build up an extended and renumerative business. He accepted with alacrity. No sooner did he begin to speak of his prospects than kind friends related to him the facts of Margaret's insanity: wherever he went the rumor reached his unwilling ears. He had met Margaret, and she pleased him well, but a crazy wife, an heirloom of insanity for his future children, were more than he anticipated in agreeing to become Mr. Brandon's son-in-law. He was an honorable young man, and he went to Mr. Brandon frankly for an explanation.

Poor Chauncey! He bowed like a

bulrush in a storm, then unfolded his family history.

The iron-merchant shook his head: "I cannot believe in the supernatural, my dear sir: I have not the least faith in ghosts, but, unfortunately, manias are hereditary. In marrying your daughter—and indeed I greatly admire her—I should take a burden which has proved too heavy for you—the burden of insanity—among my children."

Mr. Brandon could have combated this, but he would not press his cross upon other people. "Forgive me if I seem to have dealt unfairly by you," he said, "but indeed I have been sorely tried."

"Dear sir," answered the young man, "you have offered me a great honor and a great advantage: pardon me if I must decline it."

Thus the iron-merchant passed out of Chauncey Brandon's life, and for the next few years the perplexed father made no further effort to marry off his daughter, and the domestic difficulties thickened.

Still, Mrs. Brandon urged a renewal of matrimonial offers in Margaret's behalf to some party who might be eligible, and Fate threw into Mr. Brandon's neighborhood a young physician, Horace Merrill. Doctor Merrill loved nothing so well as books. Hampered by poverty, he had by great sacrifices obtained a classical and professional education, but he was the student rather than the physician. He adored theory, he abhorred practice: he longed to pursue his investigations in quiet, he loathed the exercise of his profession. He was refined in manner, kind of heart, a recluse by nature, but, being burdened by debts, was driven among men to toil for means to pay those debts. After months of acquaintance, he said one day to Chauncey, "I *detest* my business. I'd give anything, do anything, to get money enough to pay what I owe and live plainly in peace with my books."

"Is that so?" said Chauncey. "You are a good man, and I can trust you. I will give you my eldest girl and thirty

thousand dollars. Most likely you have heard her history."

"I have heard it said that she was insane, but I do not think she looks so," said Doctor Merrill.

"She is no more insane than you or I: she has simply inherited a curse—she sees the Brandon ghost, but ghosts are unknown in America."

"I would like your version of the story," said the doctor.

"Hundreds of years ago, in the lawless feudal times," said Chauncey, "one of my ancestors carried off from her village home a lovely maiden, a widow's only child. He kept her close prisoner in his house. He was rich and strong, the mother poor and weak: she could get no redress, could not recover her child: all she could do was to haunt the house, going about it day and night, crying and calling for her daughter. Heartbroken mother, injured child and lawless Brandon died at last, but ever since, with the wild longing that she had for her girl, that mother pursues the eldest daughters of the house. She can draw them with her eyes: it is as if they had filial feeling for her, as if her blood ran in their veins and her milk had fed them. They obey her call, they go out to her longing eyes, as her imprisoned daughter could not go."

Doctor Merrill shook his head: "Insanity, transmitted from mother to daughter, and explained by a fanciful legend."

"You are mistaken: these eldest daughters are all childless. They die spinsters or wives that have never been mothers."

"But you say the crime was committed by a *man*. How unjust to imagine that Heaven would visit the wrong on the *women* of the race!"

Chauncey replied, as one who had often thought on the subject: "It is a compensation to the defrauded mother, thus to claim for ever a daughter in our house. Moreover, the curse falls heaviest on the *fathers*, who see their daughters doomed. These women do not fear the Brandon ghost—it seems a part of themselves—but the fathers— Ah!

I know their misery;" and tears ran down his face.

"A break in the chain of lives might destroy the visitation," said the doctor, musingly.

"There has been a break," said Chauncey. "My aunt, who saw this ghost, died ten months before my sister Annie was born: there was then no living daughter of the Brandons. During those months, in the calmest weather winds wailed through all the house, shook the walls, cried in the chimneys, sobbed along the entries and in lonely rooms, while not a leaf stirred nor a grass-blade bent; and no blazing fires, no bursts of music, could banish the chilliness and the mourning cries. Then Annie was born, contention ceased and the vexed ghost of the Brandons had its own again. In earliest infancy the babe saw a presence by the cradle invisible to all beside. Its eyes, too young to answer to the smile of nurse or mother, responded to the longing glances of the Brandon ghost. The child in its nurse's lap began to stretch its arms to go to some one who beckoned, and having grown and gained its feet, it would turn its first steps to follow something wooing it across hall or sward. I cannot describe to you the longing, yearning look that always rested on Annie's face from infancy to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood."

The doctor mused: "These daughters heard the story until it possessed them: the tale produced these results in them."

"No," said Chauncey. "With the sad memory of Annie's babyhood before me, I separated myself from home and friends, came where none knew our history, never permitted one word of it to be breathed; and Margaret was as innocent of all this story as a babe unborn, until, on the very night when Annie died, she saw and followed the Brandon ghost."

"At all events," said Doctor Merrill, "if you and Margaret consent, I will marry your daughter. Stay one moment: does this ghost ever touch its victims?"

"Yes: once—once only."

"And when?"

"At the hour of death—a mother's kiss."

The doctor married Margaret. They traveled here and there. He was kind and true, she was content; but still, through whatever change of scene, in spite of her husband's most learned discussions and profoundest theories, she saw the Brandon ghost. Doctor Merrill with the most unanswerable arguments could prove that the ghost was a mere creature of the imagination. He demonstrated to Margaret that what she saw was simply her own dream photographed on the air. But he had never seen the ghost, and his arguments satisfied only himself.

Ten years passed by. Mrs. Brandon had seen all her daughters married, and her troubles seemed gone—gone with Margaret and the Presence. Doctor Merrill found the woes of the Brandons shifted to his household. The curiosities and scandals, the outbreaks among servants, the interference and the avoidance, bore heavily upon him, and he resolved to return where Margaret's early history was known, and where some at least understood her. He bought a house near Chauncey's home.

People noted how Margaret had altered. Her hands were almost transparent, her figure fragile: there was a patient, waiting smile on her lips, a longing in her violet eyes. Poor Margaret! Strangers looking at this woman whispered that her husband was less than kind—that she moaned unceasingly because she was "childless among women." But her white-haired father shook his head. He knew how in her veins throbbed, with a pain deadened, it is true, by the lapse of centuries, the ravished daughter's wild longing for her mother's arms: he knew how her slow pulse beat in accord with that mother's crying for her lost treasure.

Still, the shadow of the Unseen grew over Margaret's face. The ghost was nearer now: it stood close to her chair, and walked within the space where her shadow fell. Still, as the longing eyes drew more of her life, Margaret's small

strength dwindled away. Now she kept her chair, and now her bed; and nearer than husband or nurse a watcher stood, unseen by all but Margaret. So she lay, and her life was ebbing like the tides; and now she listed her weak arms

suddenly, as if she held some neck in loving clasp, and the Brandon ghost had satisfied once again its mother-craving, had kissed her, and she was gone! JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

MARRIAGE.

THERE is perhaps no one element of the present scheme of civilization more essential to its successful working than marriage. The notions of virtue introduced by Christianity limited the institution to the form of monogamy, and with this emendation of the original idea marriage has passed into one of the recognized necessities of governmental and social science. Indeed, it is impossible to realize, without considerable effort and a quite thorough crushing out of one's educational prejudices, a state of society in which it does not play an important part. The average American will probably find himself unable to imagine a condition of things where marriage is not. So woven is it into the warp and woof of our life that we stand aghast at the thought of what we should be without it. It is the basis of much of our English literature, not only in novels and the poetry given over to describing its bliss and the love out of which it grows, but in graver works of historical word-painting, semi-philosophical discussion, epic poetry and artistic research. When its glory is not the theme of the chant you are still sure to find it somewhere in the harmony. The worst of men are touched by the picture of faithful and earnest conjugal love, and the best captivated by the ideal of the devoted, self-sacrificing life it reveals. And nothing can be more curious than the extent to which the aesthetic aspect of marriage has entered into all our views of the subject. Even jurisconsults have not escaped.

The history of the gradual change in the legal phase of marriage is the chronicle of continuous efforts—unfortunately, not at all successful ones—to bring the practical, every-day relation up to the desired level of poetic loveliness—to tie up people, as it were, to meet the requirements of the romantic aspect of the case.

And yet underneath all the poetry and the romance lurks the unpleasant consciousness that human nature is not doing what is expected of it in this behalf. The very violence and unanimity of the effort bears witness to the acuteness of our sense of the need of perpetual activity to keep men up to the correct pitch. There is something almost painful in the exultation with which the scoffer is referred to one or two happy marriages, and the gratitude we feel to a woman who makes her husband happy is a melancholy commentary upon our fear of not being dealt with in like fashion. If, however, we rise above personal feeling and regard the subject as a mere question of population and education, we are forced to take a still less cheerful view. And if we look to the older countries of Europe as types of the efficacy of the system, the feeling of insecurity deepens into one of positive distrust. From either stand-point the subject is worthy of all interest. On every hand stand in awful array the evils which seemingly are the necessary accompaniments of marriage—which certainly have hitherto always attended it. In Austria, France, some

of the German states, and, we believe, Belgium, these evils have long since grown to such monstrous proportions as to demand their recognition by governmental interference. The result in those states has been twofold: the recognition of the impracticability of sustaining marriage as the only legitimate method of maintaining the population, and the consequent deposition of marriage from its best and ideal form. Whatever may be the success of the new order of things in those countries, the remedy, if it deserve the name, can in all likelihood never be applied here—certainly not until a radical change has been effected in the views of our best thinkers, as well as in the general tone and thought of society. It therefore behooves us as Americans to look closely into these things. Many of the disastrous conditions of life in Continental Europe are happily unknown to us, and we are not yet burdened with the gigantic incubus of a pauper system like that of Great Britain. There is therefore hope that by earnest effort we may avert those evils for whose cure we are powerless to apply the only method discoverable by European thought.

Of the proof of the existence of these evils, as well as of their nature, we shall say nothing. The proprieties forbid the introduction of certain topics into the conversation of general society, and, however much we may doubt the wisdom of their exclusion, it is not our province to disobey the mandate. Society closes her eyes, ostrich-like, to most unpleasant and dangerous things, and tries to fancy them not there. We dare not so much as allude to many of the pitiful sorrows and grievous wrongs we fain would comfort or remedy. In works designed exclusively for a limited class of scientific men we may find something of these evils, and that there are those who are doing what they can in these special directions to remove them; but these are books Society knows nothing of. She refuses to be cognizant of their existence, and not until some vision, like the one St. Peter saw on the housetop in the little village

of Joppa, teaches her the great lesson of life, that nothing can be common and unclean, can we expect to speak before her the whole truth of these matters. But, without wounding the delicate sensibilities of those who pretend to think life all rose-water and double-buttoned gloves, something may perhaps be done toward making people realize the condition of things into which our national life is rapidly drifting. Though it may be thought unadvisable to open a girl's eyes to the life under her own gay, superficial existence, the life her brothers and men-friends lead, or to show her the evils in the mass as affecting whole classes of her fellow-beings, it cannot be deemed improper, by the strictest conserver of papier-mâché morality, to tell her in an abstract, general way that it is desirable that people should marry in as large numbers as possible, and that the intelligent assumption and fulfillment of the duties imposed by the relation are supposed to require some preparatory qualification. Perhaps it might not be considered indelicate to go a step farther, and say that the civilization under which we live supposes marriage to be general, almost universal—that the moment it ceases to be so, the system is out of its normal condition. It cannot surely be regarded as unseemly to declare that the rapidly-decreasing proportion of marriages in this country means the ruin of a large number of women and the comparative degradation of a still larger number of men, the disarrangement of the laws of population, the increase of vice of all descriptions, and the probable introduction of some one of the pauper systems of the Old World. For men, the picture should be reproduced in all its revolting details, no line obscured, no horror softened; but for women, and the Society-men whom they have taught to look at things from their stand-point, it is enough to show the theoretical evil, without introducing them to the world of wretchedness and misery around them. It may seem slightly absurd to urge a woman to do what she can to increase the number

of marriages. And in the concrete it is. The difficulty lies in the fact, that while a woman will do anything and everything to bring about a particular marriage, the influence of her life and opinions is often diametrically opposed to marriage in general. No doubt her early training is to blame for this. If she had been left to herself, she would without shame confess her desire to be married; but under the influence of what is called her education, she learns to think the desire immodest, and to conceal it with anxious care, instead of letting it have its proper effect in inducing her to make herself fit to be married. If she is a woman of strong character, she will probably persuade herself that she quite loathes marriage, and will fly to some "sphere" for the exercise of the talents which might otherwise have found a worthier occupation. If only an ordinary woman, she passes idly through life, slightly mistrustful of love in a cottage, and a little cynical as she grows older about love in any shape. If good-fortune gives her a lover rich enough to support her in the fashion to which she has become accustomed, she marries, but if her lovers pay small income-taxes, she takes credit to herself for the judgment which makes her superior to girlish feelings and romance. The tendency of her education is to wrest her from her natural growth toward marriage by insisting that she shall conquer her desire for it, and by grafting upon her nature the belief that marriage with poverty is less desirable than celibacy. Then, too, it must be remembered that her habits of life are such that by the time her fullest womanhood is reached she is incapable of being a poor man's wife. The whole scope of her education and the influence of her surroundings are to unfit her for marriage. Men are sometimes blamed for not giving up the luxuries of bachelorhood and rushing to save women from their fate, but in truth he who marries in these times upon any ordinary income is a brave man indeed. So far as he shrinks from incurring any personal diminution of comfort, he is to be

blamed, but it is difficult to reprove his disinclination to impose upon the woman he loves burdens to which she is not accustomed, and under whose weight he has grave cause to fear she cannot sustain herself. And yet, in spite of these difficulties, it cannot be denied that both men and women are daily and continually acting upon false principles. We take it to be acknowledged, at least in our Cisatlantic civilization, that for most men and women marriage is the highest condition of life, and it is an axiom in our phase of social science that upon its relative universality depends the conservation of our system. If we are to be polygamists, some of the existing and threatening evils may be avoided: others can be removed by legalizing relations other than that of marriage. Probably, we are not yet prepared to adopt either alternative. But if we wish to retain marriage in its old simplicity and purity as the only proper relation, we are brought face to face with the question, How shall we prevent the present alarming decrease in the number of marriages?

Among the operating causes of that decrease are some which are probably temporary only, such as the effects of the war: others—operating chiefly on the lower orders, as, for instance, the unsettled condition for a few years of the thousands of emigrants annually cast upon our shores—are beyond the hope of removal. But the most important, we cannot help thinking, are those just at hand—the distorted views of life everywhere prevalent, the extravagance of both sexes, the defective training of women, moral cowardice. Properly speaking, the last three are results of the first, but they deserve separate consideration. Nor do these causes find their only theatre of action in the so-called upper circles. In the middle classes they are equally operative, though their results are not carried to the same excess. As an example of the first of these causes, take the American estimate of character and our definition of success in life. It is not perhaps to be expected that moral beauty should

enter into the practical estimate of a man's character. Any test intended for universal application is necessarily a broad one. Only from the few whose intimacy with a man makes his virtues of gentleness, charity and single-heartedness known to them can we expect the admiration the qualities deserve. The majority of the men he knows cannot see the beauty of these virtues save in their general effect upon the life. Common honesty in the ordinary affairs of business is, properly enough, sufficient to give its owner rank. But the difficulty is, that however honest, however habitual in his exercise of all courtesy and forbearance toward his fellow-men, however radiant his life with the effulgence of all the virtues, if he cannot amass wealth, if his talents are not used as purveyors of riches, he loses our respect. We admit even the desirability of aesthetic culture, provided always it does not interfere with money-getting. Even our scientific men embrace Science less for love of her than for the reward she brings to her favored devotees. The successful barrister or physician is the one with the largest practice—the successful clergyman is he who can command the largest salary. The American mind does not comprehend the possibility of great ability and poverty going hand in hand, unless, of course, a man is debarred by disease from the exercise of his talents. We regard with ill-concealed commiseration the man who plods through life poor—we discredit the statement of the most competent authorities that he is a man of great attainments in the pursuit to which he has devoted himself. Indeed, we stamp as "poor" those avocations in which wealth is difficult of attainment. A German student starts out in life content to live in plain fashion, that he may pursue the study of his favorite science, and is more than satisfied if he add but one fact to the storehouse of human thought, explain one seeming discrepancy in the working of the laws of Nature. And he knows that his own name and the honorable heritage he hopes to leave his children are not less-

ened by the rigid economy in which his life must be passed. But an American knows better: he recognizes that while posthumous fame depends upon actual merit alone, respect and troops of friends and all that makes life pleasant depend on his making money. It is impossible for a man in this country to devote himself to the perfect development of his own nature without losing social respect. Now, undoubtedly in the infancy of the nation this was no great evil. It was necessary that the country should be built up and its resources developed. A competency was within the grasp of any man, and wealth the necessary consequence of energy and special intelligence. All life was primitive, and the professions were limited in number. All this is changed in our time. Our civilization is now as complex as that of England, our avocations are without number, many branches of the labor-market are already overstocked, and it is no longer possible for every man to gain a competency. The keenness of competition, increased by the wonderful energy of our national character, leaves many a man no chance of legitimate success. Yet success he must have. He cannot afford to be thought unsuccessful: he cannot remain in the same condition of life. Public opinion forces him on. In ability and the attainment of a more liberal culture he can rise without hindrance, but that is not enough. "Money" looms up as the great object of life. The love of it, the craving for it,—how can he resist them? With his mother's milk he drank the poison: the influences of his childhood, the example of the whole little world of his friends, the tone of the life outside his own of which he catches glimpses now and then, habit, training, example, all combine to seat the passion more firmly on its throne. Then he wins success, at the expense, it may be, of his better capabilities, tearing himself away from the culture for which his soul longs—from the science whose servant, born in the fealty, he knows himself to be—from the art he secretly loves still. Or he wins it at

the cost of his honesty, and, finding many others to have reached their positions by the same path, grows to be content with himself. Low as the standard of commercial honesty is in this day the whole globe over, it is nowhere so low as in this country. The financial operations of New York have won the world's wonder and the unfeigned admiration of its most distinguished scoundrels.

On all sides we find this same insatiate thirst for money—in all ranks and conditions the same restless dissatisfaction with their respective habits of life, each emulating the one next above it in point of display, and all hungrily rushing after wealth—not education, not culture, but wealth.

That this is due to our utter perversion of all true views of life it needs no argument to show. Nor is the effect of the present theory of the real object of life upon the frequency of marriages less apparent. Men are afraid to marry portionless women until they shall have amassed a fortune, and women do not care to marry men with their fortunes still to make. It is not in any distinct mercenary spirit that many people act thus. It is a postponement, by the man, of the incidental performance of marriage until the achievement of the greater object is reasonably certain, and by the woman—poor creature!—it is a simple consequence of what her parents and herself have made her into.

As a consequence of this misconception of true manhood and the meaning of success, comes a host of distorted views of the right manner of living. Hospitality is rapidly becoming a heavy tax upon many people. The family whose income enables them to live in a two-storied house in a back street, with sufficient domestic help, decrease the number of their servants and remove to a four-storied house in a more fashionable street, because their respectability demands the sacrifice. Upon the same false principles the comforts of home-life are given up in order to enable a daughter, or perhaps the whole family, to dress in the fashion adopted by peo-

ple with thrice their means. For the sake of elegance in the drawing-room, the living rooms of the house are doomed to the misery of bare walls and cheap furniture, and that a semi-annual ball of great splendor may be given, the entire household exists for the remainder of the year upon insufficient food. The influence of such a life passes the possibility of description. From such a household a child goes out a hardened hypocrite, all the softness and grace of its life gone, and in their stead a little hoard of petty maxims and shallow devices for cheating mankind and making "that which is not seem to be." Fortunately there are not very many such families, and the picture is not a common one, except in the larger cities. But the principles on which such households are framed are in common acceptance, and the difference between them and most families is, we fear, one of degree only.

Still another result of the apotheosis of wealth so current in these latter days is the intellectual apathy of social life. Human beings who are engaged in the awful task of money-getting, or the more exhausting process of exhibiting it when made, cannot be expected to descend to topics which have no connection with the object of their perpetual adoration. For the great names of literature and art they are forced to entertain a show of respect, but for the mere *thinkers* of their day, or the poet or artist, they cherish a scarcely-disguised feeling of contempt. Of course, if a man can write a book that will sell by the thousand, they recognize that he is of some little use in the world. Very probably, however, they compare the pecuniary result of the author's life-work with that of some fortunate speculation of their own, with secret exaltation and a placid sense of their own immeasurable superiority. From such men and women flows a continuing stream of bad influences, staining with its filthy tide all human beings who come in contact with it. Bigotry, intolerance, vulgarity, stupidity, dense and awful, cover as with a dark cloud the

circles where these people hold sway. They and their imitators, and the innumerable multitude who look at things from the same point of view, degrade Society to the level of an arena for the exhibition of their own wares, and rob life of its most sacred meaning, its truest beauty. In such an atmosphere the ideal marriage can have no place. The civil contract by which it is made decent for a man and woman to live together may be found there, but not what the Church has truly called the Sacrament of Marriage. One feels inclined to liken such a state of Society to Shelley's garden when the spirit of love and beauty had for ever fled from it—where

" Plants at whose names the verse feels loth
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly and pulpous and blistering and blue,
Livid and starred with a lurid dew."

But the causes whose share in decreasing the number of marriages, as well as preventing the possibility of marriage in its best sense, is most commonly recognized, are yet to be examined. Prominent among these, and the one most generally seen, is the extravagance which animates all grades of Society, from the highest to the lowest. The folly of the Irish maid-servant who spends eight-tenths of her wages in the purchase of some hideous costume in which her only claims to beauty are buried beneath the superincumbent weight of gaudy finery, has her parallel, as to the extravagance always, and not unfrequently the bad taste also, in any circle the observer may select. Nor is the excess confined to women and their style of dressing. The elaborate mode of living, the costly plate, the gorgeous liveries, the showy furniture, alike show the extravagance to which as a people we are given over. To any remonstrance against these forms of extravagance the spurious argument is continually returned: "You cannot prevent a man of large means indulging his taste for the beautiful. It is right that he should crowd his house with all the appliances of modern comfort—that he should cover his walls with rare paintings and fill his galleries with exquisite

sculptures; and if he chooses to have his daughter's dresses from Paris, it is eminently proper that he should do so. Is not the gratification of a woman's taste for delicacy and grace of dress a lawful thing?" But the trouble is, that in most instances the man does not indulge any taste for the beautiful or fill his galleries and cover his walls with statues and pictures, or if he does he values them by their cost. Undoubtedly, the taste displayed by women in their dress is a beautiful trait, but is it necessary to the cultivation of this grace of character that she should find it impossible to wear the same "party-dress" more than twice, or that she should spend a fair share of her time in the preparation of costumes designed avowedly for no other object than display? Probably none but women know the thousand annoyances, and sometimes positive unhappiness, caused by rivalry in expensive dressing. If Society should make the standard of dressing one of simple good taste, it would be possible for a woman of small means to enjoy its pleasures without either the unpleasant feeling of being "under-dressed," or the consciousness of having denied herself or her family other pleasures which she recognizes as purer than those to obtain which the sacrifice was made. There is still left to us a small class of men and women of gentle blood who understand that social position cannot be won by a lavish display of money, but the class is too small to have much influence. Into what is called Society an entrance can be effected by money, and it is to win this entrance that the hard-earned thousands are so recklessly squandered. Let men fill their houses with all luxury and refinement, but do not let the ownership of these things be considered the only index of social standing and culture. There was once current in this country a phrase very dear to the hearts of those to whom we owe our national existence. The phrase was "republican simplicity," and it meant that with our principle of the equality of men it was necessary to practice simplicity of life. Most unfor-

tunately, the phrase is obsolete. We have not only imitated the display practiced by the privileged classes of other countries: we have surpassed them in ostentatious parade and glitter. The lavish expenditure of a foreign nobleman is partially excused by the supposed necessity of its maintenance as a badge of his class. Not only are we destitute of that not very valid excuse, but the whole framework and design of our institutions warns us to beware of such display. The English nobleman who sends to Paris for his daughter's dresses is reasonably certain that he, and his daughter's husband after him, can continue sending, and that in the training of his child he is fostering no habit which cannot be rightfully indulged in. The American knows, if he knows anything, that the habits of luxury in which his child is reared unfit her for the duties of the life to which she will in all likelihood be called—that he cannot hope that his family wealth can long survive him, any more than that his daughter will love a man to whom that wealth will be unimportant. Experience and observation alike tell him that wealth in this country rarely continues in a family three generations, and that at any time he may find himself a poor man again. Yet he regulates his life and that of his children as if his wealth and theirs were assured for ever, and as though the habits of a lifetime were to be broken like wisps of straw. His daughters are not fit to marry any but the rich men they experience so much difficulty in finding, and a man of moderate means is careful to avoid asking them to change their habits of life. There are few sadder pictures than the one we see when some such woman of braver heart than most of her sex chooses the portion of a poor man's love, and vainly seeks to adapt herself to a life of which she has hitherto known nothing. The habits of her girlhood bind her like strong fetters, her ignorance of domestic duties weighs her to the earth, the loss of social position or the fevered efforts she makes to support it wear out her life in bitter repinings,

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until her health gives way and she dies, leaving her faults to vex the world in her children, and her virtues undiscovered save by the husband, who hides from himself all else of her memory.

And this brings us to the defective training of women. Something of this we have already anticipated, and the subject is too vast to be more than touched upon in a magazine article.

In the hopeless chaos out of which a girl of eighteen emerges when she is "finished," the darkness is too intense to permit us to see any of the principles on which the "finishing" process has been effected. Probably there are none there. It is only through the application of the scriptural maxim, "By their fruits ye shall know them," that we can so much as guess at that queer thing except a girl's education. So far as the investigation of a few intrepid explorers has gone, it would seem to consist in teaching her some few mechanical feats of memory, such as giving the date of the death of Cardinal Wolsey or the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. If to this is added a slight acquaintance with English history and the French auxiliary verbs, and a very thorough one with the true principles for the management of the fan and the art of dancing, she is commonly said to have had an expensive education. If she is a bright girl, she supplements these accomplishments by a fair acquaintance with the names of different authors and those of their works, so that she may be in position to discuss them intelligently. When a woman gets beyond this degree of culture, it is because she has been blessed with a very exceptional training, or because the inborn, God-given intellect cannot be throttled by the silliness of those who are engaged in "educating" her. So radically wrong and foolish is the ordinary method of educating girls, as judged by its products, that we give ourselves up to a feeling of astonished admiration at the cultivation into which some women struggle. It cannot be demanded of women that they should attain to the clear judgment and com-

prehensive scope of the better minds of the other sex—the keen-sighted vision of the jurisconsult, the patient research of the man of science, the bold generalization of the abstract thinker—without the same careful training. We do not therefore wonder at the feebleness of the deductions made by the most brilliant women from the facts they have accumulated, or that it should seem impossible for them to regard the facts as only material for the mind to work upon, not things of any intrinsic value.

But when we descend from these exceptional natures to the level of average women, we see more clearly the disastrous effects of the training they undergo. From it they never recover. They go through life with minds tightly closed against all reason, blinded to the beauties of the world of thought, referring all questions to a standard of hereditary and educational prejudices, acting from vague, crude impulses, capable of little beyond inflicting their offspring upon a suffering humanity and themselves upon an unhappy and outraged family. When Sidney Smith insisted that a boy of fourteen knew more than a woman of forty, he was guilty of an exaggeration. He left out of view the experience of the woman. But the boy has the signal advantage of knowing how to use his mind—a faculty given to most women only by miraculous agency.

The most criminal defect in the training of women is the neglect to inform them of their nature as animals and their functions as mothers of the race. From their ignorance of these matters come the many evils by which men are deterred from marrying. The lost gaiety, the ruined health, the sickly children, which follow marriage can generally be traced to the ignorant violation of some law of their nature. The same ignorance leads many women into excesses and habits of living that render them unfit to marry at all. And it is not improbable that if girls at the opening of their lives knew the desirability of marriage and the evils of celibacy, they would relinquish the false pleasures

of social success and the easy luxuries of contented idleness for the honest preparation for the life in which alone they can hope to find as well health, without which any real happiness is impossible, as the truest expression of their own ideal existence and the most perfect realization of their sweetest dreams. Let women be taught these things. Make them see that wealth is an accident, and that happiness and social position are things apart from it; that their dress is just as perfect though the web be less fine; that to win respect they must be mistresses of their own lives, rising beyond the little code of "clique" and "set" into the purer air of individual responsibility. Make them know that the life of a mother is none the less beautiful, none the less happy, because her wifely care is great and her work heavy—that in the awful yet glorious place of wife and mother a woman is too near the eternal verities of all Life and the Love that comes down from heaven to be lightly troubled by the trivial annoyances in her path, content to see one man purified and made strong by her love, and happy in the knowledge that in her children lie the possibilities of great deeds and happy lives, placed there by her own hand. When this is done, and when women feel and know these things to be true, we shall no longer see the trivial, foolish, incapable beings men cannot love save with the love that is a cruel, bitter mockery of Him whose name is Love, or that of beast toward beast.

Still another cause of the evil we have tried to picture is the moral cowardice of both men and women. One of the great defects of modern civilization is its tendency to check, if not entirely prevent, the full development of individual character. We turn out a certain number of human beings very much as a nail-factory does its product, and the quality as well as the quantity is as definitely known. Each man is painfully like every other. We are prone to copy our fellows too much, and to fix our standard of morals as well as our dress by conventional usage.

We do not follow our own thoughts or obey the conclusions of our own judgment so much as we do the thoughts and judgment of other people. We dread lest we should be thought odd or eccentric. A man is often very timid in many matters of social life where a woman knows no fear, and in the cowardice that keeps two people from brav ing the world's opinion and living together in comparative obscurity the man has generally the larger share. Only let a woman love a man thoroughly, and the world's scorn rarely shakes her from him. And if a man is convinced that he has won a girl's heart, and that her defective education will not make marriage a curse to her, he has no more right to hold back because of what the world will say when he wears shabby coats and is no longer seen at operas and balls, than because he must give up his French tailor or his club. It is mere cowardice that restrains him. It is doubtless hard for a man to think that he will not be able to give the woman he loves the luxuries she may desire—that he must see her in a smaller

house than her friend has, in an older cloak than "somebody else" gives his wife. We dare say many an honest fellow has writhed in anticipation of these tortures. But they spring, one and all, from a cowardly fear of other people's opinions. He knows in his secret heart that if she is worthy of his love she will care for none of these things—that they will not ruffle the sweetness of the life that is to be lived for him.

We are sadly in need of some hundred or two of men and women intelligent and brave enough to live the life they ought to live, without regard to social opinion—if need be, in its face. No man can estimate the good their example would do. And let it be remembered that something must be done, that the evils resulting from the decrease of marriages are pressing and horrible ones. And we should despair of our future were it not for the few noble men and women who have freed themselves from the fear of Society's lash, and, recognizing the true beauty of life and its greatness, have dared to marry poor.

HERBERT SANTLEY.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

O MY dead darling! thou whose sunny beauty
And loving smile have faded 'neath the sod!
Thou who hast dwelt two years, a ransomed spirit,
Beneath the radiance of the smile of God!—

There are so many like thee up in heaven,
But there are none on earth to comfort me:
Thou hast companionship of kindred angels,
And God's own presence. What had I save thee?

Thou canst not miss me, dear, but I am pining
For the true tenderness thy warm heart gave:
Thou hast the Love supreme, the bliss of heaven—
My all of sister-love lies in thy grave.

One after one, as fall the leaves of autumn,
The friends drop from me that my youth possest:
The grave has closed o'er thee, the fond and faithful:
God took thee, dear, and Falsehood took the rest.

Would I could bring thee back, if but one moment,
 To sob my weary soul out on thy breast—
 To feel once more thy loving arms around me,
 Thy sister-kisses on my cold lips prest!

Would I could clothie once more thy seraph nature
 In the dear clay remembered, loved, so well,
 Pluck back the pearl from out the crown of heaven,
 To clasp it once more in its prison-shell!

"And wouldest thou bring me back," well mightst thou query,
 "From heaven's high courts to earth's vast solitude,
 To learn anew what woe is, and what weepings?"
 Forgive my selfish love—I would, I would!

Forgive me, darling, O my lost Lemira!
 'Tis well for thee that prayers and tears are vain—
 That I can summon thee no more to suffer
 What men name living, and God's seraphs, pain.

And thou art still mine own—ay, mine for ever:
 'Tis only false, ungrateful friends that die:
 For Death, Love's treasure-keeper, locks our jewels
 Safe in the casket of yon far-off sky.

Mine—mine for ever! Yet I grow so weary
 Of chilling falsehood, cold ingratitude,
 And my sick heart for thy dear presence pineth—
 "And wouldest thou bring me back?" I would, I would!

LUCY H. HOOPER.

KEEN FAUN.

IN 1862, or thereabouts, the Mongolian was master of river-mining on the Tuolumne. He had purchased the claims half gleaned by white men, and worked them skillfully and industriously. His were the neatest of dams, side-walls, pumps and wheels. He worked the bed clean, and no one knows the amount of treasure thus taken out by Chinese hands. He had two foes to contend with—the tax-collector and the Mexican bandits. Once a month the collector came down to obtain his four dollars per head. John often established a system of signals by which this man's coming might be known hours in ad-

vance. So warned, half his working force would scuttle up the mountain-side or hide in some old tunnel until the invader had passed, while the others remained and paid "lizee."

But there were collectors from Mexico not so easily put off. They waylaid John on trail and road, they attacked his camps by night, and took all they could find. Along the Tuolumne the Celestial was at last obliged to surround his groups of cabins with stockades in regular frontier fashion: he also invested largely in rifles and six-shooters. But Mexico entertained a profound contempt for Chinese prowess. He cared

little for firearms so long as only Chinamen were behind them. The log ramparts of the fortress at Swell's Bar were fifteen feet in height: the garrison numbered fully twenty. One night four of the swarthy descendants of Cortez stormed it, drove the Chinese into a corner, took from them their dust and pistols, and then kicked them individually and collectively.

The Celestials sent immediately to San Francisco for more pistols. Pistols by the gross came up by express: Mexico stood by and made a note of it. Two weeks afterward, Mexico again stormed and captured the same stockade, the new armament, the dust which had been collected in the interim, and finished by the kicking as before of the same garrison. And as at Swell's, so with many other forts along the river. The white residents knew of these occurrences: they afforded some interest and amusement, but the white man remained a contented neutral.

Keen Faun was a man of note in China. He often endeavored to make us realize his former greatness, but always failed, for he obstinately confined his stock of English to fifteen words, which would not convey all the ideas he wished to express. His face was broad, flat and yellow, like the Desert of Sahara; his eyes mere twinkling ocular slits; his nose seemed as if it might have been the last nose in the lot—an imperfect, squatly sort of nose, which had been rejected, seemingly, by three hundred millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of his fellow-countrymen.

On the bank of the Tuolumne stood Keen Faun's house. It was an architectural crystallization of old sluices, lumber rescued from the spring freshets, mats, logs, stones and tin cans. The ground floor, twelve by fifteen in area, was crammed with a labyrinth of closet-like apartments and narrow passages. In front was the store—a store just large enough for one merchant and one customer at a time—and in this store at certain hours sat Keen Faun, wearing immense spectacles, dabbing with his

paint-brush over a Chinese ledger, and debiting customers with sundry supplies of opium, salt fish and gin.

He lived on salt fish and rice. He told us he drank of gin "one gallon, hap, one week." He smoked opium, and still lived a hale, hearty, cheerful old Chinese gentleman, save when he thought of Mexicans. He built for himself a boat to navigate the Tuolumne: he painted for it a great red eye on the bow. Five Chinamen, with picks, rockers and tools, tried to cross in that boat one June morning. The river was "booming" with the yearly freshet. I watched them from my door: the one-eyed boat slid easily under the great rollers in the middle of the stream. As a whale comes up to blow, so she, bottom up, reappeared a few hundred yards below. There clung to her a blue-clad, dripping Celestial: of the remaining four not even a shaven poll came to the bubbling, boiling surface. I ran down to the rocky bank and caught sight of one blue bundle gliding along under the river's muddy surface. The Tuolumne flung ashore the corpses some thirty miles below: one Celestial had upon him a six-ounce nugget. The boys in our vicinity were sorry he went so far down stream. Keen Faun's craft became lodged in the rocks about a mile from the scene of disaster with the shivering passenger, who was rescued.

Keen Faun kept strange liquors. His countrymen used much stimulant: at the river stores their brandy kegs were more frequently filled than any other vessel. Keen Faun bought the white man's brandy. A certain trader closed out his business at Dry Bar. Remnants of his stimulating stock—wine, brandy, rum and gin—were left in various barrels. It was not readily to be sold in detached lots. The trader was a man shrewd and contemplative, and he contemplated. He was assisted by the Genius of American enterprise and invention. She, hovering over Dry Bar, perched upon his store and in slumbers dropped in his ear a germ of suggestion. She said simply, "Mix!" The man arose, and into one particular cask pour-

ed the remnants of rum, wine, gin and whisky. This he sampled to Keen Faun, offering it at a dollar and a quarter per gallon: Keen Faun tasted, grinned, tasted again, grinned, and offered one dollar. The trader held out at one dollar and a bit: Keen Faun came to terms on condition that the empty casks should be thrown in; so they were, and the full vessels, with their happy family of assorted liquors, were transferred to Keen Faun's warehouse. And then the Genius of American invention and enterprise clapped her hands, laughed until her ribs ached, and flew down the river, while Keen Faun poisoned his countrymen right and left, and the trader went East and became a deacon.

Keen Faun was kind-hearted toward the superior race. No intemperate miner "tapering off" from a debauch, money gone and credit exhausted, ever came to his castle but that he had set before him the longed-for bowl of "blandy." The old gentleman could not comfort such afflicted Caucasians with many words, but for them he knew what was better: he met them on the broad platform of gin.

Keen Faun spent many of his leisure hours at Thompson's store. Thompson was his particular friend: he called him "Tom-sing," laying the stress and accent on the "sing." He loved to come in winter evenings and silently watch the boys carving pipe-bowls from the manzanita wood, or ornamenting the stove-pipe with little men in pasteboard, who, stimulated to exertion by the ascending current of hot air, turned cranks and sawed wood with spasmodic and varying degrees of energy. And when Thompson, with a yawn and voice expressive of the deepest concern, would ask the venerable Mongolian if it was not with him a confirmed and deeply-seated opinion that "man's inhumanity to man had made countless thousands mourn," Keen Faun would simply grin and reply, "No shabee."

There was often seen impaled upon a pole in front of Keen Faun's castle a piece of fresh pork. It was Keen Faun's roast. Often, the boys, return-

ing from a hunt, would use this pork as a target for their rifles. The aim was to sever the pole an inch below the pork, and it was always accomplished. Sam P—— endeavored to explain to Keen Faun that his (Sam's) peculiar faith rendered it obligatory for him that he should shoot away a piece of pork whenever he saw it impaled upon a pole in front of a Chinaman's cabin. Keen Faun listened: the grin first rippled and then surged over his face. He only remarked, "No shabee."

Many times thus the rifle cracked, the bullet howled over the castle, the pole cracked, the pork fell, Keen Faun rushed out and rescued his meat. At last the pole was shot away to within a few feet of the ground. But Keen Faun bore patiently these pranks of the "boys," for over him they exercised a protectorate, and he realized the value of their aid in the coming contest which he knew must ensue between him and the Mexican bandits.

Keen Faun's special terror was these plunderers of his race from Mexico. Preparing for them, he surmounted his house with a sort of castle. It was built of thick logs and pierced with many portholes. Through one protruded the glittering head of a mighty spear, forged by the blacksmith to be thrust into and through the bodies of assaulting Mexicans. He became a frequent purchaser and practitioner with second-hand six-shooters. Keen Faun's practice was unsafe for bystanders. He surveyed his target with deliberation until the moment arrived for pulling the trigger: then he thrust from him the weapon as far as the length of his arm would permit, shut both eyes hard, and fired. Life was very uncertain within a radius of forty-five degrees about Keen Faun's target. Once a month he purchased a new pistol. It became with him a passion to buy firearms. Gradually, many of the old muskets brought hither by army deserters in '49, yagers and rifles from the South-west, Allen's "pepper-boxes," double and single barreled shot-guns, became concentrated in Keen Faun's castle.

The long-expected attack came at last. One night a loud outcry was heard. There was a pattering about of slipshod Chinese feet, a gabbling of the Chinese tongue and a furious pounding at "Tom-sing's" store doors. The men within seized their arms and rushed out. In the dim moonlight a form was seen fleeing over the rough, stony bar between Keen Faun's castle and the river. Mongolians were running about to the right and left of him, but not at very close quarters. The river here had been turned: its entire volume was running through the quartz-rock race. Into this jumped the robber: the swift current seized and sped him rapidly down. The screaming, gabbling crowd of Chinese gained the edge: among the rest waddled Keen Faun, pistol in hand. With an uncertain, wavering air he pointed it at the man's head, a small black object just discernible speeding down the canal: then he puckered his lips, shut both eyes, turned away his head and pulled the trigger six times. There were six reports: one of the bullets cut the robber's spine.

They found the desperado lying among the rocks on the other side. He threw away his knife, and held up both hands in token of surrender. He proved to be a tall, well-formed man, evidently an American. They carried him to the store. He would give no name, and repelled all offers of service and inquiries. He said he wanted only to die—"The game was out, and he had been euchred." Next day he died, leaving no name to be carved over him.

From this it resulted that Keen Faun became temporarily a hero among his countrymen. He had slain one of the band who had for years been pouncing upon his people, besieging their forts and robbing them on foot and horseback. For days afterward, from all quarters, Chinamen came to look upon the scene of conflict. They went upon the point from whence the fatal shot had been fired, retraced the course of the party who bore back the wounded robber, inspected curiously every drop of his blood as it had fallen and dried

on the smooth blue granite ledge, and then in the castle from eve until far into the night their talk concerning the event was endless.

But for Keen Faun the exploit bore its thorns. He had killed a man, and it was needful that he deliver himself up to the proper authorities and show cause for the act. So his friend "Tom-sing" informed him. Keen Faun was very apprehensive as to the course which American law might take in this matter—an apprehension not allayed by the boys, who told him he would probably be sent to jail, and might be hung. To camp, seven miles away, he trudged, accompanied by Tom-sing and one other white friend. On the route they did their best to make the old man miserable, keeping jail and gallows prominently before him, so that he protracted the trip as long as possible, sitting down frequently by the trail, when his two white friends would gaze ominously at him, and shake their heads, and execute Indian war-dances around him. At last he wished to go back and delay his examination just one day more, but his brace of comforters insisted on going forward, and at every mile Keen Faun sat down on the first convenient rock and the war-dance went on.

They arrived in camp; the justice heard the story; Keen Faun was justified: cheerfulness overspread his countenance, and in the saloon most largely patronized by the superior race, Keen Faun insisted on treating everybody, the justice included. Then he joyfully returned home: at night joss-sticks of thankfulness burned in front of his castle.

The career of Keen Faun must terminate. The country first "went up" for the white man, and finally was "gone in" for the Chinaman. The most industrious could from the banks glean scarce six bits per day. Cabin after cabin disappeared, man after man left the river: they came no more from camp with fresh beef to sell, no more with magazines and papers. "Tom-sing" shut up his store—"Tom-sing" left. Keen Faun saw him depart with

tearful eyes, and presenting him with a basket of choice tea and half a dollar, said: "Tom-sing, you good man—Tom-sing, you me one flen—Tom-sing, now me poor—Tom-sing, if no hab got, no can do. Good-bye!"

Month by month, Keen Faun's little stock of goods dwindled away. The busy camp of Chinamen gradually thinned out. One, two and three days Keen Faun's castle was strangely silent. Brady, the nearest white man, noticed it. Brady was one of the oldest inhabitants, a hard worker, impervious to whisky and unshaken by a quarterly

attack of delirium tremens. Only Brady and Keen Faun now dwelt in this corner of the Bar. Brady at last forced an entrance into Keen Faun's house and found him dead in his bed. Brady hunted about, found the old gentleman's remaining stock of gin, drank of it liberally, and then, with tears in his eyes, spread the sad news over the neighborhood. Brady had a week's spree, and among Keen Faun's effects no gin could be found. Brady died from the effects of his spree. The upper end of Dry Bar has never been tenanted since.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"ON horror's head horrors accumulate," would appear to be the motto of the times. Explosions and collisions succeed each other with a rapidity that might shake one's faith—if one had any—in Mr. Buckle's law of averages; the teeming records of crime, folly and corruption make each morning's paper as cheerful reading as one of Miss Braddon's novels; while the ominous figure of Cholera rises in the background and waves acceptance of the invitations transmitted by impotent or negligent boards of health.

In the case of the railroad and steamboat disasters, some persons, we observe, have the temerity to lay the chief blame of these "accidents" not on the engineers, conductors and station-masters who arrange the details and manage the execution, but on the superintendents, directors and inspectors by whom subordinate officials are appointed and controlled, and general regulations devised and enforced. Mr. Wendell Phillips goes still farther, and, with that skill in fixing the greatest guilt on the greatest number in which long practice has made him perfect, draws an indictment against the public in gen-

eral, whose extreme eagerness to be crushed, scalded or blown up leads them to despise all precautions and connive at the negligence or recklessness of their authorized guardians.

If this view be correct, there would seem to be no hope for us except in the enactment of a Maine *Travel Law*, prohibiting the use of steam for any save medicinal purposes. It is to be hoped, however, that a more practical theory will be adopted, and that some means may be devised of compelling the managers of railroad and steamboat lines to bestow upon the safety and convenience of passengers a little of the watchful care and astute scheming which are devoted to the aggrandizement and financial success of the companies. A railroad president who pleads in excuse of his ignorance of the condition of the road that he very seldom travels on it, and who knows nothing of inventions or improvements which have not been formally "brought before the board," is far too sublime a personage for sublunary uses—unless it be that of making an example of him. It is not always true that "the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[MR. ADAMS was the first minister credited to the court of Berlin. He arrived just as the king, Frederick II., nephew of the great Frederick, was dying. The king here alluded to was Frederick William III.]

December 5, 1797. Sent round cards to the courts of the Princess Louis, Prince and Princess Henry, Prince and Princess Ferdinand, the dowager-landgrave of Hesse Cassel, Princess Radziwill, and to the Princes Henry and William, brothers of the king. At a few minutes later than half-past ten—I could not possibly go sooner—I went to the prince royal's palace, where the king yet resides. Found there Count Finkenstein, with the two other ministers to be presented—Count Zinzendorff, the Saxon minister, upon receiving his new credentials, and a minister sent from Hanover to compliment the new king. They were both introduced before me, for which the count formally gave me last night, as a reason, that both of them had credentials to present, and I had not. The old gentleman's head is full of forms and precedencies and titles, and all the trash of diplomatic ceremony. The audience of the two other ministers was of about five minutes each: my turn then came. From the ante-chamber the count just entered with me into the king's apartment, made his bow and withdrew. I then told the king of my arrival with credentials to his father, and a full power to renew the Treaty of Commerce, of the circumstances which prevented my delivering that letter, and of my persuasion that the government of the United States, upon being informed of His Majesty's accession, would immediately send new credentials addressed to him. He answered me that he should be very happy to maintain and renew the friendly and commercial connection with the United States, and that, the commercial interests of the two countries being the same, such a connection might be mutually advantageous. With regard to the re-

newal of the Treaty, in due time and place all proper attention should be paid to the subject; and he added some of the usual complimentary expressions of interest and regard for the United States; after which he inquired how long my father has been President, and whether Washington had entirely abandoned all connection with the administration of our affairs. I then withdrew. Dined at Mr. Strichler's with a company of twenty-five or thirty gentlemen, not one of whom I knew. In the afternoon I went round to pay my visits by cards to the ministers, etc. Upon returning home between five and six, found that the queen-dowager had sent here twice, this afternoon, notice that she would give me an audience immediately. I went therefore as soon as possible. She said she was happy to see me, hoped I should stay here some time, and, *si le bon Dieu le permet*, she should be glad to show me any civility: inquired whether I had been before in mission elsewhere, and upon my answering, "Yes, in England and in Holland," she asked if I had known her daughter at The Hague, the hereditary princess of Orange. I said I had seen her once, as I had arrived there only a few days before her departure. "Ah! yes," said she, "that was another very unfortunate thing for them, particularly at such a terrible season." She looks like a very good woman, and has the reputation of being really so. The appearance of the king has a great degree of simplicity: a plain uniform and boots; his person tall and thin; his countenance grave, approaching even to severity, but often lighting up with a very pleasing smile. He speaks rather quick. Mirabeau has drawn a character of him highly advantageous in his libellous letters, but he was then only sixteen years old. There are some promising circumstances at the commencement of his reign—some that are less so.

Dec. 6. I could not go out this forenoon, from an apprehension of short notices for attendance at the courts, like that of yesterday afternoon at the queen-

dowager's. Called, however, upon M. de Maisonneuve. Received several answers from the princes in the course of the day. This evening, between five and six, appointed to go to the Princess Radziwill's. She is a daughter of Prince Ferdinand, and married this Polish prince. The visit was to her, but I found the prince there also: was introduced by M. de Sartoris. She rose from her pianoforte to receive me. They both talked much of Kosciusko, with great apparent regard and respect—for America, of General Washington, and asked a great number of questions relative to the United States, etc.

Dec. 7. After waiting at home all the morning, I went at about five in the afternoon, according to appointment, first to the Princess Henry's. Was introduced by a Major de Beauvré. She was a princess of Hesse Cassel, and is about seventy years old. She made me the common questions about America, General Washington, etc., and inquired whether there were any descendants living of Mr. Franklin. Thence I went to the palace of the Order of Malta, where the Prince and Princess Ferdinand reside. She was a daughter of the markgraf of Brandenburg Schwedt, a cousin of the late king. He is grand master of the Order of Malta within the Prussian dominions. Introduced first to the princess by Monsieur de Sydow, and afterward to the prince by the Baron de Geertz. She made many inquiries concerning my country, and several about my family here, etc.—talked a great deal about Kosciusko, with great esteem and applause. The prince observed that for the last twenty years my country had become a very interesting subject of observation. He, as well as all the rest, inquired much of the epidemic fever which has again been raging in Philadelphia and other parts of the United States. They have a few general ideas respecting us, which they gather from the newspapers, which they all read assiduously. The prince has a habit of repeating twice over all his phrases, and with such rapidity that it is very difficult to distinguish when he

begins anew. He is about sixty-seven, and a brother of the great Frederic.

Dec. 8. At noon went by appointment, and was introduced by the Baron de Münchhausen to Prince Henry. He usually resides at Rheinsberg, and is now here only upon the occasion of the king's death: after the funeral solemnity he will return. His conversation discovered more knowledge of America, and a mind more turned to speculation, than any of the princes whom I have yet seen. He said that America was a rising, while Europe was a declining, part of the world, and that in the course of two or three centuries the seat of arts and sciences and empire would be with us, and Europe would lose them all. Their progress had been westward, beginning in Asia, and it was natural that America should have her turn. But he asked whether we should have a centre of union sufficiently strong to keep us together, and to stand the trials of the inconveniences incident to republican, and especially to federative, governments. He inquired after General Washington, of whom he spoke in terms of great respect—mentioned Franklin, whose bust he said he kept, and made some inquiries respecting my father. He inquired also after young Marshall, who he said had been here, whom he had seen, and who was quite a "joli garçon." He told me the circumstance upon which Marshall came here, and which related to the liberation of M. de la Fayette. This prince is turned of seventy. His name is very well known both in Europe and America. His countenance has strong marks of the features which distinguished that of his yet greater brother. I believe that Mirabeau has done him great injustice. At half-past one, at the time fixed, went and was presented by the Comte de Wintzingerode to madame the dowager-landgrave, who is a fine woman, a sister of the Princess Ferdinand. She wears a star of the Order of St. Catharine, instituted by the late empress of Russia. Stayed to dinner, as I had been invited. The company consisted of the duke of Brunswick, and his sec-

ond son, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, Prince Augustus, youngest son of Prince Ferdinand, and each of these accompanied by a gentleman attendant. There were also the minister of state, Struensée; the new minister from Hanover, and the chargé d'affaires from the same court; the Baron d'Ompteda; the Marquis Parella, Sardinian minister, and his lady; the Baron de Reede, formerly minister from Holland, and his lady; a Russian princess; Menzikoff and one or two other Russian officers; General Riedesel, in the service of the duke of Brunswick, and well known in the American war as having been captured with Burgoyne at Saratoga. A list of names is all that such an occasion affords. The dinner was perfectly elegant, and everything discovered taste rather than cost. I wished to have observed something more than the countenance of the duke of Brunswick. Baron Riedesel talked with me much about America, and inquired particularly after General Schuyler, of whose treatment of him at the time when he was taken prisoner he spoke very highly. We sat down to dinner soon after two, a late hour here, where they usually dine between one and two: about two hours at table—home before five. Half an hour after, went as appointed, and was introduced to the hereditary princess of Orange at the royal palace, where she has apartments. I saw her once before, at The Hague: she looks now as if she had met with misfortune since then, as she really has. This place is but a refuge to her, and her residence is far from being so pleasant as that of the *vieille cour*.

LONDON IN THE SEASON.

THE English have a beautiful country, where the grass is greener, the flowers are brighter, the trees finer, than anywhere else in Europe; and they have beautiful country homes, where all this is brought to perfection. They have a capital where the light of the sun never shines, where the inhabitants all wear more or less the aspect of chimney-sweeps, where, to quote the graphic

phrase of a little French exile, "*on crache noir.*" And yet, just at the time of year when the grass is greenest, the sun warmest, the flowers brightest, the trees finest, Nature altogether at her best, they turn their backs upon the country and crowd into this gloomy, grimy city. From the end of April to the beginning of August, castles, palaces, villas, cottages *ornis*, shooting-boxes are deserted, and every house "in town," and every room in every hotel or lodging-house, is full. The unlucky wight who comes to take his chance without having secured lodgings beforehand may drive about for hours without finding them. The explanation of all this is simple enough to any one who has seen London: if it is odious in summer, it would be insupportable at a less genial time of year; therefore everybody—that is, those whose coming and going make "the season"—leaves the country when it is most beautiful in order to be in town when it is most bearable. Then there is a sudden forced blossoming of all that makes life brilliant and agreeable. London becomes the scene of a great banquet, where every luxury is perpetually served, and genius, learning and accomplishment stand like slaves ministering day and night. It is hard to say which is most bewildering, the gorgeous display in miles of shops devoted to mere superfluities so delicate that a short exposure to the dust and soot of the city must destroy them, or the array of talent and resource which offers a new amusement for every hour. Two Italian opera *troupes*, including the first artists in Europe, are singing against each other at Covent Garden and Drury Lane; three French companies are giving performances which range from the classic drama to the *opéra bouffe*; some twenty other theatres are open nightly; there are concerts innumerable every afternoon and evening of every sort of music, native and foreign, sacred and profane; besides the great galleries of art, to be seen at all seasons, the Royal Academy spreads its acres of canvas, and there are wa-

ter-color exhibitions, and exhibitions of French masters and old masters, and the omnipresent Doré; there are lectures on every imaginable subject by all the leading men in literature and science—sermons at Westminster Abbey by the dean of Peterborough and the bishop of Exeter, at St. James' Hall by the Rev. Newman Hall, at Pro-cathedral by Archbishop Manning and Monsignor Capel. There are entertainments of every sort for those who are neither intellectual nor artistic; flower-shows, where you step from the muddy, noisy street into a fairy land of bower and bloom, green sward and fountain; horse-shows, dog-shows, cat-shows. There are regattas, the University boat-race being the great water-match of the season; and cricket-matches, the Harrow and Eton alone calling together ten thousand spectators; and the Epsom and Ascot races. Indeed, one might continue the catalogue until it became a mere reprint of the advertising sheet of the *Times*. The town itself, or that part of it which is the abode of the privileged, puts on a gala dress and look. The balconies and windows are filled with boxes of flowering plants: indeed, flowers pervade the place and struggle with its gloom, for men and women by scores haunt the streets pushing hand-carts or carrying great baskets of these brilliant, fragrant wares. At this period everything costs a guinea—if it does not cost more: your ticket for opera or concert is a guinea; if a doctor feels your pulse or a dentist looks into your mouth, a guinea; a French, music or riding lesson is a guinea; if you send for a hair-dresser or a *pédicure*, a guinea. The curious part of it is that there is no such coin: the sovereign, or pound sterling gold-piece, represents twenty shillings, while the guinea is twenty-one; and this supplementary shilling-tax symbolizes the systematic extortion one meets on every side.

"Town was beginning to blaze," says Mr. Disraeli in *Lothair*. "Broughams whirled and bright barouches glanced, troops of social cavalry cantered and

caracoled in morning rides, and the bells of prancing ponies, lashed by delicate hands, jingled in the laughing air. There were stoppages in Bond street, which seems to cap the climax of civilization after crowded clubs and swarming parks." To any one who has seen it this recalls the whole brilliant rush of the out-of-door life, but how is it possible to give an idea of the spectacle to those who have never beheld it? Hyde Park is the great place to study English society from outside. Before noon it is given up to children riding with their masters or grooms, or walking with their nurses and governesses—such children as one sees nowhere else, with golden hair, great eyes, angels' faces and prize calves. From twelve till two o'clock daily hundreds and hundreds of men and women on horseback pass along Rotten Row, the great ride of the park, where no wheeled thing ever enters, and almost without exception these men and women are well dressed, well mounted, and followed by well-dressed, well-mounted grooms. Under the noble trees of the wide gravel-walks which border the ride lounge hundreds and hundreds of men and women on foot, watching the riders. Between two and three o'clock riders and walkers have disappeared: everybody is lunching. Three hours later, the park is crowded again, but everybody is driving now; you see few on foot, and hardly any one on horseback, but every sort of vehicle, from the four-in-hand drag, down through all varieties of the coach species, open and close, to the pony phaeton. And what strikes an American most is that none of these people have anything to do.

One of the sights of the park is the start of the Four-in-hand Club on its annual state drive: this year they mustered eighteen drags, large, close carriages, very high, and not unlike the old-fashioned stage-coaches. The gentleman owner drives, his men and lady friends sit on top: the inside is empty or left to the footmen, which rather reminds one of the story of the Chinese

emperor, who sat on the box of his English carriage and put the coachman inside, because he would not have his menial seated higher than himself. On they came, eighteen handsome drags, each with its four spanking chestnuts, grays, bays, roans, blacks, or mixed teams, the leaders and wheelers in pairs of different colors well assorted. They thundered smoothly by, one after the other, through a double row of carriages two miles long drawn up to see them pass, and set one thinking of De Quincey's essay on the "Glory of Motion." The English thoroughly understand horses and everything connected with them, and all the appointments of a handsome equipage: we think their carriages needlessly heavy, and so they are, but not for their powerful horses and smooth roads: for speed in driving they do not seem to care. Even the women are capital whips as well as riders. Nothing is commoner than to see a lady driving a pair of horses through the crowded streets, hardly holding them in at all, yet guiding them with perfect dexterity amid a chaos of other vehicles, hand-carts and people on foot. These female charioteers are by no means always young or pretty: the most remarkable turn-out this season was that of an elderly, portly personage with the countenance at once stolid and sour so frequent among Englishwomen of a certain rank, who drove a pair of dashing ponies, and was always accompanied by two outriders, while in the footman's place sat two female companions, each holding a lap-dog.

On Sunday the park is deserted—neither carriages, riders nor loungers are to be seen: so far, the English tradition of respect for the Sabbath holds good. But everybody repairs to the Zoological or Horticultural Gardens, which are crowded, particularly the former. It is the regular fashionable promenade on that day, as Hyde Park is on every other; but only for subscribers: English respect for the Sabbath will not admit common people for sixpence, or even a shilling. Those who have not the *entrée* betake them-

selves to the Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens, a succedaneum to Hyde Park which is always open and free, and where the magnificent trees and broad grassy glades leave them nothing to envy the privileged members of the "Zoos" except the society of the beasts.

In the park every sort of society-man is to be seen, from the knowing-looking old gentleman so carefully got up, to the young fellow who looks as if he knew nothing—which is probably the case, if we except the knowledge of all that had better be unknown—and every one of them with a flower in his button-hole, sometimes a small bouquet: so universal is the custom that artificial ones are now sold for the express purpose. It is hard to describe them, but Dickens, Thackeray, and still more *Punch*, have made us familiar with all the types. We see Mr. Trollope's "god-like men," for, so far as beauty and impassability go, half the young fellows might pass for almost any of the deities of Olympus (and this, I suppose, is what Mr. Trollope means by his favorite phrase): we see Ouida's incredible heroes. Nothing can exaggerate the beauty, the distinction, the insolence, the perfect dressing of an English "swell." But who shall describe the women? Hawthorne, in a famous passage, has depicted one class with the colors of Rubens. The inveterate selfishness and arrogance which in the men produces calmness, ease and a not ungraceful *hauteur*, takes an aggressive form in the softer sex, making them hard and rude in manner, and giving them a bold, hostile expression. Their rigid training makes them stiff; their constitutional shyness, awkward; their national want of taste, dowdy. They are slaves of conventionality and outlaws of courtesy. As M. Edmond About says, they generally have teeth like the white keys of a piano, and this, together with a certain wide-eyed, stony stare, produces somewhat the effect of the Gorgon's head. Yet they often have beauty in a high degree—good brows, chiseled noses, well-shaped heads well set upon their shoulders, and those shoulders sufficient in themselves to

carry off a world of plainness. At the Opera, where full dress is customary, row upon row of this fair flesh is displayed, from school-girls of sixteen to dowagers of sixty,

"Content to dwell *indecencies* for ever,"

and the general effect is of a concourse of fine women. But when subject to the disadvantages of clothes, these same women are very different objects. The quantity and variety of shabby finery with which an Englishwoman loads herself on some occasions is only equaled by her shabby dowdiness on others. Yards of sky-blue, lemon and rose-colored silks and satins trail in the dust of a race-course or cricket-ground, while for the daily walk or drive an Astrakhan or seal-skin coat is often pulled over a tumbled muslin, crowned by a sumptuous bonnet with soiled strings. The sensible fashion of short skirts in elegant morning-costumes for out-of-door *fêtes* has not been adopted in England: to be *dressed*, a woman must have a train. Nor may ladies wear hats in London under penalty of disagreeable mistakes: they are inadmissible except on horseback, and then the high black hat, like a man's, is the only correct thing. The tyranny of the black hat is very severe: it is almost indecorous for a man to wear any other, and small boys are put into them at a very early age. To obviate some of the inconveniences of such head-gear in summer, the men, when liable to be exposed to sun and dust, if not on parade, twist a veil—or, what has become more popular, a *pugree*—round their hat: the latter is a light white scarf, often ribbed with a bright color—a fashion imported from India. On Derby Day and the great Cup Day at Ascot, when the streets look as if every carriage and cart in London were going to the races, nearly all the men have these *pugrees* or barège veils, gray, blue, green or purple, floating round their heads.

SUNNYSIDE AND SLEEPY HOLLOW.

"THE Land o' Cakes," it is conceded, owes much of her worldwide fame and

legendary attractiveness to the fact that the great Sir Walter touched her history with his magic pen, and decked her landscapes with all the fascinations of romance and minstrelsy. Cooper, to a considerable extent, cast the same glamour over early American story, while Washington Irving drew so deftly upon his facile fancy in painting the habits and customs of a mostly imaginary age that foreign scholars quoted his playful statements in sedate and over-credulous earnestness. "Wondrous Mannahatta" and the picturesque and beautiful banks of the Hudson wear to-day a more alluring smile under the glowing sheen of Irving's brain-wrought picturings than if Nature had been permitted to remain unpeopled by fancy or only attuned to the sober strains of fact. Sleepy Hollow is fairly a creation of Irving's romance-coining mind: at least, so identified are his idealities with its "points and places" in the thoughts of the visitor that Fiction in that lovely region reigns supreme over Truth. How much more was that the case a few years since, when the author of all those imaginings was himself a near neighbor of the scenes he had illumined, to lend additional probability, if such were needed, to his very vivid traditions!

In the summer of 1857 the writer, in company with a party of friends fresh from the saintly valley of Shaker Lebanon and the martial, spirit-stirring precincts of war-breathing West Point, made a stop at Tarrytown, of drowsy note, as was the wont of fat Dutch burghers for a different purpose in the olden time, in order to see with mortal eyes the weird localities described in the veritable "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and, if the Fates were propitious, to catch a glimpse of the doughty chronicler of the marvelous events therein portrayed. After once again "refreshing our minds" by reading the tale with due deliberation, the expectant party of sight-seers hired a clumsy rockaway of large dimensions, and rolled heavily along toward the scene of the story. Taking one of the high, terraced roads of the original

town, and passing the handsome monument erected to the captors of Major André, on the right, facing north, a ride of a mile or so brought us to the little Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow, with its quaint architecture and ancient, moss-grown burying-ground, where now reposes the dust of the once genial Geoffrey Crayon. A few furlongs beyond this was the bridge over which galloped Brom Bones in pursuit of the wretched victim of a practical joke, and whence he hurled the terrible pumpkin at the head of the hapless pedagogue. Here, Fancy took wing and distinctly conjured up the ludicrous tableau of that dark night of supernatural horrors. Farther on, in a modest little dell, hiding away from the rude stare of the stranger, stood the old mill, its wheel still turned by the waters of a willow-bordered lake just large enough to sail a single boat. Doubtless the lovely Katrina sauntered many a time in childhood by the brink of this very mill-pond, and fished for shiners and sticklebacks with a pin, as did the shoeless, sun-browned urchins of both sexes to whom we tossed some pennies as we passed.

On the way back, our hitherto silent and painfully lugubrious driver pointed out, on the left of the highway, looking south, a low-roofed, yellow building, quite fallen to decay, which he assured us was the identical mansion of the Van Tassels, where that sumptuous scene of wassail occurred at which the telling of authentic ghost-stories suggested to the Headless Horseman the trick he subsequently played upon poor Ichabod, to rid himself of a rival and the fair Katrina of the poor schoolmaster's awkward and absurd addresses. The legend from this substantial stand-point became a credible fact, neither questioned nor questionable, and rather more real and likely to our minds than the immediate events then occurring before our eyes. Now, all that curiosity craved was to behold at home the literary representative of his age and country *in propria persona*.

Accordingly, the next afternoon the

services of our taciturn Jehu and his clumsy conveyance were again called into requisition. The weather was clear and delightful, and scarcely a cloud dimmed the uniform azure of the summer sky. A drive southward of an hour along the ridge above the river over a fine macadamized road, skirted on either side by velvet lawns, well-trimmed parks and tasteful, elegant abodes of refinement, wealth and education, brought us to the avenue leading through Mr. Irving's grounds. As we drove through the wooden gateway, with its bushy creeper of rich green leaves, an act of sacrilege was committed by a thoughtless child of our party for which the writer felt devoutly sorry. A solitary trumpet-flower drooped its concave petals from a cluster of boughs down within grasp of the hand. The child reached out and plucked the too prominent flower, which perhaps had pleased the eye of its owner daily as he rode in homeward, and placed it in her bosom as a fragrant memento of her visit. And yet, doubtless, the warm-hearted author whose realm we were invading would have rather seen it there, fit emblem of maiden purity and innocence, than hanging selfishly upon the stem.

Leaving the carriage near the gate, our company strolled idly away among the trees that lined the approach to the oft-described nest of venerable genius, just peeping a gable at us through the dense foliage. Yes, there was Sunnyside, cozy, eccentric, quaint and Dutch-like, with a weathercock on every peak and dark vines kissing its furrowed old face, just as in the vignette to *The Sketch Book*; and there, too, as if responsive to our wishes, lingered the genial, Nature-loving, pleasant-faced Geoffrey Crayon himself, in his own doorway, dressed in the garb of a country gentleman, eyeing us benignly, and bowing an easy welcome to us before he turned his steps indoors again. But presently, recognizing our host, who had accompanied us, and with whom he had a slight acquaintance "by reason of vicinage," Mr. Irving came briskly forward and shook hands cor-

dially with each visitor who in turn was introduced. His words were few but warm.

"Make yourselves perfectly at home," said he, "and think no worse of my little box than it deserves."

Said one of our party: "You have made this dainty spot quite a reflex of your own writings."

"Indeed, indeed," he replied, "my dear nieces and nephews are the wizards who have wrought the similitude you remark. They are the fairies."

Our host stated that it was his cherished desire to name his newly-born babe after the author.

"Don't, then, my dear sir, let them nickname him Wash, out of respect to the glorious godfather of all the Washingtons." After desiring us to take the river-bank in our walk, the cheery gentleman bade us "Good-e'en," and retired to his domicil.

A short stroll by the margin of the Hudson River, at this point widening into a broad expanse—the Tappaan Zee of the New Netherlanders—led us to the ornate grounds and carefully-graded walks of Mr. Grinnell's country-seat. No fence was permitted to divide his property from that of his friend and neighbor. Here statuettes of various of Irving's portraiture decorated the close-cropped lawn, among them Diedrich Knickerbocker resting upon his stick and apparently pondering the marvelous ways and doings of the sa-gacious Wouter and irascible Wilhelm, who peered at him across the walk. There, too, frowned the mighty and invincible Peter Stuyvesant, the last and best of the old Dutch governors. A brilliant sunset lit up the clouds and waters as we thus dreamily wandered, and made us loth to leave a spot so favored of Nature and tinted with roseate imagery by the spell of genius.

The following Sabbath some of our number attended divine service in the beautiful Episcopal church of Tarrytown, of which Mr. Irving was a member and warden. A comfortable, old-fashioned barouche punctually brought the famous man and several of his

brother's family to the church door. The solemn reading of the Liturgy, and a good moral homily from Dr. Creighton, the rector, amply rewarded us for our coming; and a parting look at Geoffrey Crayon, as he smiled a friendly good-day to an old acquaintance or two who lingered upon the steps to speak a passing greeting, imprinted a still more familiar and lasting memory of him in our hearts.

A little incident, showing Washington Irving's fondness for even the lowest forms of creation, was told us by our host. A party of gentlemen from town having made him a morning call, one of the group, while loitering on the lawn at Sunnyside, espied a small striped adder gliding nimbly away. Pursuing it, he tried to strike it with his cane. Mr. Irving quickly ran to the spot, and, picking up the passive reptile, stroked it gently with his finger, exclaiming, "My dear sir, my dear sir, pray don't hurt the charming little thing!" The poet Campbell declared of Irving that "he had imparted clarity to the English tongue." May it not be also truly said of him, as of a beloved brother-author, that he was "very human, indeed"?

D. G. A.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

THE Department of Agriculture passed its infancy in humble circumstances. Its existence began in 1847, when a single desk in the Patent Office was devoted to its use, and its object was mainly the distribution of seeds. Although greatly extended during succeeding years, it continued only a branch of the Patent Office until 1862, when it was made an independent department; and the first commissioner, Hon. Isaac Newton, appointed by President Lincoln, entered upon his duties on the first of July of that year. In the Act creating the department its duties and designs are thus stated: "to acquire, and diffuse among the people of the United States, useful information on subjects connected with agriculture in the most general and com-

prehensive sense of the term, and to procure, propagate, and distribute among the people, new and valuable seeds and plants." This work the department has been quietly but steadily pursuing, and under the administration of the present commissioner, General Capron, it has attained a system in its management and a directness in its operations that have greatly augmented its usefulness.

The department is in regular correspondence with nearly fifteen hundred societies in different parts of the country, giving and receiving information on agricultural topics. Special correspondents are also employed, to whom sets of questions are sent monthly. The statistics thus obtained are carefully tabulated, and estimates made from them of the leading crops of the country. The department is also in correspondence with over three hundred agricultural and industrial societies in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. With all these societies there is maintained a constant interchange of publications, plants and seeds. Among the associations in correspondence with the department may be mentioned those of Sydney, New South Wales; Melbourne, Australia; Vilayet, Turkey; Cape of Good Hope, Liberia and the Sandwich Islands. To these, as well as to the more prominent associations of Europe, and to the Chinese and Japanese governments, donations of American seeds and plants have at different times been sent, and donations of a similar character, for experimental purposes, have been received from them.

The commissioner is now endeavoring to introduce all the dye and drug plants, and those furnishing paper material, that can be naturalized in any part of the country. The benefit of this, in an economic point of view only, can scarcely be estimated. Take, for instance, the one article of jute, of which we last year imported more than nineteen million pounds, at a cost of over three million dollars. The seed has been successfully introduced into some of the Southern States, where it

can be cultivated at about one-fourth of the cost of cotton. The introduction of new varieties of wheat and oats has been followed by most striking results, the yield in many cases being more than double that of the old varieties. Individual and isolated effort, however earnest and energetic, could not accomplish in half a century what the systematic exertions of the department will effect in five years. As an illustration, two new kinds of winter wheat, of great repute in France, were sent last summer into every Congressional district in the Union and to hundreds of agricultural societies through the mails, so that they are being experimented with in all the different climates and soils of the country at once. How much slower the work of individual enterprise, and how infinitely heavier the cost! The Department of Agriculture may be called a grand national economy. It is economic, too, in every sense, being one of the least expensive of the departments of government. The appropriations for it have never exceeded two hundred thousand dollars.

The building occupied by the department is one of the finest specimens of architecture in Washington. It is of pressed brick with brownstone facings, three stories high, with Mansard roof, and one hundred and seventy feet long and sixty-one deep. Its beauty is enhanced by its situation in the midst of extensive grounds laid out in perfect taste. The roads are of composite, and are in condition for walking or driving at all seasons and in all weathers. The arboretum, which it is intended shall ultimately comprise all the plants and trees of the country whose products are of commercial value, and also those of foreign climes that can be naturalized, contains, though not yet two years old, over fifteen hundred specimens, so arranged as to preserve a strict botanical classification, while producing a fine landscape effect. The green-houses are rapidly filling with rare plants, many of them presents from foreign societies. One of the curiosities of the place is a fountain made of cinders mixed with

cement. Cavities are left in the surface, which during the summer are filled with brilliant flowering plants, producing a striking and beautiful effect.

The interior arrangements of the building are perfect, and no other of the public buildings can compare with it in neatness. It resembles more a carefully-kept private dwelling than a public office. On the ground floor are the commissioner's rooms, the various offices for the transaction of business, and the library. The latter contains about eight thousand volumes, almost exclusively works relating to agriculture and its collateral interests. Most of these books have been received in exchange for publications of the department. Among the most interesting is a work in eleven folio volumes, presented by the emperor of Austria, containing specimens of German "nature-printing." By this method a leaf, flower or fern is laid upon zinc and subjected to a very heavy pressure, upon removing which the object is found not merely delineated upon the surface, but indented in it. The zinc in turn is applied to paper, when a raised impression is produced, having precisely the appearance of a leaf or flower pressed and laid upon the page. Only one other copy of this work is now in the country. Among the curiosities of the library is a lithographic copy of Washington's letters to Sir John Sinclair on agriculture. Useful as well as curious is a set of "surface-charts" from Germany. The whole German country is divided into agricultural districts, marked out on these charts, with tables appended showing the yield of grain in different sections, the breeds of horses and cattle peculiar to them, etc. It is in contemplation to prepare similar charts of the United States, but owing to the immense extent of country the work will involve years of labor and an enormous expenditure.

On the second floor of the building, the main hall, one hundred and two feet in length by fifty-two in width, and twenty-seven feet high, is occupied by the museum. It is not possible within the

limits of this paper to give any adequate idea of the design and objects of this museum. It is entirely novel and unique, there being nothing like it in the world. It is intended not only as an exhibition of agricultural productions and the manufactures therefrom, but to show also how these products are affected by different climates and processes of cultivation, and what insects, birds and animals are especially injurious or beneficial to them. Specimens of all the native birds are stuffed and mounted upon perches painted white. If the bird is useful to the farmer, the perch is left entirely white—if injurious, there is a black mark on the end of the perch. The contents of the stomach are also preserved in small boxes, so as to show what particular insects are destroyed by certain species of insectivorous birds. The entomological collection comprises all the North American insects known to agricultural entomologists, together with a great variety of foreign and tropical insects. The American insects are also represented in copper-plate engravings in the various stages of their transformations, with references to note-books giving the names and habits of the insects, substances upon which they feed, their manner of destroying fruits or vegetables, and directions for destroying them or guarding against them. The department is in daily receipt of letters from all parts of the country, calling for information of this kind.

The museum, when completed, will embrace three divisions, General, State and Economic. In the General Division may be studied the history of different agricultural products. The potato, for instance, is shown in the wild and cultivated state, and in the various developments resulting from different soil, climate and mode of treatment. The history of the apple, with its almost infinite varieties, may be studied in the same way. Each specimen of fruit is accompanied by a label containing its name, synonyms, locality of growth, and reference to Downing's book on fruit, where its history and quality may be found. Fruits and vegetables pro-

cured for this purpose are modeled in plaster of Paris, and then painted in oils, so as perfectly to counterfeit Nature.

The silk case is one of exceeding interest, containing almost every species of silk-producing insect, both wild and cultivated, native and foreign, together with cocoons and specimens of the silk reeled and manufactured; also the insects in their various transformations, and cocoons in different stages of preparation for reeling. Equally interesting are the specimens of paper material and manufactures. The collection embracing the greatest variety of paper from any one material is that made from the husks of Indian corn. It comprises drawing, tracing and writing paper, plain and colored, and paper for printing. This collection was sent from Austria.

The State and Economic Divisions are combined. The design is to have a case with three compartments for each State. In the lower compartment are shown the mineral productions; in the one next above, the agricultural products; and in the upper, economic substances manufactured from these products. A person moving from one part of the country to another, and unacquainted with the capabilities and peculiarities of the new soil he has to work, need only write to the Agricultural Department, and he can at once learn just what fruits, grains and vegetables, and what particular species of each, he should plant; what articles he can manufacture from them; also what insects he will have to fear, and the means of destroying them; so that time and money are not wasted in experimenting.

A prominent object in the museum, occupying the centre of the hall, is a table, the top of which is made from a single plank of the California redwood, twelve feet long by seven feet in width. On the same floor with the museum is a room which the professor calls his kitchen, where birds are stuffed and the plaster models made. The taxidermist of the department is a lady.

An extensive collection of dried plants, transferred from the Smithsonian Institution to this department, forms the nucleus of a national herbarium. The specimens already arranged number about fifteen thousand, and additions are constantly being made by government surveys and the explorations of scientific botanists and collectors. The value of this collection is much enhanced by the fact that it comprises the typical specimens from which many of the new species have been described. The botanist of the department, Dr. Parry, accompanied the San Domingo expedition, and, as the result of his researches there, has added over five hundred specimens to the herbarium, besides furnishing a number of plants and seeds for the arboretum.

A laboratory is connected with the department, where analyses are made of soils, fertilizers and agricultural products, and the results communicated to societies or individuals demanding them. Information is also furnished, when desired, of atmospheric phenomena, which so closely concern farming operations; of hydraulics, suggesting plans for the recovery of swamps and submerged lands; and of other branches, a knowledge of which makes man the master of Nature.

The United States in its whole extent, from the pines of Maine to the vineyards of California, is, and must remain, an agricultural nation. Agriculture must be the great source of our wealth, the basis of our national prosperity. "Grain," says Adam Smith, "is the regulating commodity by which all other commodities are finally measured and determined; and on this account grain-growing nations will always command the precious metals, and the respect if not the fear of mankind." That branch of the government, then, that seeks to direct and develop the agricultural resources of the country, is surely not its least important. I said that the Department of Agriculture is a grand national economy: it is more than that—it is a grand national beneficence.

E. H. D.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

I AM a bashful man. I have been inveigled alone into a private Woman's Rights Association.

It was a trap set for me. At a friend's house I had been talking in a recklessly important way of the manner in which women should conduct their meetings. From certain of their assemblages they had excluded men, a measure which I denounced as the most absurd of all female absurdities, and I said that if they were so timid about managing their business before a male audience, they had better commence with a boy or a small man, and work up by degrees in the size and number of males.

The lady of the house pretended to be much interested. She asked me if I would not on a certain day accompany her to a private residence in the city. Deeming her my friend, I consented.

So I went with her at the time appointed, to make, as I supposed, a private call, and when the hall door opened and closed, and then a certain parlor door had opened and closed, I found myself, thus baited and entrapped, in the private focus of the Woman-movement in San Francisco. I was being utilized. They did really want to become more accustomed to the male presence at their public meetings: they could not at first stand man in too large doses, so they had taken my advice—they had selected a small man for the first trial: they had selected me!

I found myself one man among twenty-five women, assembled for the purpose of redressing wrongs committed for centuries by my sex. I would have apologized for being a man: I would, had it been in my power, at once have gone over to the more popular sex. This was impossible. Nature has limits.

Then I endeavored to brace up—to be cool, calm and collected—to act as a worthy representative of my sex—to take boldly this Woman's Rights bull by the horns. I thought of Caractacus among the Romans, Napoleon at St. Helena, and all the martyrs. But I

failed. It is not right to put a bashful man among twenty-five women, and leave him among them alone, unless he has some specific business to perform. Short periods of such experience may answer for the cultivation of nerve and self-possession, but too much would break down the strongest frame.

The mind even of a bashful man is a wonderfully recuperative machine. You may shock it, prostrate it, knock it off its pins, yet it will get up and try to do something. Mine was overwhelmed with this crushing weight of twenty-five women: it could act on no elevated plane of thought. Yet it would do something: it busied itself time and again in counting the ladies present, and in considering how much more space was occupied by twenty-five women than by twenty-five men, and in roaming over a great many minor points too numerous to mention, as the advertisements say.

I gave my word of honor also not to say anything about the uncertain air with which these ladies conducted this meeting, as if they were venturing on thin ice and were fearful it might break; or how at times they forgot themselves, and the order of business degenerated into a general buzz; or how one lady implored that the male of our species might be admitted to their assemblages, since for years her husband, a super-Woman's Rights man, had absented himself from meetings composed exclusively of men, on the principle that the world's business should be jointly conducted by men and women; and if now he was to be by women denied admittance to their deliberations, where was the man to go?

If I had dared, I would at this juncture have risen and said that he ought to "go slow," but, coward that I was, I feared to obey the impulse.

They did elect a new chairwoman, and everybody voted "Ay," and caught their breaths and looked round, as if they expected a clap of thunder on the utterance of that affirmative syllable so long monopolized by man. They also advised each other to study Cushing's

Manual, and so become skilled in parliamentary proceedings. They did acknowledge to each other privately that the ground was new on which they were treading, and that they were willing to learn even from a man. But the whole affair would time and again degenerate into conversational hubbub, and then they would recollect themselves and momentarily come to order;

and so it kept merging in and out from a sort of tea-fight into a business-meeting, and again from a business-meeting into a tea-fight. This ordeal lasted two and a half hours. This, for a lone, bashful man among twenty-five women, is a crusher. I felt pulverized on going forth. Next time let them take a man of their own size.

P. M.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Pink and White Tyranny: A Society Novel.
By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston:
Roberts Brothers.

The purpose with which Mrs. Stowe professes to have written this story is put forward, palpably, as an excuse for the flimsiness of its structure and its total lack of all the elements that constitute a novel. These elements, according to Mrs. Stowe's notion, are "trap-doors, pit-falls, wonderful escapes and thrilling dangers," "no end of scenery and *dramatis personæ*, and plot and plan," and "scenes that transport one over all the earth—to England, Italy, Switzerland, Japan and Kamtschatka." We had supposed, on the contrary, that they were life-like characters and a natural train of incidents, so evolved and presented as to give a faithful picture of reality, while producing that impression of harmony and congruity which it is the province of art to create. It makes no difference how commonplace the characters, how confined the scene, how simple the plot: a work which fulfills the conditions we have stated will be a novel. None of Mrs. Stowe's books deserves to be so designated; but most of them show a faculty for depicting the more salient traits of those phases of life with which she is familiar—traits appealing to the sense of the pathetic or the sense of the grotesque common to readers of every class. In *Uncle Tom's Cabin* this faculty displayed itself spontaneously and without ambitious straining, in conjunction with a theme of transcendent interest and importance, thus rendering the immense success of the book perfectly legitimate, however disproportion-

ate to its literary merits. But in her later books, Mrs. Stowe labors to achieve results and produce effects not within the scope of her ability, and by so doing reveals its narrowness and makes her deficiencies obtrusive and offensive. Her lack of culture and of taste, her poverty of thought, her slipshod English, her hollow and insipid morality, her incapacity to portray men and women exempt from vulgarity in manners and speech, become glaring and sickening when she undertakes to write what she calls a "society novel"—dealing with a class whose vices and foibles are covered at least by a varnish of refinement, and whose good qualities are not usually protruded in an angular and irritating form. In Mrs. Stowe's representation the people who frequent Saratoga and Newport are necessarily frivolous, ignorant and vicious, while those who abide at "Springdale" practice all the virtues, study all the sciences, and live together "on footing of the most perfect *undress intimacy*," in "mansions of *ancestral reputation*," such as are found sometimes "even in New England towns, where *neither law nor custom unites* to perpetuate property in certain family lines." The dreadful consequences that ensue when virtuous Springdale and vicious Newport come together in the persons of Mr. John Seymour and Miss Lillie Ellis form the burden of the book. Miss Lillie is all prettiness and fascination without, and all ugliness and corruption within. To begin with, she tells her lover a fib, representing herself as an innocent young creature of twenty, instead of explaining to him that

she is a regular old stager of twenty-seven. Now, "American men are in the habit of expecting the truth from respectable women as a matter of course, and the want of it in the smallest degree strikes them as shocking." When, therefore, after marriage, detection takes place, "only an Englishman or an American can understand the dreadful pain of that discovery to John." Indeed, the ordinary Anglo-Saxon can hardly appreciate it fully, since "John was the offspring of a generation of men, for hundreds of years, who would, any of them, have gone to the stake rather than have told the smallest untruth." A man who was the offspring of a whole generation, who had been so for hundreds of years, and who yet passed himself off as a marriageable mortal, must, it strikes us, have been a pretty old stager, and a bold deceiver to boot. But to return to the enormities of Lillie: when carried home to "the Seymour mansion," where, "from generation to generation, order, piety, education and high respectability had been the tradition of the place," instead of putting off the filthy garments of Newport and arraying herself in the spotless robes of Springdale, she goes on, as far as her somewhat slender opportunities will permit, in her own abandoned way. She leaves all the cares of the housekeeping to Miss Grace, John's "highly cultivated, intelligent and refined" sister. She will have nothing to do with the Sunday-school of which John is the superintendent, nor with the reading-club where Froude and Leckey furnish intellectual repasts suited to the receptive and digestive powers of the Springdale intellect. She puts such a quantity of finery into the family wash that Bridget rebels, and the refined Miss Grace, after appealing to John, is obliged to hire Mrs. Atkins to do the extra washing at so alarming an expense that John "opened his eyes and looked grave." The Seymours were rich, but, "like all stable New England families, while they practised the broadest liberality, they had instincts of great sobriety in expense. Needless profusion shocked them as out of taste, and a quiet and decent *reticence* in matters of self-indulgence was habitual with them." Reticence in regard to matters of self-indulgence is not an exclusively Springdalian trait, but perhaps Mrs. Stowe may be right in making it a characteristic of the class she holds up for our admiration. As for the wretched Lillie, there is very little reticence

on her part. She insists on "re-modernizing" the Seymour mansion—rather a curious operation, and, to judge from the description, curiously performed. "The house was furnished and resplendent—it was gilded—it was frescoed—it was *à la Pompadour*, and *à la Louis Quinze* and *Louis Quatorze*, and *à la* everything *Frenchy* and pretty, and gay and glistening." Sad to tell, "when all the bills connected with this change came in, John had emotions with which Lillie could not sympathize." She does not "understand figures;" so, instead of mending, she goes from bad to worse. She invites the wicked Follingsbees to the house, and forces John to give a grand party, which, but for his firmness in not allowing wine, "might have ended in a general riot, as some of the great fashionable parties do." This narrow escape heightens the pathos of the bills connected with the entertainment. Happily, Lillie's career of extravagance is brought to a sudden stop by "the failure of the great house of Clapham & Co.," whose paper John had endorsed. John now breaks down completely. He throws himself on "the great, wide, motherly, chintz-covered sofa," and lies "with his face down, buried in the sofa-pillow." "It is not the money," as he in this attitude explains to Grace (it never is the money in these cases): "it is that I have nothing to live for—nobody and nothing. My wife, Gracie! she is worse than nothing—worse, oh! infinitely worse than nothing! She is a chain and a shackle. *She is my obstacle.* She tortures me and hinders me everywhere and everywhere. There will never be a home for me where she is; and, because she is there, *no other woman can make a home for me.*" The frankness of this avowal is equally in keeping with the Springdalian reticence and the character of John as "a generous, just, *manly*, religious young fellow." Miss Grace, however, rises to the height of the occasion. She reminds her brother that if he "stands by a business engagement," he is much more bound to "stand by that great engagement which concerns all other families and the stability of all society. . . . It is every man's duty to make the best of his marriage. . . . And then it will be all over soon, this life-battle; and the only thing is, to come out victorious." Accordingly, John braces himself up, resolved to do his duty, and is rewarded, first, by being enabled, with the aid of his friends, to over-

come his financial difficulties, and secondly, by the death of his "obstacle" after a full and true last dying speech and confession. The moral which Mrs. Stowe, in view of the fact that "people pick all sorts of strange morals out of stories," prefers "to put conspicuously into" this present story, is, that, "when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of Nature, and they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good." This is neat, pointed and beautifully apposite. It would have been a stinger to Henry VIII. But in his case, if we remember rightly, some of the complications turned on the question whether or not the marriage had, in fact, been consummated. Perhaps the Springdale reading-club, after getting through Froude, will be able to throw some fresh light on the subject.

OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL SERIES.*

It is gratifying to notice with what avidity the materials of American history are being gathered both at home and abroad. Foreign as well as native scholars are beginning to recognize the value of everything that relates to the foundation, character and progress of a nation which seems destined to become, at an early period, the foremost political power in the world. At present there exist unusual opportunities for collecting original information respecting the early history of our country, and the care with which this infor-

* Historical Account of Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians, in 1794. With Preface by Francis Parkman, and a Translation of Dumas' Biographical Sketch of General Bouquet. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

History of Athens County, Ohio, and incidentally of the Ohio Land Company and the First Settlement of the State at Marietta, with Personal and Biographical Sketches of the Early Settlers, Narratives of Pioneer Adventures, etc. By Charles M. Walker. With Map and Portraits. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

Colonel George Rogers Clark's Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-'80, with an Introduction by Hon. Henry Pirtle of Louisville, and an Appendix containing the Public and Private Instructions to Colonel Clark, and Major Bowman's Journal of the Taking of Post St. Vincents. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

Pioneer Biography: Sketches of the Lives of Some of the Early Settlers of Butler County, Ohio. By James McBride of Hamilton. Vol. I. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, during his Captivity with the Indians in the years 1755-'59. With an Appendix of Illustrative Notes. By William M. Darlington of Pittsburg. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

Pioneer Life in Kentucky: A Series of Reminiscential Letters from Daniel Drake, M. D., of Cincinnati, to his Children. Edited, with Notes and a Biographical Sketch, by his Son, Charles D. Drake. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

mation is being garnered encourages the hope that future chroniclers of America will find accumulated for their benefit a larger and more valuable fund of facts and details than the archives of any other country can exhibit. Not only are these stores of historical knowledge amassed with systematic care in our great public and private libraries, but, in order that the advantages arising from this accumulation may be extended as widely as possible, exact reprints of the scarcer and more important books and pamphlets relating to our annals are constantly issued, at such prices as enable men of ordinary means to possess themselves of many valuable works on subjects of the deepest national interest. Among this class of publications, no more unique or attractive collection has lately appeared than *The Ohio Valley Historical Series*. We should be glad, if space permitted it, to notice in detail the contents of these very interesting and suggestive volumes. But we must content ourselves with calling attention to their terse, simple and powerful delineations of frontier life and struggles, their vivid accounts of Indian character and habits, and the light which they throw on the circumstances attending the foundation of Western prosperity. In their particular field they are probably unsurpassed by any similar collection. Their mechanical execution, moreover, is something of which the publishers may be fairly proud.

C. J.

Her Lord and Master: A Tale. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), author of "Love's Conflict," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lady Ethel Carr is a very blue-blooded damsel, much smitten with a fascinating Frenchman, whose veins are as cerulean as her own. The moral qualities, however, of the Marquis de Lascarras are not equal to his mental and physical attractions, as her lovely ladyship discovers to her cost when the earl her father dies imbedded in debt. He jilts her necessarily, for he has of course nothing himself (a French marquis always has that precise amount, if English novelists are to be credited); and in her wrath (for a certain place hath, as is well known, no fury like a woman scorned) she accepts the hand of a millionaire military man of humble origin, but replete with all possible perfections of body and soul, which, combined with those of his pocket, have put him among the

creamiest of the cream. Nevertheless, such is the intensity of her ladyship's patrician emotions that she looks upon him with contempt, and would willingly have slain him with her noble birth before the honeymoon had shed its horns. At length she informs him, when, bothered by her behavior, he very naturally inquires why she married him, that she did so because she couldn't do any better, the Adonis whom she loved having left her in the lurch. His plebeian blood being roused at last, he shakes the dust of England and matrimony from his feet, and hurries as fast as steam can carry him to the caloric of Calcutta. Before he does so, however, he makes the most magnanimous arrangements for the pecuniary position of his wife, in order that she may not be disappointed in the reward of her self-immolation on the altar of Hymen. She is not a little astonished at his flight, as she had fancied that he worshiped the very rod with which she lacerated his love—that, in sooth, he would have exclaimed, like Ben Jonson's sycophant, "I do adore the very flea of your ladyship's dog"; but blessings, and things that are not blessings, are apt to brighten when they fade, especially to the feminine eye; and she begins to find out that he was important to her heart as well as her pocket. She tries to drown her cares in the billows of dissipation; goes it so fast as to get a proposal from her quondam swain to accept him as a substitute for her fugitive spouse; is roused at once to the greatest contempt for both herself and the improper marquis; and at last takes to her bed, where, the doctor informs her, she will certainly stay until she gives birth to a being of one or the other gender. Sorrow and solitude compel her to throw herself upon the mercy of her husband's family, at whom she had hurled a quantum of very foul scorn; and a pretty and pious member thereof hurries to her aid. To her the poor sufferer unbosoms herself without reserve; and through her a reconciliation is accomplished between the separated pair, which leaves them at the summit of bliss, with a precious pledge of peace, on the penultimate page of the volume. The blessed peace-maker (who has been in love with her colonel cousin) gives them her benediction and enrolls herself among the Anglican Sisters of Mercy. Mrs. Ross Church has written better novels than *Her Lord and Master*.

R. M. W.

Books Received.

Local Taxation, being a Report of the Commission appointed by the Governor of New York, under the Authority of the Legislature, to Revise the Laws for the Assessment and Collection of State and Local Taxes. Revised and Corrected edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 74.

A Smaller Scripture History. In Three Parts: Old Testament History; Connection of Old and New Testaments; New Testament History to A. D. 70. Edited by William Smith, D. C. L., LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings from Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 375.

A Dictionary of English Synonyms, and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions. Designed as a Practical Guide to Aptness and Variety of Phraseology. By Richard Soule. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Crown 8vo, pp. viii, 456.

The Mutineers of The Bounty, and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands. By Lady Belcher. With Map and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 377.

Tried for Her Life: A Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave." By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 356.

A Life's Assize: A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 157.

Bred in the Bone: A Novel. By the author of "A Beggar on Horseback," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 141.

The Head of the Family: A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 528.

Noonday Exigencies in America. By Hinton Rowan Helper. New York: Bible Brothers. Pamphlet. 16mo, pp. 211.

Knight of Gwynne: A Novel. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 226.

Digging a Grave with a Wine-glass. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo, pp. 124.

The American Horticultural Annual. New York: Orange Judd & Co. Pamphlet. 12mo, pp. 152.

The Farm on the Mountain. By Rev. F. Arnold. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo, pp. 347.

